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PUNCH



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"I AM not a temperance man myself, and I do not approve of enforcing abstinence on others," said MR. GLADSTONE, last week.

"Very right too," said MR. PUNCH.

There is no doubt that he was sincere. In fact, he must have been keeping Christmas with some energy, for out of the Stable in which his Night Mares are stalled, there was led forth to him, odorously caparisoned, a racer which the wild night-rider rode in fiery fashion.

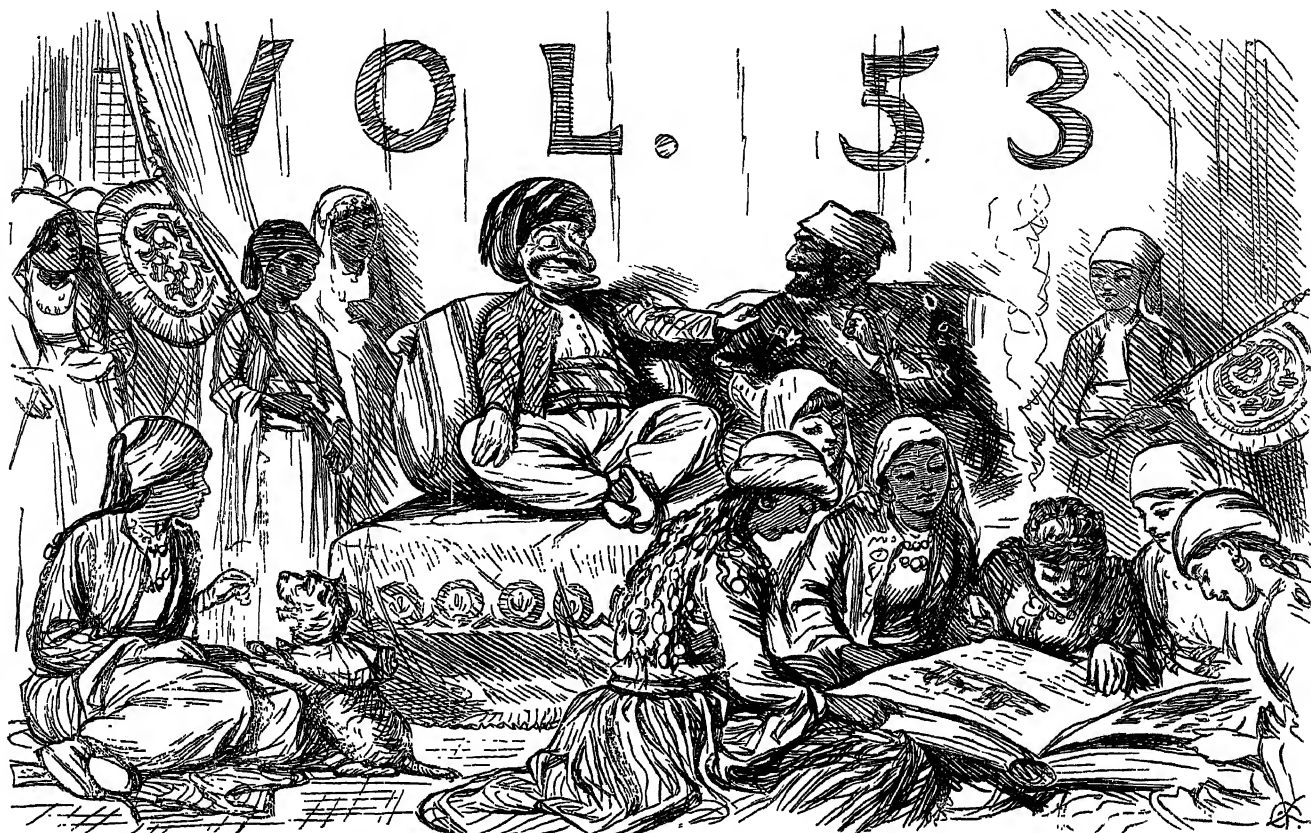
Vesuvius, said MR. PUNCH, peeping over the edge of the crater, shut up. What are you erupting for? Tell ENGELADUS to lie still. ENGELADUS be hanged, roared up EMPEDOCLES, he's under Etna, you ill-educated BOB LOWE, and I'll throw my brazen slippers at you. He's a humbug, mused MR. PUNCH, he's under Etna, too, and the mountain threw out his slippers—that's how he was found out—I'll pitch something down on him, thy gold chest, TONY, 'tis a heavy one, TONY, TONY, ANTHONY, ANTHONY's fire, ANTHONY is preaching to the fishes out of Hooker. ANTHONY TROLLOPE is gone up to the top of St. Paul's. This noble youth will *not* get his death by a fall From the top of an exceeding high cathedrawl, drawl, drawl, DUNDREARY, galloping dreary dun, dun's the mouse, but the thing I stand on is the credit of the House, and the new Reform Bill's a Leap in the Dark, worst Bill ever drawn, says MR. GLADSTONE. How are you, WILLIAM THE SPEAKER, not WILLIAM THE SILENT, eh? Together let us range the fields, and so you don't know whether a University has a Nose, here we are in Cambridge, let's pull Brazen-nose, only that's in Oxford, let's go to the Fitzwilliam Museum and ask LORD MILTON for a copy of his delightful travels, and then call on JOHN MILTON, and tell him to come to WILLIS AND SOTHERON and see SHAKSPEARE in a passion with a pilgrim. No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of Love, MR. GLADSTONE, but it is not MR. GLADSTONE,

it's MR. BUCKSTONE, but the moral's the same, and are you going to rebuild the Opera House, MR. BUCKSTONE? I remember SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON well, he painted his face, but he was not MR. LUMLEY, nor a quarter such a good fellow, his health, and don't shake the bottle like that, you'll spill the rum over my Highland legs, and my heart's in the Highlands, ERNEST HART, how are you? I thought it was BUCKSTONE, let us go and have skilly in a workhouse, flare up and join the Union, you're a good man, ERNEST, and reform for the poor was a good Whim to come in your Poll, my Wimpole Street friend, let us have drink, GLADSTONE says we may drink till we're DIZZY, and how do you do, MR. D? Let's go and sit for our photographs, and be taken together, you and me, as the Seven Cardinal Points, and live in the Temple of the Winds and be happy—tax the photographs, my BEN, and the Income-Tax may come off, BEN, do you see that, MR. WEBSTER, give us a box to see young HARRY with his beaver Up at the Cattle Show, fat man in stalls looks like a stalled ox, but all's fair at Christmas when the floods are black at Yule, as the late AYTOUN says, and very glad you are to be knighted, MR. THEODORE MARTIN, and how do you do, and how's MARTIN LUTHER, let us go to the Crystal Palace and hear MENDELSSOHN'S Reformation Symphony, also to hear the gifted MISS GODDARD whom with admiration all the critical squad heard. DAVISON, I will have another cigar, and I will sit up till five in the morning and talk about HAYDN and his Dictionary of Dates, and his Creation, and I will sing On Mighty Pens, mine's the mightiest of all the pens, DAVISON, WILLIAM PENN, get out, and thank HEPWORTH DIXON for rehabilitating you, my quashed Quaker, Merrily danced the Quaker's wife, and merrily danced —

"Nearly out of bed, that time," said MR. PUNCH. "It's not easy to dance in your sleep. I must have been taking a little too much to the health of my

Fifty-Third Volume.





OUR OPENING ARTICLE.

AGAIN we are called upon, by a voice inaudible to others, to cast our eyes around the world.

With the aid of a Penny Almanack, containing the list of reigning sovereigns, we will endeavour to perform this ocular feat.

First upon that list is Great Britain, ruled by QUEEN VICTORIA, with PUNCH for her Viceroy. We need say no more. Nought shall make us rue while England to her *Punch* doth prove but true.

Russia is to be congratulated because her Emperor, who has endeavoured to balance his wrongs to the Poles by his boons to the Serfs, has escaped a madman's bullet. The Emperor did not choose to come and see us. The loss is his. We hope that he is making a tremendous pet of PRINCESS DAGMAR.

Austria has not been fortunate. But if FRANCIS-JOSEPH has the sense to make Hungary his strength, he may be happy yet. He was fortunate in having our WILLIAM RUSSELL to describe the Coronation splendours, and if Kings have gratitude, will send the said W. R. a golden pen stuck with diamonds, which article would be of no use, but might be turned into a breast-pin.

France has her Exposition, and it is worth seeing, especially as it is graced by the famous figure of *Mr. Punch*, which so enchanted the PRINCESS OF WALES on her day of entry into London. The EMPEROR NAPOLEON has done well in getting up this great show, but the Parisians cheat awfully. We hear that all MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND's pretty waitresses have married French Marshals, and that a new supply is wanted. The EMPEROR has done well in permitting VICTOR HUGO's plays to be again performed.

Spain, under ISABELLA THE SECOND, is the home of tyranny and bigotry. Also, there is no soap to be got in the hotels.

Prussia, and her WILLIAM THE FIRST—who may therefore be called WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—have had tremendous strokes of luck. It is now for them to show that the luck has been deserved. We saved Prussia from war with NAPOLEON, whom she would have found another kind of enemy than Austria. Let Prussia be grateful, or at least civil to Englishmen.

Turkey we are about to compliment in the person of the SULTAN, to whom the India Board is to give a *fête*. HER MAJESTY is also to take

the Padishah to see a naval fight. Let us hope that he will not be sick—we think he will.

Italy must really learn self-command and Parliamentary government, or she will go to the bad. KING VICTOR is a bold dragoon with his long sword saddle bridle whack, but Italy wants statesmen rather than soldiers. While speaking of this peninsula, we may mention Rome, for the sake of hoping that PRUS THE NINTH is quite well, and pitying him in the state of awful boredom in which he must be just now, with his palace swarming with bishops, clean and dirty.

Denmark, and KING CHRISTIAN THE NINTH, are our good friends, for their own sakes, and for the sake of the Princess who, we trust, is really cured of her long affliction, in which we have all sympathised with her. *Mr. Punch* intends to give a tremendous shout, the first time he meets H.R.H. in the Park, and then to rush home and pour as tremendous a libation in her honour.

We perceive in the Penny Almanack on which we base our leading article, (and it would be well if all our contemporaries were as well informed,) that there are a lot of other places, such as Sweden, Portugal, Greece, Switzerland, and the Netherlands. We have no hostility to any of them, in fact we wish them all well, but as nobody ever hears of them, it is difficult to frame compliments which shall meet each individual case. If they would get up wars or revolutions, we should have something to say, and there is some thoughtlessness in the selfish tranquillity that leaves us without material for remark.

Lastly, because we are not sure that we don't like him best of the whole lot, there is our friend and cousin JONATHAN of the States. He is reconstructing, and we wish all success to his experiments. PRESIDENT JOHNSON is gone on a Masonic tour, and we drink the health of the Worshipful Master. HORACE GREELY has shown pluck in bailing JEFFERSON DAVIS—it is a sign that the veteran of the North sees that all bother is over, whereat we rejoice. That Atlantic Telegraph, which brings New York news every day as fresh as eggs, is a necessary of life. How did we get on before it was laid?

The World may now proceed in its accustomed way, subject to the laws of gravitation and the dominion of

PUNCH.

DR. MANNING'S WHOLE HOG.



PLAINLY our friends the Roman Catholics are not much better off for unanimity than ourselves. There is now pending a controversy amongst their theologians about no less a matter than the infallibility of the POPE; which is a cardinal point, though one whereon the Cardinals themselves are not all agreed.

The disputants on one side of this question maintain that the POPE is infallible whensoever he lays down the law. Those on the other argue that he is infallible only when he lays down the law under certain conditions, which they do not exactly explain. Both parties unite only in holding that the POPE has whatever infallibility he claims. He is infallible when he says he is. There was a certain very great teller of stories—not

to say story-teller—accustomed especially to relate marvellous anecdotes. He would sometimes preface a narrative by saying, "Now, mind, what I am now going to tell you is really true." Whenever he made that declaration, he expected to be believed; and what he stated was generally the fact. So, when the POPE premises any edict with the notice, "Now, mind you, I am speaking infallibly this time," then, at any rate, it seems, we are to understand that his Holiness is to be believed. But this is not satisfactory. It is not every Papal Bull that is preceded by an attestation equivalent to the assurance:—

"Upon my word 'tis true!
And what 'll you lay it's a lie?"

So that, if such a warrant be needful to vouch a Bull infallible, the Bull of many a Roman Pontiff may have been no better than an Irish Bull.

This doubt about infallibility is awkward. It is "nuts" to the Protestant, and tends to keep Ritualists where they are—playing at Popery without the POPE. No wonder, then, at the rumour embodied by a contemporary in the following announcement:—

"NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC DOGMA.—At a Meeting of the Eastern Churches, held on Monday, the Very Reverend Arch-priest POROFF, Chaplain to the Roman Embassy, in London, stated that he had been informed, on very high authority, that it is the intention of the Roman Catholic authorities forthwith to promulgate another new dogma—namely, the personal infallibility of the POPE, and that it was further intended to enforce the adoption of the Romish liturgy everywhere."

The present assemblage of bishops in Rome will afford a convenient opportunity for the declaration of this new dogma. It is, however, needless if the POPE has already whatever infallibility he claims. He has simply to say, "I claim infallibility for what I am about to state, and hereby declare myself and my successors personally infallible." All that the bishops can do is to ratify the declaration of his Holiness by a formal assent, which might be expressed in two words, *Ita est*, or, at greater length, in the form of a chorus, such as:—

"For he's an infallible Doctor,
For he's an infallible Doctor,
For he's an infallible Doctor,
And so say all of us!"

"*Sic dicimus omnes nos*" would, of course, be the actual phrase. Well, then, however, there will be at last an end to the question which has always puzzled mankind at large—"What, as a distinctly existent object, is your Infallible Church?" The edifice built at last have been crowned, and the POPE will be in a position to say "*L'Eglise c'est moi!*" He will have gone the Entire Animal. DR. CUMMING would use another word.

In the meantime there is a doubt, even among the Papal clergy, whether or no the POPE's "*obiter dicta*" are infallible. Protestants will universally admit that they are quite as infallible as anything that he ever says. Suppose the POPE were to observe, "This is a good glass of wine." They would be at all events ready to believe that he made no mistake in that remark, particularly if they knew he had delivered it, *ex cathedra*, at table.

THE RIGHT SHRUBS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—The Rotten Rowdendrons.

FASHIONABLE CHANGE OF HAIR.

ALL you, above whose heads have rolled
Some years of observation,
In female fashions must behold
A wondrous alteration.
Red hair, in scorn, our bygone age
Called "carrots," and did sneeze on;
But now it has become the rage,
And carrots are in season.

To brew a diabolic drench
When hags of old thought proper,
"Three ounces of a red-haired wench"
They threw into their copper.
For then, indeed, red hair was thought
A fault as rank as treason;
But now it is adored and sought;
For carrots are in season.

A dark peruke then graced the head
Of rufous damsel, shaven,
Or else she turned her tresses red,
By dyeing them, to raven.
But raven now has had its day,
And womankind agrees on
Transmuting hair the other way;
Since carrots are in season.

To Nature is a maiden fair
For sable locks beholden?
She bleaches first, then stains, her hair,
And makes the black all golden.
And can that artificial hue
Be put, mankind to please, on?
Apparently with no such view:
But carrots are in season.

Of native gold beneath a thatch
Dwell many charming creatures
But counterfeit no art can match
With heterogeneous features.
The way of Woman is a way
Inscrutable by reason:
And therefore all that we can say
Is, "Carrots are in season."

Ye girls who pretty carrots boast,
(Well may you who possess them!)
Of your fine carrots make the most,
And mind you nicely dress them,
Regardless of the wretched pun
Which geese may make, with ease, on
Hair soup and Cr gy both in one,
Now carrots are in season.

HATS v. HEADS.

"MR. D. GRIFFITH called attention to the present system by which Members secured seats for the evening in the House. By Standing Order 85 any Member present in the House at prayers was entitled to secure a place by affixing his name to a seat, and by Standing Order 86, which was made on the 6th of April, 1835, no Member's name might be affixed to any seat in the House before the hour of prayer. Notwithstanding the latter order a practice had sprung up by which Members attempted to secure places by leaving their cards upon the seats, trusting that the courtesy of other Members would prevent their being occupied. That arrangement having been declared irregular, by the highest authority in that House, it was suggested that a place might be secured by the hat of a Member being left on the seat before the hour of prayer, and that modification of the previous arrangement was approved by the House, as it was presumed that when a Member left his hat on a seat he was engaged in the performance of duties within the precincts of the House. To this arrangement the large majority of Honourable Members conformed themselves; but one Honourable Gentleman who sat near him had been in the habit of directly contravening the decision of the Right Honourable Gentleman in the chair by leaving his card in place of his hat upon the seat to which he claimed to have an almost prescriptive right."

QUITE right, DARBY-GRIFFITH! Hats are evidently the proper representatives of representatives, for they suggest heads. As far as the majority of Members are concerned, it might even be contended that the hats are just as good as the heads; nay, if anything, better. Hats have a right to be empty, whereas heads are prescriptively and *prima facie* considered to have something in them, which often leads to disappointment. Besides, Hats can't talk, never want a nap, and take up less room than their wearers. The more Honourable Members represented by their hats the better.

WHAT MR. WHALLEY HAD BEST DO WITH HIS HOT MURPHY.—Drop him, or burn his fingers.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

RUSSELL, EARL, came to the front on *Monday*, June 24, to obtain an inquiry into the property and revenues of the Irish Church, with a view to their being more productively and equitably applied. He reminded us of TOM MOORE's story about the painter, who was limning LORD JOHN a good many years ago, being recommended to throw into the face more hostility to the Irish Church establishment. After exposing the weakness of that Church, and dwelling on it as a grievance which, if "sentimental," was all the more to be taken into account, he suggested a variety of modes in which to treat it, the one he recommended being the division of the revenues between the three principal sects.

LORD CAIRNS did his best for the Church, as if she were a client, and LORD KIMBERLEY described the great lawyer's speech as one of a No-Surrender stamp. The BISHOP OF DOWN got up and proposed to take all the revenues and re-distribute them over the Irish Church in an equitable manner, also reducing the staff. The DUKE OF ARGYLL declared that the State had a right to do what it liked with the tithes.

LORD DERBY met the motion by saying that it was not large enough, and he assented to the BISHOP OF OSSORY's amendment, which got rid of the hostile part of LORD RUSSELL's proposal, and by 90 to 38 an address for a Commission of Inquiry, only, was carried. That is one step towards Reform, and *Mr. Punch* congratulates the Peers in having done a goodish evening's work. He recommends Mother O'Church to look out.

COLONEL WILSON PATTEN joins the Ministry as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. CHANCELLOR PATTEN will be no clog on the Government.

After the two daily and invariable formalities in the Commons, prayers, and a shout of ironical laughter at MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, we resumed Reform.

There are to be five Boundary Commissioners instead of seven, and these are to be LORD EVERSLEY, SIR FRANCIS CROSSLEY, SIR JOHN DUCKWORTH, MR. WALTER, and MR. RUSSELL GURNEY. SIR FRANCIS is put on in compliance with MR. BRIGHT's wish for a Radical Member. MR. BRIGHT expressed his satisfaction.

The Committee refused to abolish the Freeman, rejected an amendment intended to prevent Colourable qualifications, declined to enfranchise Copyholders (contributors who hold back "copy" to the inconvenience of editors), dismissed the claim of Leaseholders, and assented to the exclusion of University men from the elections for Oxford or Cambridge boroughs. This last proposition was opposed by PROFESSOR FAWCETT, SIR R. PALMER, and MR. SELWYN, and there is to be another fight over it. Why so many educated persons holding residences should be shut out, it is difficult to say.

Tuesday. We got to the 43rd and last clause in the Bill, but then several clauses stand over, and there are the Schedules to dissect. The united wisdom of the Committee was applied to invent a meaning for the word Dwelling-house. MR. DISRAELI said that for two months people had been raining definitions upon him. For the present we agreed that it should mean "any part of a house occupied as a separate dwelling, and separately rated." Even that is not clear. Is the "part," or the "house" to be occupied?

On the discussion of the Boundary names, MR. DARBY GRIFFITH enunciated his remarkable discovery, "that few men would venture to say in the House what they said in the Clubs." We think with him, and that many of the anecdotes told at club windows would not adorn a debate on Religious or Educational Establishments.

LORD HOTHAM, adverting to the discomfort of the House, complained that Members spoke in a conversational manner, and therefore could not be heard. The late SIR ROBERT PEEL could always, he said, be heard, because he spoke up, and to the House itself, and not to one person. There is to be a Committee on the arrangements of the place, and *Mr. Punch* suggests that an Elocution Committee should sit, with power to ask any Member why he does not open his mouth and sound his vowels.

The Libel Bill—for saving newspapers harmless for publishing reports—went through Committee. MR. SANDFORD talked unwisely about Press tyranny. MR. LISTER O'BRIEN truthfully denied that such a thing existed. Somebody called out that MR. O'BRIEN was connected with the Press. That gentleman denied it, adding that he wished he had that honour. He looks at things from a right point of view.

The railway folks obstinately opposed the Bill for making them provide communication between passengers and guards, but it was forced through Committee. MR. CAVE warning them of their folly, which might lead to much more stringent legislation hereafter. How *Punch* would like to read that some railway director had had his head moderately well punched by a couple of cardsharps, who should also take away his watch. There would be communication on that line in a month. We have almost a mind to send a couple of our most athletic young men to do the job in the interest of the public.

Wednesday. SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN described his Irish Land Bill, the main object of which was to discourage tenancies from year to year, and substitute leasehold tenancies. If there is no written contract, a twenty-one years' lease is to be presumed. We imagine a House of landowners will think twice before they assent to so stringent a measure. Debate adjourned.

Thursday. Discussion by the Lords on the present clumsy system of transporting and supplying troops. A Committee has proposed large changes, and the "authorities" evidently do not like them. But when LORD STRATHENAIRN (SIR HUGH ROSE) gets up, and declares that he has been personally harassed in the field by the bungling system, and that in war time it puts the Army in great danger, it is time that public opinion should back up the reformers against the Horse Guards. We cannot afford to have another edition of the Crimean disasters.

Another angry wrangle over the Committee on the Roman Catholic Tithes. MR. NEWDEGATE showed displeasure with MR. DISRAELI, and MR. BOUVIER actually lectured the SPEAKER. Late at night, after two more fights, the Committee was appointed.

CAPTAIN JERVIS, who had the difficulty with SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD in India, was sentenced to be dismissed the Service, but was also recommended to mercy. So we are to pay him the money value of his commission. His relatives consider him hardly treated. So are those who have to pay.

We got over some Reform details about bribery, polling-places, and the like, and an effort was made by PROFESSOR FAWCETT to throw the legitimate expense of elections upon the county rate. A series of weak objections were made to this reasonable proposal. Why should a man be fined for trying to serve his country? Why should the country be deprived of the services of all men who have not much money? But the plan, supported by MILL and GLADSTONE, was rejected by a great majority of 248 to 142.

We then went at the Swearing Clauses, and agreed to some oaths, refusing by 178 to 173 to have declarations instead.

Quacks, we passed the Vaccination Bill, but did not introduce a clause for whipping you. It will come in a Reformed Parliament, though, unless you hold your tongues very distinctly.

Friday. The VICEROY OF EGYPT is coming here. His friendship is most valuable to England, Egypt being the highway to India. He has always shown all courtesy and hospitality to Englishmen. We gave him no invitation, though he was in Paris, and he had arranged to be the guest of a gentleman at Blackheath. To-night the Government announced, as if they had worked themselves up to miraculous generosity, that they had decided on lodging this Prince in a public-house, and would pay his bill!

The MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND—we interpolate a compliment to this nobleman, who gives daily proof that he feels a sense of the duty the rich owe to the wretched—did not succeed in getting a Committee to inquire into a case of alleged piracy of an engineer's designs. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH said that 137 other persons might prefer similar complaints, which was, of course, a reason for not listening to one grievance.

On Reform, the Parliamentary Lion was once more roused, and roared tremendously.

We have given the Borough Suffrage to all who are rated, and pay the rates. But as some people don't pay rates, unless asked (and not always then), it was thought, in the earlier debates, that payment should be demanded, and the Government undertook to bring in a clause making such demand compulsory. It was introduced to-day by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. But the House has changed a good many of its ideas, and though the clause was brought in, as agreed, it was soon felt that the Government meant to take no pains to have it carried. MR. HARDY disapproved it, and would have voted against it, but that it had been prepared by his learned friend. Ministers voted for it, but it was rejected by a majority of 2 in a House of 412. Then did the Opposition, especially MR. GLADSTONE, blaze out like fire, and declare that Government had not kept faith, and that it was open to the Committee to re-consider the whole Bill. The answer was, that the original idea had not been the Government's, and now it was not the idea of the House. In the course of the debate MR. ROEBUCK observed that he did not wish to see the country handed over to ignorance and vice, which would rule if the Rabble came in, and we were going to let in the Rabble. This does not seem the point. *Mr. Punch* permits himself to be somewhat indifferent to the political opinions of anybody who will not take the trouble to know when rates are due, and to pay them. A debate on the postponement of the Irish Reform Bill closed the week. MR. DISRAELI made things pleasant, and was jocular about Irish deputations, which he said he liked to receive.

NARROW ACCOMMODATION.

Is it hospitable when you ask a stout friend to come and see you, to tell him that you will give him a spare bed?

A LAWN "PARTY."—A Bishop.



FEARFUL ORDEAL FOR JONES.

STUDY OF AN ITALIAN SIGNORA, SINGING "ROBERTO, TU CHE ADORO." SHE IS RAPT IN DRAMATIC INSPIRATION, AND AS SHE SINGS SHE UNCONSCIOUSLY FIXES HER ARDENT GAZE ON THE BASHFUL JONES, WHO HAPPENS TO BE STANDING NEAR. JONES'S AGONY IS SIMPLY INCONCEIVABLE.

BRITANNIA'S BABY-HOUSE.

AIR—"There was an Old Woman."

THERE was an old woman who lived in a stew,
She had so many Members she didn't know what to do :
So her House she pulled down, built a new one instead,
At a cost that made BULL's hair rise up on his head.

'Twas the floridest, flashiest plan she could get,
All gurgyle and crocket, and finial and fret :
With stone Kings and Queens stuck about it in swarms,
Stone angels, stone dragons, and stone coats-of-arms :

Stone lions in crowns, sitting up on one end ;
Stone unicorns rampant, in stone panels penn'd :
And windows, for fear too much light should get through,
Dark with monsters heraldic, in green red and blue.

In short, decoration was piled to a pitch,
That, like Melton pork-pies, many tastes found too rich.
But lest its profusion should turn JOHN BULL's brain,
'Twas the same thing repeated again and again.

There were forests of pinnacles, piercing the air ;
And mazes of lobbies, to goodness knows where :
And by way of direction to wand'ers at need,
Labels writ in black-letter that no one could read.

And a house for the SPEAKER, where room there was not
For swinging his cat, if a cat he had got :
And a tea-room and dining-room gorgeous to see,
But most inconvenient for dinner or tea.

Committee-rooms, stifling when windows were shut,
And by Father Thames poisoned, when wide they were put :
And a new ventilation for bringing in pure
The air that had travelled for miles through a sewer.

With pride DAME BRITANNIA her new House surveyed
(Though she raised some ado ere the bills were all paid) ;
But she found, when her Members she came to instal,
That their new Gothic quarters would not hold them all.

Their tale was six hundred and fifty and eight,
And four hundred at most could find sitting-room strait :
And when the four hundred were packed, 'twas averred
That the louder the speeches, the less they were heard.

She did all that she could in her Members' behoof,
She coved in the cornice and lowered the roof,
But acoustic improvement no change would afford :
Sounding bores there were plenty, but no sounding-board !

Then this ill-used Old Woman, she tore her back hair,
And exclaimed, "I'm a practical female, I swear !
But a House I've had built, planned for seats and for ear,
Where the sitters can't sit, and the list'n'ers can't hear.

"Something close on three millions I've spent first and last :
On Thames waters, my bread,—yea my ginger-bread,—cast :
I've got as fine pie-crust as money could bring,
But when the pie's opened my black-birds can't sing !

"Was ever old woman in such a sad stew !
All these Members to do for, and no room to do !
I've paid BARRY's bills, but I wish that, instead,
I'd cut off his per-centage, and punched his thick head !"

What are the Jamaica Committee About ?

THE following horrifying notice may be seen in a respectable shop window hardly more than a stone's throw from one of our largest Metropolitan Churches—"Blacks dyed twice a week." !!!

"THE NEW CABINET PORTRAIT."—DISRAELI the Reformer.



THE ROAD TO SHEFFIELD.

PUNCH A.L. "NOW, THEN, STOP THAT, I SAY! WE'LL HAVE NO INTIMIDATION HERE."

ENCOURAGEMENT OF CAUTION.



IN a speech delivered at a meeting of the Court of Aldermen, COLONEL ALDERMAN WILSON vindicated his abstention from interference with the Roughts who were committing the outrages attendant on the late march-out of the City Militia. His apology lay in the argument, "that if in the course of the proceedings any life were lost, he (ALDERMAN WILSON) would be held responsible;" and he said:—

"Thus if, availing himself of the body he held in his command, he had detached men as suggested, and a mischance had ensued, he (ALDERMAN WILSON) might have been put on his trial at the Old Bailey on a charge of manslaughter, if not of murder."

To be sure. Now we are beginning to see what we owe to the Jamaica Committee. They failed, to be sure, in their attempt to get GOVERNOR EYRE hanged;

but, by their prosecution of that gentleman, they have succeeded in inculcating a lesson on COLONEL ALDERMAN WILSON. Other persons in authority, besides the gallant Colonel and worthy Alderman, will now think twice before they venture to arrest outrageous Roughts, or to endeavour to save society by any interference involving the risk of killing robbers or rioters. See the happy result of enforcing responsibility. Authorities decline it. For so doing, the people who suffer by their prudence may hiss them, but they themselves applaud themselves at home as often as they think how wise they were not to have incurred at least the expense and anxiety of having to defend themselves against an indictment, and, possibly, even a conviction and penal consequences. We cannot expect to enjoy both the advantage of promptitude in the suppression of outrage, and the gratification of punishing, in cold blood, excesses of duty performed under excitement by our preservers. No, not we; any more than we can have our cake and eat it too. We ought to be very much obliged to the Jamaica Committee.

COURT DRESS REFORM.

MR. PUNCH,

THERE is in the *Morning Post* a suggestion for the reformation of Court Dress, which is excellent as far as it goes. The *Post* recommends the discontinuance of that grotesque garb in which men not otherwise officially bedizen are obliged to figure at Royal levees and balls. So far so good. But instead of this trim, which makes a man look like an embroidered Quaker, your fashionable contemporary recommends "that gentlemen should be permitted to attend Her Majesty's levees in the same dress as they would a royal dinner when they are not entitled to uniform; that is to say in shorts and silks, or tights." Sir, I object to this proposal. Why shorts or tights? I am bandy-legged and pot-bellied, and both tights and shorts are calculated to render those personal peculiarities of mine as conspicuous as possible, and expose them to derision, which in looser clothing they would escape, passing comparatively unnoticed. Although I do not care a straw how much people laugh at me behind my back, I sometimes feel my habitual serenity disturbed by the consciousness of being an object of present ridicule. Let me be allowed to go to Court, then, if ever I am obliged by accepting an appointment to some lucrative office under the Crown, in a decent evening-dress, including trousers sufficiently capacious to shroud, with a suitable amplitude of drapery, the abdominal and crural curves of yours truly,

INFORMIS.

P.S. I am content with my carcase. Your Adonis has a figure to lose: I have not.

Dr. Peabody.

At the Oxford Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors, with an appropriateness perhaps unique, MR. PEABODY received an honorary degree. In his special case the distinguishing initials, D.C.L., are always to be interpreted as signifying Donor, City of London.

"CASH ADVANCES."—Courting a Rich Widow.

THE MICE IN THE CABINET.

Not long since, so the story goes,
A pleasant argument arose,
Between a young and aged mouse
Who boarded at a country-house,
Relating to a Cabinet
In which those Wranglers often met.

"My son," 'twas thus the Senior spoke,
"Be sure, 'tis good old English oak.
How firm it stands! What force could break it?
An earthquake scarce could move or shake it."

"You're wrong, dear Dad, 'tis modern deal,
A fact which varnish can't conceal.
'Tis highly polished, I admit,"
(The young Mouse said with gestures fit.)
"But touch it lightly, or you may
Depend there 'll be a split some day."

"A mouse convinced against his will,"—
Mus père replied, "Look at the Bill,
And that will show, *sans* other aid,
Of what materials 'tis made!"

With earnest eyes the Bill they scan
(A Bill due to a Working-man).
And then Mouse fils, who loves his joke,
Cries, "Dad, this firm don't deal in oak.
And if you look at it again
The Cabinet has got a grain
As rough as any common trap,
Which holds of toasted cheese a scrap.
But traps are not set there for naught,
Let's watch and see who 'll first be caught."

MORAL.

Trust not alone external show,
But cautious learn what lies below.
For Cabinets, those polished rigs,
Contain sometimes peculiar springs,
Which, though obscure to vulgar sight,
Mice can discern, both brown and white.

REGULATION WHISKERS WANTED.

IF we were writing a burlesque, which happily we are not, we should find occasion somehow to introduce these couplets, having reference to a circular just issued to the Fleet:—

Our Admiralty Lords, the truth to state,
Are little in great things, and in little great.
They let the dockyards run most wasteful rigs,
And go the whole hog with their "SEELY'S pigs."
Then to mere whiskers they devote much care,
And seem indeed particular to a hair.

The circular we refer to complains of a "custom"—

"Which appears to be somewhat prevalent in the fleet of officers wearing whiskers of such inordinate size and length as to resemble beards, which latter are forbidden by the Printed Instructions. The regulations of the Naval Service require that any such irregular habit should be prevented, and that officers should be permitted only to wear the same length of whiskers as the Seamen and Marines under their divisional superintendence."

We wish "My Lords" were as particular in examining the cost of cutting down a three-decker as they are in their instructions about cutting down a whisker. But how are they to know that their directions are complied with? Is the captain every morning to go round the cabins of his officers, armed with a foot-rule, and to measure all their whiskers as soon as they have shaved? Then, is he to report if there be any "inordinate" in size? And, if so, how is he to know the exact length which this adjective is intended to define? An officer who has a fancy for giving himself hairs may permit his crew to wear their whiskers nearly a foot long, if he be allowed to "wear the same length" as his men. In matters of such moment as the trimming of a whisker, "My Lords" will doubtless recognise the full necessity of the carefulest inspection; although they may not see the need of it in paltry matters of account, where some few millions may be yearly wasted by the want of it.

As hair is valuable just now for manufacture into chignons, the loppings of the naval whiskers might be profitably sold, and "My Lords" thus get the credit of a practice of economy far more than is their wont. Perhaps in order that the officers may know to a hair how much hirsuteness is permitted them, pattern whiskers should be kept with the pattern naval uniforms displayed by certain of our Admirals. So that officers may shave themselves according to the pattern, and precisely trim their whiskers to the regulation length.



CROQUÉ'D.

Mamma (severely). "WHY ARE YOU NOT PLAYING WITH THE OTHERS, BLANCHE?"

Blanche (innocently). "DON'T KNOW HOW, MAMMA. MAJOR MALLET IS TEACHING ME."

THE COLLEGE OF DISEASE.

HAVE you too large a family of children? Would you like to be relieved of some of them? Should you care nothing how that was done, so long as you got rid of them? Would it satisfy you to have them provided for with a shovel? In that case would you particularly at all object to their dying of small-pox? No? Then take the advice which is tendered you gratis by certain persons who, at the foot of a circular headed, "The Compulsory Vaccination Bill," describe themselves as "THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH FOR THE SOCIETY OF HYGIENISTS." Take their advice as to Vaccination, but disbelieve their statements. Do not, for a moment, imagine the slightest truth to be contained in their assertions that there is any doubt, among those competent to form an opinion, about the efficacy of Vaccination; that "since Vaccination became compulsory in 1853, there has been more Small-pox than ever;" that "Vaccination is similar in principle to the bite of a snake or a mad dog;" that vaccine lymph is "all poisonous matter;" that "in France upwards of seventy children had been infected and died of" a horrible disease "from Vaccination." Because, if you thought these declarations true, of course you would go instantly and have your children vaccinated, in the hope that vaccination would kill them. Thus you would expect to get eased of them by simply obeying the law—and you would be disappointed.

No, don't obey the law which requires you to have your children vaccinated. Let not any of them be subjected to vaccination. Then, most probably, all of them will catch the small-pox, and very likely some of them will die; but suppose they don't, that will be no fault of yours, especially if, by way of pretending to doctor them, you give them the medicines recommended by the British College of Health. And this you had better do all the rather, for fear they should escape with the loss of their eyes, or with faces pitted all over with holes like a cribbage-board, in which case you would perhaps never be able to get your daughters taken off your hands. But you may reasonably hope that the small-pox will do that, if, instead of having had them vaccinated, you have let them take their chance, and if you duly physic

them into the bargain with the pills which are advertised as an universal medicine by the anonymous quacks whose signatures are appended to the above-quoted lies.

DANCE THE GAROTTCHA!

STEALING a watch, a

Purse and a ring,

Dance the garottcha—

Dance while I sing.

Dance to the triangles, dance naughty man—

Dance the garottcha as well as you can.

Ninefold and knotted

Stings the sharp thong?

Robbed and garotted,

Victims had wrong.

Think what they felt as you wriggle and roar,

Dance the garottcha—be naughty no more.

SHARP PRACTICE AT STOCKBRIDGE.

THAT the contiguity of the Hampshire Downs has rendered the Stockbridge people very downy is what appears to be indicated by the following note from the pen of "ARGUS":—

"Before I quit the Stockbridge Meeting, I must protest against the iniquity of the high charges that are made for the accommodation of visitors in the neighbourhood. Even clergymen of the Established Church, who inveigh against the Turf and its concomitant evils from their pulpits, are nothing loth to participate in the profits to be derived from the races; so that we may expect little mercy from the laymen of the district."

Does "ARGUS" mean to say that there are parsons about Stockbridge who not only take people in as innkeepers do, but also take them in as much as they are generally taken in at hotels? Is it possible that there are any reverend gentlemen who can be such publicans and sinners? If so, their conduct is very irregular, although they may be described as regular clergy of the Order of St. Boniface.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE FIFTEENTH.

I HAVE written to my friend MUMPSON—TOMMY MUMPSON, young TOMMY, not old TOMMY, you know—to come over and be my second. Until TOMMY turns up, the Fatal Affray is postponed *sine die*. However, I shall set my house in order. I haven't got a house, and my landlord has just given me notice to quit, as he has, he says, an English family coming who will pay him during Legposissiong time three times as much as I do. You see what inconvenience arises from an insufficiency of *larjong*. Direct to me Post Restaurant, I mean *Post Restiong, Parry*. I'm here to-day and there to-morrow, but where "there" is I haven't the smallest idea. I shall try and sleep under one of SPIERS AND POND's refreshment counters. They won't charge for a refreshing sleep.

Legposissiong is now really crowded, and the *Bwanoderbulloine* is filled every afternoon with *ekyparges*, brilliant and dashing. The lounge about *Lay Karskards* is deliciously cool and refreshing, but the gritty gravel makes the promenade back to Parry very tiring. My next I shall devote entirely to Legposissiong, as should the prospective field of carnage eventuate in my disappearance from this gay and festive scene, I shall, at all events, as I press my handkerchief to the wound and fall back in the arms of my Second and the Medical Man, be able to say, "*Mong Raydarktur*, bless him; tell him I—(gasp)—die—(gasp)—happy. (Eyes of the Medical Man suffused with tears. Then turning towards my Second, I murmur—(breathing with difficulty)—blue coat—(gasps)—hole in the pocket—copy for next two weeks—in the lining. (They implore me not to trouble myself about such matters: my antagonist stands gloomily regarding his work. I raise myself on my left arm and point with my right to myself). See!" I say to him, "Behold your sanguinary work!" (Polite to the last, you'll observe). "May the curse"—"Oh, no! no! no! no!" cry my Second, his Second, and the Medical Man, all kneeling. The organ of *Notrer Darm* is heard in the distance. "Ah!" I exclaim, as a sweet, faint, light illumines my pale visage, "Ah! I—(gasp again)—for—(gasp)—give! Kiss me, TOMMY! (to my Second) I have done my duty. *Vaeo LUMPYRAW!*" and, with a faint cheer, I expire. [If this comes off, you'll have the earliest intelligence, in fact, you'd better print this on the chance. Head it "Fatal Termination of Our Own Special Correspondent's Duel: Reported by Himself."]

You will then take a return ticket to Parry and wreath garlands about my simple tomb in the *Pair lar Shays*. Do you know how to weave garlands? Get it up. How well you would look, *mong Raydarktur*, weaving garlands. [I shouldn't think it was a paying occupation: you might speculate in it—can't lose much.]

However, it's not all U.P. with me yet awhile. I tell you what you might do, and do nobly, anticipate my probable funeral expenses, and send considerable *larjong*. That would be like your generous, open nature.

The International Theatre, the Commissioners inform me will come to unmitigated grief unless I arrange a programme. "Will you do it?" they asked.

I replied, with proverbial philosophy, "*Ill ner fay reang poor reang*," which simply means, either *ong Arnglay oo ong Frangsay*, that I don't work without pay.

All work and no pay makes JACK go without a *shimnee*.

When they didn't come down handsomely after my hard work as juror among the instruments, I said, curtly, "*Ill nay par deu bwaov dong ong fay lay flew*," which is French proverbial philosophy for "He isn't the sort of chap to dance to any one's piping." *Ker ler dearbel*—how the doose these French words ever came to mean that, I don't know. But such is the fact; and oh my, ain't I just getting idiomatic! Beautiful! Idiomatic has no connection with Rheumatics, you understand, nor with idiots; though there is a *soupsong* of both words in it.

I have consented to draw up a programme for *Ler Tayartrr Arnter-narseonarl*. *Othello* in four languages, and the orchestra filled with interpreters. *Oovverses* (female boxkeepers) with dictionaries and books of the play. Each *oovverses* will be a French mistress—I mean, will be a French master—capable of giving lessons between the Acts.

"French before Act 2," "French before Act 4," and so forth.

If MR. SOTHERN, who is coming to Parry, will undertake *Othello*, and poor dear old LEMAITRE would do *Mercutio*, with MONS. RAVEL for *Leonato*, and MDLLE. SCHNEIDER for *Desdemona*, I think, with the aid of an Italian or two, and throw in a German with a Swedenborgian, we should have a bill of fare not to be surpassed. Send this advertisement to the *Era* for me:—

INTERNATIONAL THEATRE, PARIS.

WANTED, a few good ITALIANS for General Utility. Also, a First-Class DOUBLE DUTCHMAN to sing between the pieces. Three HEAVY GERMAN wanted to open immediately.

Also, a BOMBARDON PLAYER, who can read, write, and understand French, but won't be rude when asked "*Purly voo Frangsay?*" Also, a LADY DANCER, and FIRST SINGING CARPENTER (both Russians, or as nearly as possible). Funny Couples treated with liberality in all languages. No Redskins need apply. Turks at a distance will please accept this intimation.

They say something about MR. TOOLE coming here to play *Ease ong part frangsay*. If I was MR. TOOLE, I'd like to have a holiday in Parry, and just do nothing at all. Let him come to me. I'll dine with him every day, and show him all over Parry. It'll cost him less than going with another fellow, and pay better than melting himself to a jelly in July. When the servant-of-all-work had a holiday, didn't she enjoy herself by going and helping a fellow-servant? I think that's the story. But whether it is or not, send me *larjong*, and I shall be able to defy my landlord.

Appropo of landlords, my fellow-countrymen should be furnished with a better dialogue-book than the one I've just come across. My fellow-countryman is supposed to ask,

"*Kumbeang daymarndayvoo poor setappart'mong?*" ("How much do you demand for this here apartment, eh?")

Well, Sir, there is no answer. The Landlord is dumfounded. The visitor, my fellow-countryman, takes advantage of his being staggered, to put down his bag, seat himself (I suppose) and quietly observe, "*Jee raystaray o mwoyng pondong trrreav mwaov*," ("I shall stop here just three months.")

Then, exclaims the Landlord, in a burst of gratitude, "*Voo laysorray ar song frarnk par mwaov*," ("You shall have them for one hundred francs a month.")

My fellow-countryman, coolly undoing his dressing-case, shrugs his shoulders, and returns, "*Say tro share*" ("too dear").

"*Ay beang!*" cries the Landlord, utterly staggered, "*voosorray lay sharmber poor karrant frarnk see raystaray plew longtom*."

There's a drop from a hundred to forty francs, on condition of his stopping *plew longtom*!

My fellow-countryman is supposed in the dialogue to be a bit of a roysterer come to see *Lar Vee Parreesyen*, for he says, first, "*Jer voo-dray dormeereesee set moee*," ("I'd like to sleep here to-night.")

You'd imagine the Landlord replying, "Dear me! you don't say so." But not a bit of it. The Landlord, in this romantic dialogue, has no answer ready. He is silent. (What a Landlord! How angry I should be with him!) My countryman immediately inquires, "*Pooay-voo mer donnay eun clay?*" "Can you give me a latch-key?"

There's a sly dog for you! And the last words of the despairing Landlord are, "*Voo pooayzongtray kong voo voodray*," ("You can come in when you like.")

Can anything be more grovelling, more spiritless, than this final speech of the unhappy Landlord? What a lodger he's got for *trraav mwaov ay pertaytrr plew longtom*!

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD should add to his Third Edition of *Paris for the English* a set of first-rate sensible dialogues. And everyone should be obliged by law to learn them thoroughly, so that when one puts a question out of the conversation-book the correct answer may be at once given. Or what is the use of a guide?

I am now going to run out to cheer LUMPYRAW as he drives down the *Bwaov*; and then I am hard at work at the Catalogue of Legposissiong. Perhaps next letter may be my last. Treasure, as the words of a doomed man, the oracular utterances of yours—*Ardeewar!*

P. THE G.

P.S. In my last I said, on the information of a friend, that the SULTAN had arrived. He hadn't; but has. Everybody is asking when will the LORD MAYOR come? and will he visit Parry in state, or in *cog*? It was for NARPOLKONG THE THIRD to bring together two Eastern Potentates like the SULTAN and the LORD MAYOR in this gay Metropolis.

P.P.S. *Paulopostscript*. I told you that my Landlord is going to turn me out, and that, as to lodgings, like Little Bo-peep's sheep, I didn't know where to find 'em. Well, I've hit upon the idea. The Commissioners want me to become a Juror on the Furniture Department, where are beds, chairs, sofas, washing-stands, "etceterar, etceterar, etceterar," as the now popular Parisian song has it, and all the appliances and means of a comfortable establishment to boot.

Vwoyay voo Mongermee? I have stipulated to try one bed a night, sleeping in it from any time I like until a similar limit in the morning. They are to give me a latch-key to Legposissiong, so that I can go to rest at my own hour; and visitors will not be admitted to this portion of the building until I am up, and have completed my *twoglay*. There will be an extra charge to pass through while I am reading the papers in my morning wrapper, which I shall do when trying the chairs and sofas. I can easily lodge in Legposissiong at this rate for a month. My name's EAST. Difficulties merely arise in order that I may o'erleap them. *Vwoylar too!*

The Medals are distributed to-day (Monday). MR. PHILIP CARRERON, R.A., is in Parry, about to be *daycoray*. Everyone to appear in uniform. Mine is that of the Manchester Marine (Militia), recently organised. Our dress is real Manchester velvet, grey shirtings, and cocked-hats. Those who can afford them have horses; and those who have horses are our gallant horsefyers. With which *jerdygme* (at the service of my country) I conclude.

"THE MODEL READY RECKONER."—The man with his last Shilling.



OBLIGING.

Excursionist (to himself). "ULLO! 'ERE'S ONE O' THEM ARTISTS. 'DESSAY 'E'LL WANT A GENTEEL FIGGER FOR 'IS FOREGROUND. I 'LL STAND FOR 'IM!!!"

THE MODEL TRADES' UNIONIST.

Of all the good things ever said, I specially admire
The saying that the labourer is worthy of his hire.
The just reward of labour I'm determined to make mine;
And if I can't do that alone, with others I'll combine.

The tyranny of capital is more than I will stand,
And with my fellow-labourers together I shall band,
In case employers screw us down below what's just and right;
We'll strike, if we can do no more, till they our toil requite.

We'll strike, and to make others strike we'll do our best, of course.
Our best, but not our worst, my mates—refrain from brutal force.
No blowing up with gunpowder! No knocking on the head!
No shooting! Do no murder—let man's blood be never shed.

No rattening of persons that offend against our rules!
Because it is a crime and sin to steal your neighbour's tools.
No persecuting them that choose to work for what they can!
Take no man's liberty away, or else you rob the man.

Your neighbour's house, his ox, his ass; your neighbour's goods and gains,
Belong to him less closely than his hands do, and his brains.
His use of them is most his own of all things that are his;
And he who robs a man thereof's the biggest thief that is.

Intimidation's not the way fair dealing to compel.
It is the way to Sheffield—if that's where you'd like to dwell.
Co-operation—that's our plan all difference to avoid;
Let every man employer be, and every man employed.

Then shall we know what wages we've the means ourselves to pay,
Not causing those high prices that consumers drive away,
To buy in foreign markets cheaper things and better made;
And we, with our Trades' Unions, shall not ruin British Trade.

CAUTION TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CERTAINLY *Mr. Punch* may call himself a man of letters, for by almost every post he receives about a peck of them. Greatness has its penalties, besides its pride and pleasures; and the penalty of *Mr. Punch's* greatness is an avalanche of correspondence that overwhelms him every day. He had need be a Briareus, born with fifty pairs of hands, to open all the envelopes which are hourly laid before him; and, were he hundred-eyed like Argus, he could barely read, ere bed-time, a tithe of their contents.

Yet, despite his many warnings that his waste-basket stands ever yawning at his side, and that he never will return the nonsense he receives, *Mr. Punch* is often plagued by irritable persons, who seem to think he is responsible for the safety of whatever may be sent him by the post. *Mr. Punch* repeats his caution, that the less his "constant readers" write to him the wiser he will think them; and, as to any hints or suggestions they may proffer, he has neither time to look at them, nor disposition so to do. How much his butlerman is bettered by the idiotic twaddle which is sold him by the pound from *Mr. Punch's* waste-basket is more than need be guessed. ALL THAT *Mr. Punch* WILL ADD IS, THAT NO ARTICLE OR DRAWING SENT TO HIM, UNSOLICITED, WILL BE RETURNED; THAT HE CANNOT GIVE THEM HOUSE-ROOM UNTIL THEY ARE CALLED FOR; AND THAT NO LAW EXISTS IN ENGLAND WHICH RENDERES HIM ACCOUNTABLE FOR WHAT MAY BE THEIR FATE. If *Mrs. Punch* were to receive by post a handsome set of diamonds (friends at a distance, if they like, may accept this intimation), she would not be compellable by law to give them house-room, although it is not unlikely that she might submit to do so. Nor is *Mr. Punch* obliged to retain in his safe keeping whatever gems of wit may be dropped into his letter-box, with a view that they may sparkle in the setting of his type.

THE SHORTEST THEATRICAL CRITICISM ON RECORD.—In *MR. READE's* new play now performing at the Adelphi everybody acts well, and *MISS TERRY* is a *Dora*-ble.

OUR ARTIST IN PARIS.—PART I.



E.C.
7 O'CLOCK, A.M. GOING TO TAKE THE BOAT.



EN ROUTE



LANDING AT BOULOGNE, JUNE 10TH, 1867.



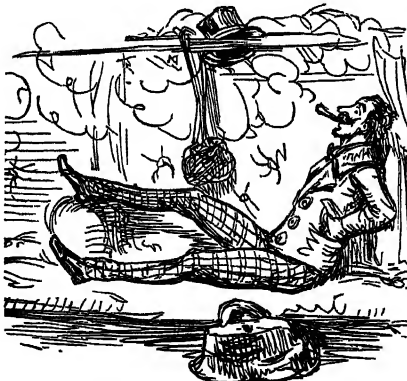
OUR ARTIST MARKETING AT BOULOGNE.



ADMIRATION OF THE NATIVES.



E.S.
"AURIEZ-VOUS LA BOUNTY DE CUIRE CES PETITES
POISSONS POUR MOI?"



EN ROUTE FOR PARIS.



AMIENS.—TWENTY MINUTES TO DINE (GREAT RUSH!)



ARRIVAL AT PARIS (10 P.M.)

Whittles v. Wittols.

CHAUCER records the fame of "Sheffield Whittles,"
And the town then was known for its sharp blades;
But now its hands are the true "Sheffield Wittols,"
Who trust to rattening's and murder's aids.

Creed and Colour.

THERE is Ultramarine, and there's Ultramontane,
What's the difference between them you bid me explain.
Well, a kind of deep blue is your Ultramarine,
And your Ultramontane is most vividly green.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SOMEbody who can write English should be requested to afford the Volunteers information as to their duty in case of riots. The authorities have succeeded in preparing a circular which nobody can understand, and which everybody interprets differently. The matter was discussed in the Lords on Monday, July 1. It is clear that the Volunteers, as such, have nothing to do with riots, and that every subject of the QUEEN is bound to aid the civil power in suppressing them; and an able-bodied fellow is neither more nor less liable to do his duty to society because he wears a uniform.

Touching the cruelties perpetrated by calf-butchers, MR. HARDY, questioned, replied that he was unable to do anything; but he stated the law, which is that any person torturing an animal may be punished. If every Materfamilias would prohibit white veal, an atrocious system would be stopped, and when *Punch* assures those whom he never deceives (except in the way of professions of devotion) that the system is too horrid for him to describe it, he is sure that they will give the necessary orders. N.B. Do not believe the butcher's denial, you know how he lies and cheats in the matter of prices.

We resumed Reform, and here is the abstract and brief chronicle of the week.

Proposal by COLONEL DYOTT to disfranchise freeholders in a borough, that is, to take away their county votes, and make them vote for the borough. Rejected.

Proposal by MR. CANDLISH to deprive all hired canvassers, and other hired agents, of votes. Accepted.

Proposal by MR. HORSFALL (whose name reminds us that the poor horses fall very much this hot weather, and that there ought to be humaner means for getting them up than are employed by cruel cabmen) that an additional Member should be given to Manchester, to Birmingham, and to Liverpool. Accepted by MR. DISRAELI, who also threw in Leeds, but proposed to take away the new Member that had been promised to Salford. Note. MR. ADDERLEY, Minister, opposed MR. HORSFALL's plan, and later, MR. DISRAELI, Minister, agreed to it, giving more than was asked. The word Minister, saith HOBBS, in his *Leviathan*, signifieth one who voluntarily doeth the business of another man. Question—is it MR. ADDERLEY, or is it MR. DISRAELI, who voluntarily doeth the business of the other man, even JOHN BULL?

Complaint by MR. ROEBUCK, that though he had done so much in the way of helping the Government, Sheffield was not to have a new Member. He moved for one. MR. LAING adverted to the Sheffield Union atrocities as reasons why no favour should at present be shown to that disgraced place. But MR. GLADSTONE thought that the more the artisans are brought into direct contact with representation, the less likely they are to form illegal associations. Sheffield's claim rejected by 258 to 122.

Proposal by MR. BERKELEY to give Bristol a new Member. (By the way it will have one, for that Bristol diamond, SIR MORTON PERO, is gazetted a bankrupt.) Rejected by 235 to 136.

Demand by MR. BRIGHT where the four new Members are to come from? He said that MR. DISRAELI was only shuffling the cards. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER gently remonstrated against this expression, but declined to say more then. MR. GLADSTONE promised to fight for Salford. Whereat MR. AYRTON protested against Lancashire and its exorbitancy.

Proposal by MR. NEATE that members of corporations should vote in respect of corporation property. MR. DISRAELI objected. Corporations could do no personal act. He alluded to a celebrated saying about a corporation, which had neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned. Rejected.

Proposal by MR. DISRAELI that when the Committee should have received his statement that the four seats were to be got by not enfranchising St. Helen's, Keighley, Luton, and Barnsley, the amendments of Members should be passed over, and we should go to the schedules. Rather approved.

Proposal by MR. HIBBERT to make it illegal for a candidate to pay a voter's travelling expenses in Boroughs. Carried.

Proposal to forbid election committees from sitting in Public Houses. After a long fight, the Tories opposing the prohibition, Rejected.

Thus much for Reform, which may be said to meander (word from Mæander, a river which, saith FULLER in his *Worthies*, is so tortuous and winding that it runneth eighty miles in eighteen by land—also see *Pliny*, if you like—anyhow we are not going to transcribe the passage) than to progress. (What do you mean about the word being so used? Look into *King John*.—

"Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silyerly doth Progress on thy cheek,"

You must have cheek to object to *Punch's* English.) Moreover, the House is growing languid, though sometimes petulant, and does its work in a perfunctory (from *perfungi*, to do anything that it may be done and finished, and that we may rid ourselves of it, "Let not our mourning be perfunctory and fashionable," says good BISHOP HALL, whose friends began to wear it for him Sept. 1656) manner.

The Bill for making the Railway people furnish Means of Communication with Guards, was read a Third Time, and when we say that the ungeographical GASELEE opposed it, we need hardly say that the majority was about 8 to 1.

Tuesday. Much indignation about the way Government proposed to receive the VICEROY OF EGYPT. LORD STANLEY dilated upon the vessel, and the special train, and the guard of honour, and the sentries, and the equerry, but he could not get rid of the Public House. Later in the week, LORD DUDLEY obligingly offered his own mansion, which was accepted, Government thereby showing how utterly wrong they had been before. Now the Press has roused public opinion on this subject, and has very likely saved to England a good friend, who was going to be affronted. Yet no journalist will be complimented by the Ministry. On the contrary, they are, very likely, using the worst language about meddling scribblers.

A debate on Martial Law, originated by MR. O'REILLY, who, having been an LL.D. at Rome, and a Major in the POPE's service, may be considered a martial lawyer. He cited L. C. J. COCKBURN's late charge on the subject, and moved a resolution to the effect that no such thing as martial law was lawful. Some good sense was talked, especially, of course, by MR. MILL; but MR. HEADLAM talked better sense, and showed that what bore the obnoxious name was simply something for which every sensible citizen must see the necessity, on emergency. He was not for making people afraid to do their duty. The House took this view, and the motion was withdrawn.

Another attempt to relieve the attorneys from the payment of certificate duty failed on division. *Mr. Punch* has repeatedly said that among the attorneys are hundreds of the best fellows in the world, but there are also many of the lowest dogs unlicked, whose numbers would be increased if the cost of being admitted and of practising were made lighter.

Wednesday. Ladies about to marry, by banns (the Ritualists are making this genteel), may like to know that a Bill is in progress for doing away with the doubt when the bachelor and spinster proclamation is to interrupt religious service. "After the second lesson" is to be declared the lawful, as it is the usual, time. There were High Church protests against meddling with the Rubric, but MR. HENLEY, a shrewd old Tory, said that if doubts were not cleared up, people would be driven to the Registrar's office. Just so, and driven there in smart carriages, too.

Then Protestantism, represented by MR. NEWDEGATE (and MURPHY's friend WHALLEY), had a little victory, and by 119 to 75 defeated a Bill for enabling limited landowners to grant sites for churches, and schools, and glebes for priests, to Roman Catholics. *Mr. Punch* is a stauncher Protestant than any other Englishman, but the refusing his fellow-citizens facilities for teaching and worship is not his way of asserting the principle of religious freedom.

Thursday. Official news was received that the unfortunate ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN had been murdered by JUAREZ. Great indignation is felt. The Sovereigns of England and France postponed splendid reviews which had been in contemplation, and the Americans in Paris would not hold the Independence festival. The crime is regarded as a savage and cowardly one, and it has been committed in defiance of the appeals of civilised Governments. We call it a crime, because the act was needless and inhuman. That the bandit JUAREZ and the rest of the scoundrels around him may extirpate one another, and that Mexico may be seized by the United States, are the twin wishes of the rest of the world.

Hint for Husbands.

"WHY do you look so glum and cross, WILLIAM, whenever I have got you to go out with me to any party, or theatre?" asked ISABELLA. "My love," said WILLIAM, "there would be no merit in my going, were I not making an awful sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of showing that I go only to please you, dearest." ISABELLA was silenced, but not convinced.

WHITE-HEADED BOB.

THERE once was a fistic performer
Of fame in the early P.R.,
Than whom none e'er won plaudits warmer
In gladiatorial war.
He was specially valued for bottom,
And holding his own against odds,
And his foes, once in Chanc'ry he got 'em,
Soon measured their length on the sods.

From the "ROBERT," his full-length cognomen,
And the lily-white thatch on his nob,
His friends of the fancy, and foemen,
Entitled him "White-headed Bob."
If of mauleys you wanted the strongest,
The best sparring skill to be had,
Pluck, and wind alike safe to last longest,
Then White-headed Bob was the lad.

Though that brilliant boxer have vanished
As all that is brilliant will:
Though from BULL's sports and pastimes we've banished
The muscular joys of the Mill.
We've our fights still, at odds or at evens,
And revived our old Champion we know,
In the White-headed Bob of St. Stephens,
That out-and-out fighter BOB LOWE!

They may talk of Westminster's old glories,
When all Europe round made a ring,
Of PITT, FOX, and BURKE tell their stories,
CHATHAM's reach, BARRÉ's stop, WINDHAM's swing.
But for neat sparring, straight shoulder-hitting,
Quick counter, sharp rally, clean throw,
Against all of old standing or sitting,
At long odds I'll stand on BOB LOWE.

Who's forgotten his mills with BILL GLADSTONE,
The heaviest weight in the field?
When BOB cheeked him, BILL chaffed the lad's tone,
And no backers he had when he peeled.
But he found his own stakes, his own second,
In his own colours came to the scratch,
And in more rounds than BILL would like reckoned
Showed himself, at the least, BILLY's match.

And when BILL was walloped by BENNY,
The artful Caucasian chicken,
And BILL couldn't get his revenge (he,
We know, never *could* take a lickin'),
Up came BOB smiling, game as a pebble,
And knocked BENNY all round the ring,
Till his seconds looked black as "de debbil,"
And the sponge up were ready to fling.

In these days of crossings and dodgings,
When you never know who's on the square,
When coves change their sides, like their lodgings,
And there's all styles of fighting but fair.
'Tis a comfort to see honest gripping,
Hits straight from the shoulder that go,
No squaring the fight, or down-slipping—
"Win or lose, let's fight fair," says BOB LOWE.

Cads and costers may bully and bluster,
And call him bad names round the ring,
A fig for the dirty-faced cluster!
His rule's to let snobs have their swing.
But JOHN BULL prefers things on the square,
Pluck and bottom he never will ban,
And when all's done, he'll reckon BOB fair,
As an out-and-out, game fighting-man.

And if Varsity graduates of London,
Are looking about them to find,
How to get both their brain-work and fun done,
By a tongue that can utter their mind.
They may look a long time e'er they'll hit
On one who such muscle can show,
One for truth's sturdy champion so fit,
As much-abused, honest BOB LOWE!

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Certatim ingenti celebrant nova gaudia plausu."
Gradus ad Parnassum.

"Time was, men loudly did applaud new plays:
'Tis not genteel to do so nowadays."

THE remark that English people take their pleasure sadly, may with great truth be applied to their demeanour at a theatre. Perhaps it is thought vulgar to appear to be amused, and etiquette requires them to preserve a solemn aspect. Many a man now looks as though he dared not laugh in public, lest he might derange his shirt-front; and a girl of proper breeding is considered to lose caste if she so much as ventures to give vent to a giggle. Propriety demands a pair of white kid gloves and a look of solemn suffering while sitting through a play, and any thought of being pleased by it seems utterly prohibited. In fact, except at Christmas time, when it is deemed the proper thing to take the children to a pantomime, the stalls and boxes rarely show a sign of satisfaction, and all the laughter and applause proceeds from either pit or gallery.

Now this is a great pity, and in some degree accounts for the absence of refinement for which our stage is noticeable. The stimulus of clapping encourages an actor, and he often finds it difficult to act his best without it. So, if the stall-goers sit like statues, and the box-folk are unmoved, he is tempted to act coarsely in order to obtain the approbation of the "gods," which he knows will put new life in him. He thus becomes *deorum cultor, non parvus nec infrequens*, and chiefly cultivates the talents which are pleasing to the deities.

For myself, not being, luckily, a fashionable man, I take pleasure at a theatre in not doing what is fashionable. I laugh as loudly as I choose, when I see anything that tickles me, and applaud with all my might whatever merits my approval. Sometimes I even make a point of putting on my thickest boots when I go to see a play which I think likely to amuse me; and I make a most prodigious stamping if it does so. An actor need not fear that his good points will not be recognised if I am in the theatre, and, unlike the Paris *claque*, I make "no charge for stamping."

They who have the sense and courage to follow my example, should be warned to wear stout shoes when they go to see *The Lear*. The play is neat, and smart, and telling, and is capably played, and deserves to be applauded. The humour is perhaps too playful for the pit, and too gentle for the gallery: there are no sensation scenes with murder to slow music, and no comic ones with ghosts or breakages of crockery. So the deities and pittites are sparing of applause, and the clapping is heard chiefly, and should be heard more audibly, among the better seated portion of the audience. Old playgoers will doubtless flock to an old play, and need no spur to urge them thither; but the younger should be counselled not to miss this chance of seeing a piece which needs no scenery to render it attractive. It will teach them to have taste for something better than burlesque, and will show them how good acting, when employed on a good play, is far better worth seeing than when wasted on a bad one.

It is not usual, I know, to wear thick boots at the opera; but I regretted very much that, obeying my young wife, I had put on a thin pair, when I went the other night to hear the new young Swedish singer. I have seldom been more charmed than I was by her fresh voice, fair face, and her agreeable demeanour. She sings in a pure style, with intelligence and taste, and she can hold a long soft note with none of the affected trembling of the voice which of late has been so fashionable. Her tones are clear and full, high but never shrill; and she has no need of French polish to conceal those cracks and blemishes which VERDI makes in thin weak voices. Moreover, what is better, she sings like a girl with brains (and with plenty of them, too, as her broad brow amply testifies); and not like a mere song-machine, [made to make sweet noises, but with no notion what they signify. Her acting may be somewhat tame, but it is natural and not stogy. Her demeanour, like her voice, is delicate and ladylike. She is very young at present, and must not be crudely criticised; but she seems by nature gifted for the operatic stage, and having ardour and ambition to shine lastingly upon it. Because she happens to be Swedish, [people] think of their old favourite, and make absurd comparisons between a finished artist in the climax of her fame and a clever *débütante* who is wishful to be famous. The parallel, though premature, may in one point be permitted, for these Swedes have both the gift of singing not to the ears only, but simply to the heart; and though CHRISTINE NILSSON may not be a second JENNY LIND, she is even now among the very first of *prime donne*.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

A FANCY FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.—Our friend "ARGUS" informs us that MR. TATTERSALL has had a new pulpit designed for him by OWEN JONES. Fancy MR. SPURGEON in MR. TATTERSALL's pulpit.

ONE of CLARIDGE's old customers, who had often bled freely for the good of the establishment, on paying his last bill, remarked, "Well, they may complain of our quartering the PASHA of EGYPT here; but I say it was always 'a House of Call for Sovereigns.'"



GENTEEL POVERTY DINING IN STATE.

A PROFESSOR BRANDED IN THE TONGUE.

"He was glad to see that great meeting pledge itself to such excellent sentiments; but he might be allowed to say that, when that meeting was over, he thought nearly enough would have been said about this matter. There was no good to be attained by using exaggerated language, even about the Sheffield outrages. He did not say any exaggerated language had been used at the meeting. Murder was a great crime, but they must not forget that the murder by trade unionists was no better and no worse than any other murder. (*Loud cheers.*) A man could not go on protesting his innocence of a crime, or excusing himself from blame or complicity in a matter, without destroying his own self-respect; and now that the unions had once for all protested against these outrages enough had been done. He was no apologist for murder. During the last twelve months he had subscribed his money, and supported efforts which had been made to bring a great murderer to justice. (*Cheers.*) This was a murderer whose hands were red with the blood of more than four hundred men, and this man committed his crimes in the interests of employers, as BROADHEAD committed his in the interest of the workmen of Sheffield. The wealthy classes of this country were called upon to express their opinion of the crimes committed by the rich few in Jamaica, just as these poor men in London had been called upon to express their opinion of the crimes committed by poor men in Sheffield; and what opinion did these rich men express? Did they meet as this meeting had met in Exeter Hall to say they abhorred these crimes? (*Loud cries of 'Question.'*) No. They offered him banquets; and that murderer was at large in England because magistrates of his own class refused to send his crimes to be tried by a jury. (*Question.*) As matters stood, the law set on thieves to steal trade union property, just as BROADHEAD set on men to ratten, and there was this difference only between the two crimes, that the law encouraged the one and punished the other. (*Cheers.*) Then look at the law respecting so-called 'intimidation.' No one disputed that when a man struck another or caused a breach of the peace punishment should follow; but the law was such that the magistrate at Marlborough Street had legally committed more outrages than ever BROADHEAD committed. (*Heur.*) The middle classes, by raising a 'great dust' about the Sheffield outrages, were turning the workmen's attention from obtaining justice. He advised them to send to Parliament men to represent them, and urged them to draw up the laws they desired to see passed, in order that every candidate for their suffrages should be tested and pledged. If these laws for the unionists were passed, he said no more would be heard of these wrong-doings, for it was only a sense of wrong the unionists endured which made them outstep the limits of legality. (*Cheers.*) — From PROFESSOR BRESLEY'S Speech at the Exeter Hall Trades' Unions Meeting, Tuesday, July 2.

PROFESSOR BRESLEY should apply to HER MAJESTY for leave to insert a "t" between the "s" and the "l" of his name. The name of the man will then describe the character of his speech at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday sennight, from which we extract the passages in our heading. One might have excused such language in an ignorant or excited working-man. But this solitary apologist for murder and violence,—for however he disclaimed this title, he has fairly earned it by

such a speech,—writes after his name Professor of Ancient and Modern History, University College, London, and is a teacher of the lessons of those histories to the ingenious youth who attend his classes in Gower Street.

We congratulate the Council of University College on the possession of such an instructor, and leave to them practical comment on his speech. There is not an honest-working-man in London, we believe, weak enough to be taken in by such shallow sophistry, or callous enough not to be shocked by such cold-blooded comment on the atrocities which have disgraced Sheffield in the eyes of England. But if the speech be harmless by reason of its cynicism, its bad logic, and its extravagance, it is not, for that reason, less disgraceful to the man who spoke it. The historian who can pronounce the acts of GOVERNOR EYRE in Jamaica more criminal than those of BROADHEAD in Sheffield; the moralist who asserts that the sympathy of those who uphold GOVERNOR EYRE arises from their setting a class feeling for one of their own order above their horror of murder; the legist who perverts the fact that the law does not give compulsory power of enforcing trades' union regulations into the statement that the law sets thieves to steal trade union property just as BROADHEAD set on men to "ratten," and gravely asserts that the Marlborough Street police-magistrate, administering the law as it stands, has legally committed more outrages than ever BROADHEAD committed, is certainly eminently qualified to teach young ideas how to "shoot," to say nothing of the probable upshot of his instructions in promoting intimidation, rattening, and blowing up.

We only know one thing in connection with this revolting subject calculated to inspire as much disgust as the Sheffield revelations, and that is PROFESSOR BRESLEY'S way of talking about them.

The Council of Guido.

A LETTER from Rome, with reference to the POPE'S late Allocution, says:—

"The convocation of a council is alluded to, but without specifying when. It is generally understood that the period will be fixed for November of next year."

Perhaps the Fifth.



GOVERNMENT HOSPITALITY.

JOHN THOMAS (L-D D-R-Y). "EGYPT! O-AR-YES! SORRY WE COULDN'T ACCOMMODATE YOU IN THE PALACE, BUT-AR-WE'D ORDERED A BED FOR YOU AT A DELIGHTFUL PUBLIC-HOUSE-AR-CLARIDGE'S, IN FACT; BUT THEY'LL TAKE YOU IN AT DUDLEY HOUSE."

A DRAMATIC MEDLEY FOR THE DRAMATIC FÊTE.



VERYBODY'S going. *The Great City* will be a desert. Anybody mad enough to remain in town will feel like a *Fish out of Water*. True to the *Corps dramatique*, we shall go on Saturday with all our friends and *Neighbours*, and on Monday *Sarah's Young Man* has promised to escort *Our Domestic*. Not to be there would be to lose *Caste*, to be outlawed by *Society*. Our *American Cousin*, who has just arrived from *The Antipodes*, en route to *The French Exhibition*, finds that *The Best Way* to Dover is *via* Sydenham, and *La Famille Benoiton* have come over in the very nick of time. *Jack Wilding* is sure to be in the crowd, and

John Jones, and those inseparables *Box and Cox*, and *Mrs. Roseleaf* with her party, and *That Rascal Jack*, who will come up to us and say, *Lend Me Five Shillings*—*JACK* has been a *Wild Goose* ever since he was old enough to taste *His First Champagne*. And *Woodcock*—you know *Woodcock*? *Woodcock's Little Game* on Saturday next will be to have a pressing business engagement in the neighbourhood of *Anerley*, obliging him to leave the office early in the day. And then the darlings, dressed in diaphanous robes and bonnets "beautifully less"—*Dora and Maria* (perhaps *PATTI* too) and that *Black-eyed Susan* with *William* in close attendance; and there is a rumour that *Meg's Diversion* will be taken at the Crystal Palace as well as in Soho on the 18th inst.

J'invite le Colonel (says *MR. WEBSTER*), and all officers of the Army, Navy, Marines, Submarines, Volunteers, Militia, Yeomanry, and any other arm, or branch, or whatever it is of the Public Service that gets toasted and *TOOLED* at public dinners, including, of course, the entire strength of *Ours*; and let this be *The Duke's Motto*, and the Marquis's motto, and the Earl's motto, and everybody's motto, not forgetting Sultans and Viceroyes, Turks, Belgians and Egyptians—

Come early or come late,
But come to the Dramatic Fête.

A word or two of advice to male visitors. Bring plenty of money: the ladies in the Stalls like auriferous people, noteworthy persons; if necessary, sell out stock for the occasion. Spend it all before you leave: there may be pickpockets in the crowd at the Station. You wish to be thought respectable in your walk in life, and to pay your way? then don't object to small disbursements every step you take in the Palace. When the pocket is empty and the purse vacant, then begin paying compliments, but not before. Do not let the announcement of a Drama-tick Fête mislead you into thinking that credit is given: you will get credit for nothing, except for generosity, if, as you will be, you are a modest imitator of the liberality of a Sultan or a Czar. Remember that the motto of the Managers of this great annual "Function" is *Sans Changer*, and that it bears two interpretations—no alteration in us except that we are perhaps better than ever, and—No Change. And lastly, but not least, if by *The Force of Destiny* you should fall in love (a very probable result) with some one in that Vision "of Fair Women" who beatifies your button-hole with a rose, and is, if possible, more charming off the stage than on, and she should fall in love (a very improbable result) with you, be prepared to encounter the undying envy of all who have not met with the same happy Dramatic Fate.

"IF THE CAP FITS, WEAR IT."

An old madrigal informs us that "more geese than swans do live, more fools than wise;" and we presume it must be on the faith of this opinion that such advertisements are issued as this which was inserted in the *Ipswich Journal* of the 22nd ult. :—

AN ELDERLY BACHELOR OF FORTUNE wishing to amuse himself by testing the credulity of the Public, and to benefit and assist others, will send a suitable Present of genuine worth, according to the circumstances of applicant, on receipt of nineteen stamps, demanded merely as a token of confidence; stamps will be returned with the presents carriage paid.—Address, &c.

The "credulity of the public" has frequently been tested by advertisements requesting a remittance of stamps. Traps like these are all so old that we really have no pity for the geese who may be caught by them. A "suitable present" for the persons who put faith in such advertisements would, we fancy, be a fool's-cap.

ANODYNES IN THE WORKHOUSE.

OWING to a fortunate omission in *MR. GATHORNE HARDY'S* Poor Law Amendment Act, the interests of Metropolitan Bumbledom will, it is hoped, remain, for the present, unaffected. The St. Pancras Guardians will thus be enabled still to preside over and regulate for some time the medical arrangements of their workhouse, instead of being obliged to resign their control to unreasonable and unparochial medical officers.

According to several newspapers, the dispenser at the St. Pancras Workhouse having included in his weekly requirements three pounds weight of crude opium, one of the Guardians, at one of their meetings, inquired for what purpose so much opium was wanted, and was told, in reply, to make tincture of opium and mix with various medicines. It was further stated that there were 1,000 poor old people in the Workhouse taking medicine, many of whom suffered from pains, and could not sleep at night, and opium pills were therefore kept for them in the several wards; opium also entered largely into various medicines given to them. The idea of supplying paupers with unlimited anodynes was of course monstrous in the sight of the St. Pancras Guardians. A *DR. COLLINS* observed that he considered the practice of giving opium pills to confirmed paupers a bad one, for they must go on increasing the quantity. To be sure; and augmenting the expense of this sort of indefinite medical relief in the same ratio. Another Guardian remarked, with profound sagacity and sarcasm, "Pray, don't let the Chinese know that we use so much opium in our workhouses, or the price will go up." Finally, on the motion of *MR. BOWER*, the quantity of opium ordered was reduced to one pound. The dispenser had asked for three times as much, but the Guardians showed him that they knew more about dispensing than he, and accordingly they dispensed with two-thirds of the quantity of opium which he required.

Quite right. If wretched paupers were to have all their aches and pains, their rheumatisms, their lumbagos, their neuralgias, their raging teeth, nay, their very colics and *dolores ventriculi*, assuaged with no end of opium, what, to say no more of the cost which such unbridled charity would entail on the ratepayers, would be the use of the Workhouse considered as a penal institution designed to teach the labouring classes to understand in a practical sense the recommendation to take no thought for the morrow?

SENSATION SERMONS.

HAVING triumphed in the playhouse, Sensation is beginning to infect the pulpit. Not merely in the West End, but in the North and South and East, sensation sermons now are delivered every Sunday, being advertised beforehand, amid other entertainments, in the columns of the Press. As a specimen of the attractions now offered to the church-or-chapel-going public, we abridge a late announcement in the *Islington Gazette* :—

CALEDONIAN ROAD CHAPEL.—Next Sunday Sermons will be preached, afternoon by *MR. GEO. B. CLARKE*, a Black Brother, from Jamaica, Son-in-law of the late excellent *PAUL BOGLE*. Evening by *MR. HENRY VARLEY*, the Butcher, from Notting Hill, whose "words sink, like flame-tipped darts, into the souls of his hearers."

Advertising a "black brother" for a performance in the pulpit is somewhat on a level with announcing nigger minstrels for a solo on the banjo, or a prelude with the bones. It is similar bad taste to lug in the black preacher's connection with *PAUL BOGLE*, as if this fact could make his sermons more worth hearing than their own intrinsic merit can deserve. Moreover, when a tradesman takes to preaching, it surely is not needful, when announcing his discourses, to advertise his shop. Perhaps we next may see it stated that a soul-stirring sermon will be preached by *MR. BELLOWES*, the Whitechapel Costermonger, whose discourses dip like blazing into his hearers' pockets, and whose voice may be heard daily uplifted in the calling of a vendor of cheap tatars, sparrergrass and greens.

A Precious Professor.

THE eloquent speech addressed to the late meeting of artisans at Exeter Hall by *PROFESSOR BEESLEY*, in extenuation of the Sheffield Trades' Union outrages, will naturally have suggested, to persons innocent of the knowledge of *BEESLEY* and his concerns, the question, what is he Professor of? If any doubt existed about his claim to a professorship, it ought to have been removed by that discourse. Nobody can have read his expressions of sympathy with *BROADHEAD*, *CROOKES* and *HALLAM* without acknowledging that *PROFESSOR BEESLEY* has earned an undeniable claim to be styled Professor of Rattening, and other things which may be called &c.

CRUELTY TO CALVES.—Our Footmen's legs.

"FINE BY DEGREES."—Oxford D.C.L.'s in their robes.



SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

Swell. "CAN YOU GIVE ME THE NEXT ROUND?"

Lady. "IT'S GONE, BUT YOU CAN HAVE THE SECOND SQUARE, IF YOU LIKE."

SACRIFICE FOR SABBATARIANS.

MR. PUNCH,

I WISH I were as great a man as you, and had a dog like yours, that would fly at people and bite them by the leg if they dared to interrupt my discourse. Then I should like a deputation of small shopkeepers to wait on me and beseech me to support a Sunday Trading Bill. I would speak my mind to them as follows:—

Fellows,—You want an Act to prevent Sunday trading, do you? You wish for a law which will oblige your neighbours as well as yourselves to shut up shop on Sundays. Why? Because, you say, you desire to be enabled to observe the Sabbath and enjoy your Sunday's rest.

Enjoy your Sunday's rest, then, and observe the Sabbath. Shut up your own shops and let your neighbours do as they please, and take the consequences.

"Oh, but then," you object, "if they keep their shops open, so must we ours." You are under no necessity for doing any such thing. You are not, by any means, forced to compete with your neighbours for custom on Sundays; you can, if you choose, leave it all to them. You can sacrifice it.

You say you believe that the observance of Sunday as a sabbath is a religious duty, and that the need of rest on one day in seven is a law of health. Your Sunday's custom is worth three or four shillings. You won't sacrifice that sum either to your religion or for the sake of your health. You really and truly believe as little in the natural laws as you do in the laws of MOSES. You hypocrites, you humbugs, you blockheads, get out of the sight of

DOWNRIGHT.

Crusts by Old Crusty.

WHY do men drink and smoke, Ma'am? To render their company and conversation endurable to each other. How it is that women ever manage to stand each other's society, I cannot imagine.

AN UNCOMMON THING FOR JOHN BULL.—Receiving a sovereign as if he didn't like it.

ADVICE TO YOUNG BACHELORS.

BY A. GROWLER.

Now all you fine young fellows who are meditating marriage, Don't you presume to take a wife till you can keep a carriage. A life of affluence and ease is needful for a woman, To constitute a happy wife—unless she's more than common.

To make her happy you must wish, or if you only take her To please yourself, at any rate agreeable to make her, You won't do that, young friend, without the means to make her jolly: And if you wed without them, you'll commit an act of folly.

Much dress doth now the female form so grievously encumber, That women who can walk a mile are very few in number; Fresh air to health is needful, health to comfort and serenity, Good looks, good temper, cheerfulness, and conjugal amenity.

Put money, therefore, in your purse, if you must needs go courting. You can't delight a lady whom you've no means of transporting To shows, and shops, and theatres; so never dream of marriage, My boy, until you're able to afford to keep a carriage.

Wearing the Brochees.

In *Le Follet*, amongst the details of "Fashions for July," ladies—if not gentlemen—are informed that:—

"Brochees silks are worn."

Are they, at last? The prescient have long foreseen what female attire was tending to. From the drawing-room to the hunting-field—from silks ladies will naturally get to cords. Of course "brochees" is a misprint.

WHAT THE PASHA OF EGYPT IS LIKELY TO SAY TO HIS RECEPTION.—"Pah! Pshaw!!"

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SIXTEENTH.

"LER SOOLTARN *aytarreyay*! *Veeve ler SOOLTARN*!" As I said, last week, "*Maysil ner pars arreyay dong*," that is, he hadn't come when I thought he had. "*Veeve ler SOOLTARN, ay veeve LUMPYRAW, ay veeve lar Grong Raynew meletayre*!" That is, the Grand Review at which the SOOLTARN will be present. [N.B.—Since writing the above, I regret to say, that in consequence of their having *fusileer'd* the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN, no Review has taken place.]

I mentioned in my last that my Landlord had given me notice to quit, and that I had been turned out upon the wide world of Paris. [I am writing this in the open air, in the court-yard of the Hôtel du Helder. They say there are no blacks in Paris, the atmosphere is so clear and different to London. Aren't there? My paper is being covered with them, and I have to blow them off after every other word. How I got to be here, I will tell you. The *larjong* you sent me would never have been sufficient for a *sharmbr* here. *Ongtresole dee frarnk par jewer*.]

Well, Sir, I thought to myself, what can I do with my luggage? A brilliant thought occurred to me. I took a *wooytewer par* *kourse un'frank sankernit*, and placing *may barggargsh* in it, drove to *Lersk-mangd'fard'umor* (that is, the Great Northern Railway Station), intending to deposit it in the *sal dartongt*, by which our lively neighbours mean "waiting-room." While there, two friends came in by the train—two who knew nothing of Parry, and nobody in it either, and, having a generally vague idea of the language, were *ongshurnitay der mer vwan*. If I would show them about, and play the *chicheronay* for them, they would put me up at their hotel while they were *daymurnong ong Parry*. I closed with the offer, and took them to the Hôtel du Helder. I had to teach them everything, even in matters of dress. One of them looked upon being in Parry as a matter of staying at the sea-side, and was coming out in a "billioock" hat and a purple velvet smoking coat. The other was going to drive in the *Buano der Bouloine* in a light tourist's coat and a slouch "wideawake." I made them buy *shappose ar lar Parreesiang* of the tall chimney-pot style, and as they had no black coats with them, I took them to a cheap tailor's (a sort of MOSES & SON who advertises, in large letters, "*O bong Dearbl!*" all over Parry), and made them purchase a couple of respectable *raydang-goat* (that is, riding-coats as they call 'em here), and then they *com-mardnay* a pair-horse carriage, and we drove in the *Buano* up to the *Karshard*. Lucky that I insisted upon their dressing properly, as LUMPYRAW was out, with several Kings and Princes, besides some of our English nobility in the *sweet of ler PRANGSE DAY GARL* (*Le Prince des Galles*, not the Prince of the Gals, as I said by way of an international *jerdymo*, but the PRINCE OF WALES), and as I was perpetually nodding and bowing, it would never have done for me to be seen in badly-dressed company. In the evening I took them to the *Varree-aytay*, for *Lar Grang Dooshayes, mewseek par M. OFFENBACH*, which, as I have already said, is one of the best things I've ever seen. Better than *Lar bel Haylayne* or *Barré Bleu*, MDLLE. SCHNEIDER being in it incomparable. *Le Directeur du Théâtre des Variétés* has been most obliging. Knowing, on my own representation, that I was *un des Messieurs les Collaborateurs* attached to *Monsieur Punch*, et aussi *un auteur dramatique, Anglais*, he immediately placed boxes and stalls at my disposal, and I told him, through his representative in *l'administration*, how happy we should be to render him any service on his visiting London. Thus, Sir, may *l'entente cordiale* be ever preserved.

Next day I took my friends to *Legposissiong*, of which I am heartily sick. (The noise, the bustle, the *fool* (I mean the crowd), the machinery, the music, is too much for me. I let them walk about wherever they liked, and sat in a *ten songteem* chair in the centre of the garden, observing the various nationalities as they passed in twos and threes, and fours and fives, before me.

The gardens *raysayray* and the *caffays* in *lekstayreur* are to me the pleasantest places. I took them to the *Caffay Sharntorm*, where they were immensely pleased (poor simple fellows!) at being waited upon by female *garsongs* in Swiss costume. From the moment they entered Parry, my friends assumed the gay *Lothario* and *Don Juan* style. They were perpetually observing, "What pretty girls!" and had it not been that they were quite unable to express their admiration in the language of the country, I should have had some trouble with them.

THE SPIERS AND] POND girls justly riveted their attention, and very properly-behaved young women they are. My friends, however, had come to see the French and foreigners, not the English, and so they soon shook off the shackles of our compatriot Venuses, and betook themselves to the *Caffay Rooose*, in order to try a Russian breakfast. It will be of some use to my readers if I give them a *cart* of what to order at this *Caffay*, and a few sentences with which flirtation with a Russian barmaid is made easy.

Dayernay ar lar Roos.—[Prrnmn (1st Course). Jkpqr. Vtnojmn. (very nice, if quite hot.) Xmpqrxj (to be drank off at a draught) and finish up with a glass of tea with a slice of lemon in it, which you'll order in French. (*Urn vayr, deu Tay ar lar seetrong*).

Then lighting your cigarette lean against the bar, and smiling in as fascinating a manner as you can command, say to the barmaid softly, "*Pnnjort enmrs Yjumnv Fhjkmr?*" She will probably reply, a becoming blush mantling upon her face, "*Glizzqr Bjirri*." This is not meant rudely, but is really an encouragement to you to proceed with your discourse, which you had better do thus: "*Krmjqq Mntojpar Xjzyp Dfbkmj*," or words to that effect. If she then replies, "*Xjqr Kvmp*," you had better drop the subject; but if not, you will by this time have picked up enough Russian tongue to enable you to get on very fairly with her for twenty minutes or so.

My friends noticed MR. SOTHERN's advertisements, pictures of *Lord Dundreary*, which are all over Parry. He will have commenced by the time you get this. I'm afraid that a people who rave about *Lar Grang Dooshayes* (popular on account of SCHNEIDER, DUPUIS, and the music) and *Lar Vee Parreesiang o Pallaay Brogar!* (a very mild piece, well acted by MM. BRASSEUR and HYACINTHE, spun out into five acts) will not care for *Milord Dundreary*.

May noo vayrrong,
I hope I'm wrong.

What my friends liked was the *arbangdong* of Parisian life. The lounge at the Kaffay at night, the *sodars*, the *seephongs*, the *granny dorrarnge* (which I have, I think, once before explained, is not the "grandmother of an orange," but a sort of iced orangeade, most refreshing), the perpetual motion in the streets, the bright toilets, and the utter absence, apparently, of all business whatever.

TOMMY MUMFSON, who is to be my second, has arrived here. I quite forgot that I had asked TOMMY to come. The duel is to come off (bother it!), as it is the fashion for literary people to fight in France now-a-days. TOMMY was in a great rage on the first day. There is only one bath in the Hôtel du Helder, and as I had it first, then passed it on to my friends, TOMMY was waiting an hour for *ler bairng*, and ringing angrily every other five minutes. I think TOMMY will go back again if he's not treated better. But what a state of civilisation does this absence of baths represent!

A week more, and you will know my fate. We are not to fight on horseback, but with rapiers. I have had a lesson. My master commenced with a great salute, waving his sword to the left and the right, like the KING OF HUNGARY at his coronation. If my adversary does this, I think I can run in and settle the matter off-hand. I can say afterwards that I didn't know anything about the saluting. All's fair in love and war.

Ardeur ar praysong. Raysvay may kongseedayrarsiong plew deestarn-gay, &c. &c.

P. THE G.

THE HOLY SEE AND SCIENCE.

THE POPE in this age of astounding inventions Must needs something do to sustain his pretensions. His shrill Allocations beat railways—in scream, Encyclicals top all the triumphs of steam. New arms of precision produce let the nations, The POPE makes new saints by new canonisations. To outdo electrical telegraphs, wonders In Bulls he, without electricity, thunders, Does, bent on surpassing our new facts, promulgate New dogmas, that stand on no ground in the Vulgate. The greatest's behind. With the proper facility, He's next to define his own infallibility; And thus will St. Peter's omission repair: Since Peter, if Peter first filled the POPE's chair, That point didn't settle, but left it in doubt, To be, eighteen hundred years after, found out. But Peter of Peter's own business knew lesser It seems, than doth Prus, his present successor.

A THOUGHT FOR THE THOUGHTLESS.

DON'T call a man a Tory because he protests against the supremacy of numbers. The Toryism of to-day is Democracy. A real Tory, if a Democrat called him a Tory, might justly reply, "You're another." Your genuine old Tory held the divine right of kings. Your out-and-out modern Democrat holds the divine right of the people. His maxim is, *Vos populi vos Dei*. One acknowledges an absolute monarch; the other, an absolute multitude. The Democrat bows down to a sovereign people as basely as the Tory did to a sovereign lord. A Tory and a Democrat are as wide as the poles asunder; yes, and as much alike as the North Pole and the South; and each is equally remote from the Temperate Zone.

THEATRICAL.—MR. GEORGE VINING is thinking of restoring SHAKSPEARE at the Princess's. Terms are already being arranged with the Tower Hamlets.



A BROAD HINT.

Upstairs Lodger (bursting into the First Floor; time 1.30 A.M.). "NOBODY HURT, I HOPE? OH, I BEG PARDON, BUT I HEARD SUCH A SHRILL SCREAM JUST NOW, I DID NOT FEEL JUSTIFIED IN REMAINING IN BED!"

THE SWEATING OF SOVEREIGNS.

O FREEDOM from tormenting cares!
It would be such a blessed thing,
That, safe to make my own affairs,
Almost I fain would be a king.
But what a life must sovereigns lead!
Of income though they rest secure,
Perhaps the lifelong fear of need
Not equals all that they endure.

They're sure of their three meals a-day,
Of house-room and apparel—true.
But, well indeed, they earn their pay,
If any slaving mortals do.
From early morn till late at night,
Hard fagging monarchs cannot cease.
In quiet thought denied delight,
They never know a moment's peace.

'Tis not the dull routine of State,
The documents to sign and seal,
That I should so intensely hate,
If I reigned o'er the commonweal.
Nor is it any mental task,
That active kingship might demand,
Or Government's direction ask—
Such simple labour I could stand.

'Tis all that pomp, parade, and show,
Day after day, for evermore;
Which weary sovereigns undergo,
That I should vote so great a bore.
Those levees, drawing-rooms, and balls,
Which oft, in guise grotesque arrayed,
They needs must hold in gilded halls,
(Or ought to) for the good of trade.

'Tis laying those foundation stones,
"Inaugurating," as they say,
Those statues, that would make a throne's
Work, to my mind, beyond all pay.
'Tis that kings ever must allow
Addresses to fatigue their ears;
Where'er they go, compelled to bow
Acknowledgment of idle cheers.

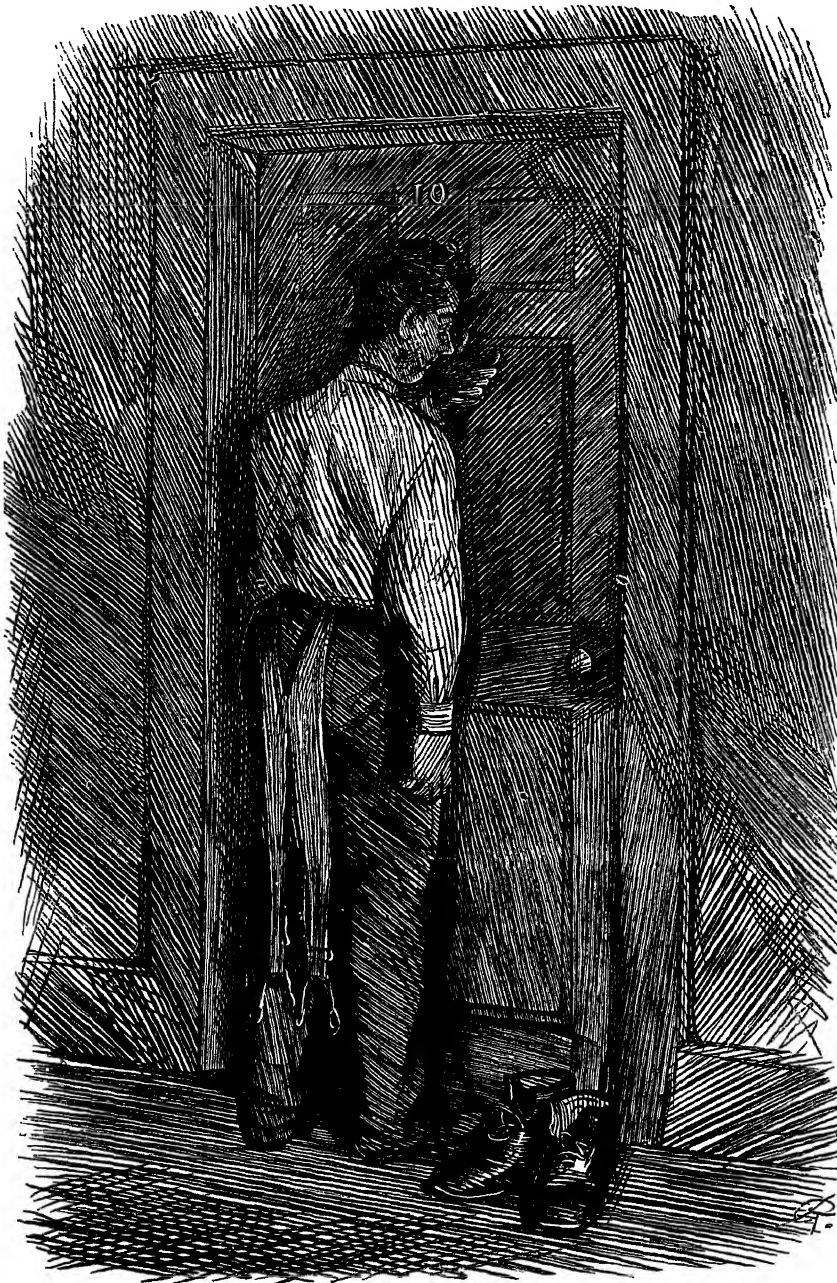
'Twould irk me being, any night,
Required to dance just when one feels
Disposed a bland cigar to light,
Or smoke a pipe, and rest one's heels.
Engaged in a perpetual round
Of solemn, tedious, trifling things,
I hardly think I would be crowned
To lead the life that's led by kings.

No, scarce to gain a mind at ease,
Nor live in dread of fall delayed,
Beneath the sword of DAMOCLES,
With "workhouse" written on the blade.
But if I did accept the part
Of Royal pageantry and show;
I'd act it out with all mine art,
And pay the debt which sovereigns owe.

For the Use of the Belgians.

THE Camp at Wimbledon will this year offer a fresh attraction in the shape of a Journal, to be called *The Daily Bullet—in*, and to be filled with the latest reports from every quarter of the Common.

POISON IN THE BOWL.—*Hot Weather.*—Advice by our own Cockney. Don't put Ice in your Champagne. It's Pison. How do I know this? Because it comes from Venom Lake.



QUEEN'S HOTEL, AMBLESIDE, 3 O'CLOCK, A.M.

"TOM!" (No response.)

"I SAY, TOM!" (No answer.)

"TOM!" (A muffled grunt.)

"TOM—FIRE!"

"EH? WHAT? WHAT DO YOU SAY?"

"I SAY TOM, DO YOU THINK YOUR KEY WILL FIT MY BAG?"

"No—'T WON'T—CHUBB!" [Oburgations and Midnight Disturber retires.]

SIX MONTHS OF LIFE-SAVING.

A REPORT just issued by the National Lifeboat Institution affirms that in the first half of this present year of grace no fewer than four hundred and forty-three lives have been saved by the lifeboats on our coasts. A society which saves nearly a thousand lives a-year (in 1866 it saved nine hundred and twenty-one) is certainly deserving of liberal support. Conservative support should also be extended to it, and Radicals and Tories ought to vie with one another in trying who can help it by the biggest cheque. The office is at 14, John Street, Adelphi, where the Secretary is ready to respond to all inquiries as to the great service yearly rendered by the lifeboats, and where the largest contributions are most thankfully received.

PASHA AND PADISHAH;

OR, PUTTING A FACE ON IT.

East and West a hob-a-nobbing,
Giaour and Moslem hand-in-hand,
Fez and Chimney-pot a-bobbing,
Side by side, along the Strand!
Who says 'tis an age prosaic,
Common-place, in dulness drowned,
When, dovetailed in strange mosaic,
Contrasts such as these are found?

In the days of great AL-RASCHID,
What would Moslem Sheikhs have thought,
Had the CALIPH thus his rash head
To the British Lions brought!
Think of crews of red-cross Galleys,
Rhodian warriors, or Maltese,
Changing their crusading sallies
For civilities like these!

Lo, the stagnant East upheaving,
Stirs with feverish unrest,
Impulse 'gainst its will receiving
From the forces of the West.
Pasha, Padishah, saluting,
Through the Railway's rush and scre. m,
See Kent's pleasant fields go shooting
Past them, like a hachich-dream:

See a country all of gardens,
See a realm of steam and spade;
Labour, Law, and Peace its wardens,
None to make its sons afraid:
See its fair face at the fairest,
Not the nakedness below:
Who art thou thy sores that barest?
Pauper?—Hence, nor spoil the show!

We've a Padishah to dazzle,
We've a Pasha to amaze;
We've to teach them England has all
That makes prosper, all that pays.
Keep the paupers in the Union,
Lock the vagrants in the ward;
From such frowsy, foul, communion
Needs our Eastern Guests we guard.

Show our millions of toilers,
Metre their work and count their pay:
How the engines burst their boilers,
Here and there, no need to say.
If Trades-Unions threaten, picket,
Ratten, murder, now and then—
On such dark facts close the wicket—
Blue Beard's closet o'er again.

Don't present our guests to Bumble;
Keep him from our village schools:
There are things at which we fumble,
Or come down between two stools.
Union sick-wards smell unpleasant;
Workhouse nurseries breed foul air:
Don't show how we house the peasant,
Or the Padishah might stare.

If your House he deigns to visit,
M.P.'s, let your hands be clean:
Though that's scarce the feature (is it?),
By observers soonest seen.
Would he learn how you can cobbler?
The Reform Bill let him see:
Would he watch a party-hobble?
Of the Carlton make him free.

Generally, keep the platter!
On the outside very clean . . .
Let sensation-writers chatter—
Things are judged by what is seen.
Eastern princes, stolid, stunted,
Must be taught to know the West—
So let ugly truths be shunted—
Those that can't, make look their best.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ELL me, dear *Mr. Punch*," writes a young and lovely correspondent, enclosing her photograph, henceforth enshrined among Our Pets, "tell me why you ended your last delightful *Essence* (the only politics I ever read) with a Thursday. You always give Friday also, and I hate to be cheated." "Dear young and lovely Correspondent," replies *Mr. Punch*, "the reason was Beans. Once a year it hath ever been so, I hope ever will be so. Conceive a Feast of Beans, and its arrangements demanding earlier closing of the Golden Inkstand. Are you answered, dear? But you shall not be cheated." On

Friday, July 5, we got again upon Reform. We discussed the Cumulative Vote, and had a very good debate, in which the best men joined. LORD CRAN-

BORNE said that the Monarchical principle was dead, that the Aristocratic principle was now being sentenced to death, and the Democratic principle was to be left unchecked. MR. DISRAELI denied that the Monarchy was dead, and asserted that LORD CRANBORNE, as one who had been an able Minister, must have felt that the Sovereign exercised a salutary criticism in all departments. The Aristocracy would never die while it produced men like LORD CRANBORNE. He was not afraid of the terrible word Democracy, or of a measure which would confer, at the utmost, 350,000 votes, upon men "born, bred, and brought up under the laws, manners, and traditions of the country—considerations that went far beyond Flesh and Blood." MR. LOWE finished with a defence of the Cumulative Vote, and various awful warnings. The Vote was then rejected by 314 to 173.

We beguiled the later hours with an ill-natured wrangle over the conduct of some Country Magistrates who had served out a couple of alleged poachers after the fashion of Country Magistrates when dealing with such persons. MR. PETER TAYLOR brought the matter up, as was natural, he being Member for Leicester, and the circumstances having occurred at Salisbury, and MR. HARDY was so angry with him that other Members interfered, and the battle became somewhat general. The word Game—

By Demogorgon, a light flashes on us. There is a passage in *Shakespeare* which has baffled all the Commentators. It is where the Windsor Landlord asks, "Cry'd I game?" Nobody expounds it satisfactorily. SHAKESPEARE (a reputed poacher) must have heard the word "game" pronounced among a lot of preserving Magistrates, like SIR THOMAS LUCY, and seen how it stirred up the most stupid into life and anger. "Cry'd I game?" means "Have I waked you up?" To this day, in the House of Commons, do but name a partridge, and a poacher, and the Country Gentlemen are awake and roaring.

Monday. LORD PORTMAN made the oddest proposal in the Lords. It was that a Bishop should be enabled to consecrate a churchyard without going to the place. Being a spiritual peer it was enough for him to attend in spirit. The refinement was too much for the Peers.

LORD SHAFTESBURY still broils over the slow fire of the Ritualistic Commission. He attacked the PRIMATE for having written something about the inexpediency of Parliament's meddling with the Prayer Book, without the concurrence of Convocation. The Archbishop defended himself satisfactorily; but Convocation is a sham. We should not desire to see the Hebrew, Unitarian, or other Dissenting Members editing the Church Prayer Book; but if the Bishops cannot do it, we must have some other and more popular machinery than Convocation, and its gravamenivorous orators.

MR. DISRAELI announced what all with American friends will like to hear. By a new Convention, the postage between JOHN and JONATHAN is to be reduced from a shilling to sixpence, or as fast young ladies would say, from a bob to a bender.

Who brought the cavalry from Aldershot to Hounslow, for the intended review, and kept them from 8 or 9 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon without rations? SIR JOHN PAKINGTON determined to find out, and did. It was our Deputy Commissary General. He has actually been removed from his district. Nay, wonderful to relate, no

Military Member scoffed or stormed at a civilian for asking the question.

Reform again. As all City men live out of town, we enlarged the area of their residences (for voting purposes) to twenty-five miles. We decreed that the police should not have votes, but that thieves and other bad characters, if they had houses, (as hundreds have,) should have votes! LORD EUSTACE CECIL was for disqualifying any one who had been convicted, but MR. GLADSTONE was not for punishing twice, but for restoring offenders to liberty and hope. We own that if we were in prison it would be a great and blessed thought to us, and one which would make us earnestly labour to become good, to reflect that on emerging and getting a house, we might vote for SERJEANT GASELEE, MR. WHALLEY, or MR. TOM CHAMBERS. MR. HENLEY thought, and rightly, that in early life men may be convicted of small offences, of which they become ashamed, and for which they ought not to suffer all their days. But there are offences which ought to exclude a man for ever. A conviction for cruelty of any kind to woman, child, or beast, is one. Omitting to read *Punch* is another, unless the plea of idiocy be set up, as it might successfully be.

MR. BEAUMONT tried to get a Second Member for Huddersfield, and failed.

MR. J. B. SMITH wished to shut all public-houses on election-days, but withdrew his motion.

MR. DILWYN tried to get a Second Member for Swansea, and failed.

MR. GLADSTONE wished to get more Members for South Lancashire. If we could get some more like himself, it would be the thing to do, but as this could not be secured, the proposal was rejected.

COLONEL GILPIN (Conservative) tried to take away four Members from as many small boroughs, and give the seats to Luton, Keighley, Barnsley, and St. Helen's. Rather an amusing debate. MR. DENMAN fought for Tiverton (which would have gone down), MR. WALBROND protested against more sacrifices to the political Moloch, SERJEANT GASELEE again proclaimed his geographical ignorance, of which he seems proud, and SIR ROBERT PEEL made some fun about Luton, and its straw-workers, and its lax morals. At length we dismounted GILPIN by 224 to 195.

Tuesday. Resuming Reform, MR. DISRAELI, in his pleasantest manner, informed MR. WHALLEY, who intruded a proposal about deferring part of the Bill, that he, the CHANCELLOR, was so perfectly satisfied with things as they were, that he could not disturb so agreeable a prospect.

One more decision of importance. We returned to the question about giving notice to the rate-payer to fork out. We agreed to MR. LOCKE's clause (amended by MR. HARDY), for securing such a notice, and the *Star* considers this important, and exultingly adds, that Absolute Household Suffrage has virtually become the law of the land.

And so the Reform Bill passed through Committee. The schedules (pronounced "sheddles" by some Members), were settled, and the preamble was agreed to. There was some shouting.

In the Lords, to-day, EARL DERBY said that he shared in the feeling of horror which had been excited in every civilised country by the barbarous and useless murder of the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. The House of Lords applauded. As *Punch* goes everywhere, he records this demonstration.

MR. WHALLEY, intruding himself for the second time, in reference to a foul book, purporting to be a translation from Roman Catholic works, received a contemptuous snub from MR. HARDY, who spoke as a gentleman speaks when a person invites his attention to something loathsome. But we doubt whether MURPHY's friend felt the meaning of the answer.

Some Irishmen have a notion that Ireland is over-taxed. She is not, and MR. DISRAELI left MR. HUNT to explain this, as he did cleverly. "Take a tenth of our income, Sir. Ay, that they do, and they'd take a twentieth, if they dared," said an Irishman once, on tithes. The complaint to-night was not much more to the purpose.

Wednesday. A good man, and a most useful Member, who has represented Birmingham, in the Liberal interest, for twenty years, MR. WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD, had died, somewhat suddenly. MR. NEWDEGATE bore a tribute to the merits of this gentleman, and it was warmly applauded on all sides.

MR. BRUCE moved the Second Reading of a Bill for the education of the poor. It is a step towards compulsory secular teaching. The usual arguments against disturbing existing systems, and the necessity of religious instruction were paraded, until time to adjourn. But a sentence from MR. FORSTER, ultra-liberal, may be worth heeding: "The Dangerous Class is greatly increasing." But we won't diminish it by the School Class—we are too "conscientious" for that.

Thursday. LORD STANLEY gave admirable reasons why England should take no action in reference to the murder of the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. We must not withdraw our representative, for his business is to assert the claims of British subjects against the Mexican Governments. Doubtless the latter would be very glad to see their creditors' attorney withdraw.

The Trades' Union Outrages Commissioners believe that there are

other places besides Sheffield where bad work has been going on, and Parliament is to give them powers to make new inquiries. MR. FORSTER severely condemned Sheffield, and said that were there a proper public feeling there, it would be impossible for the miscreants BROADHEAD and CROOKES to be carrying on their business as usual, whereas one was doing a thriving trade as a publican, and the other was the lion of a tap-room. MR. GLADSTONE hoped that indemnities would be granted with the utmost caution. MR. HADFIELD said that the people of Sheffield had professed the utmost indignation at the outrages. "So," said MR. BOUVERIE, "had BROADHEAD himself, and he had offered rewards for conviction." SIR G. GREY hoped that that scoundrel's public-house would be shut up at the earliest moment allowed by law. MR. T. HUGHES believed that the truth could have been got at without indemnities. MR. HARDY thought not, as such outrages had been going on for years. SIR R. PALMER, admitting that for the sake of public advantage exceptional measures might be taken, protested against any unnecessary extension of indemnities. The House generally seemed to think that the authorities and police of Sheffield had proved strangely ineffective.

The Bankruptcy Bill was thrown over for this Session.

Friday. The first Sultan who has ever visited England, made his entry into London, *via* the Charing Cross Station. The selection of the day shows that the Shadow of Providence is not a Sabbatarian. Having duly cheered the Padishah, in the Park, as he went to Buckingham Palace, Mr. Punch proceeded to the House of Commons to finish off the report on the Reform Bill. Several small fights occurred, again was the right of the pensive convict to a vote successfully defended, the ballot was again rejected, and, in compliance with Mr. Punch's hint, the Committee decided to allow Oxford and Cambridge University lodgers to vote for those boroughs. Finally, the Bill was ordered for Third Reading on the following Monday.

Mr. Punch seldom despairs of anything, but is quite unequal to describe the crowning foolery of the week. When he mentions that MR. WHALLEY made a speech against lighting up the fine crypt beneath the House, as tending to encourage Popery, Mr. Punch hardly expects to be believed, but it is true. Has this unfortunate WHALLEY no friend except MURPHY, the firebrand lecturer?

THE LATE PANIC.



"CASTE."

with a thankful sense of the safety of the nation, we do not yet feel equal to giving adequate utterance to our emotions. We can but congratulate our country and mankind. It may be a question whether some national rite or celebration should not indicate the national feeling of gratitude.

In a word, almost needless, MR. LUCRAFT, OF THE REFORM LEAGUE, was stated "TO HAVE IMPUTED TRICKERY AND POLITICAL DISHONESTY TO MR. GLADSTONE AND TO MR. BRIGHT."

No sooner was the rumour in circulation, than MR. GLADSTONE, with that keen sense of delicate honour which is his characteristic, withdrew himself from the House of Commons. He refused to attend to any Parliamentary business, and even ordered a messenger, who had brought him a Blue Book, to be sent away. It was feared that the

CERTAINLY the political world, and we may add the entire community, have lately been thrown into an unexampled state of excitement, amounting almost to agitation. The cause is too well known to make it necessary for us to dwell upon it. Anxiety has been painfully branded on every brow, and the more timid among us have feared that an unsettling, not to say an overthrow, of our institutions was at hand. We have not shared that fear, although we admit that the serious character of the crisis could scarcely be exaggerated.

Writing at the moment of relief, and

Right Hon. Gentleman would suffer physically as well as mentally from so tremendous a visitation, and a footman was ordered to ascertain whether DR. JENNER were in town, in case his services might be needed. Happily, the precaution was unnecessary, MR. GLADSTONE bearing up with manly fortitude. But MR. BRIGHT's habitually resolute nature recoiled from the blow, and he hastily went home, and retired to bed, stating that perhaps he might never rise from it again, but that certainly he would never do so until the heavy affliction should be removed. Straw was, by medical advice, laid before his door. A contemporary says *tan*, but we have reason to know that our report is accurate.

It was felt, however, that let the errors of two such men as MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT be what they might, their punishment ought not to be such as must deprive the nation of their services. MR. DISRAELI, forgetting antagonisms, at once ordered his brougham, and drove to the office of the League, where MR. BEALES was, providentially, in attendance. After waiting some time, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was admitted to the presence of the great Leaguer, to whom he respectfully stated the case. MR. BEALES heard him with much kindness and condescension, and allowed that his own feelings would have prompted him to seek indulgence for the offenders, "but," he said, confidentially, "LUCRAFT is a rum 'un."

Urged, however, by MR. DISRAELI (who not unfairly pleaded his own Reform services), MR. BEALES assented to consult MR. ODGER. MR. DISRAELI returned to convey this information to MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT. It was not thought prudent, by the relatives of either, to disturb his mind with hopes which might be illusory, and it was decided to wait. MR. BEALES kept his word, and spoke to MR. ODGER, who talked to MR. ROGERS, who in turn communicated with MR. BUBB, and that gentleman saw MR. GILL, who, with MR. BAXTER LANGLEY, MR. COOPER, MR. CUFFEY, PROFESSOR BEESLEY, and others, waited on MR. LUCRAFT, and besought him to reconsider what he had said. MR. LUCRAFT at once *denied* that he had used the words in the way supposed. Telegrams were instantly dispatched to the residences of MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT, and no time was lost in assuring those gentlemen that they were not under the ban of MR. LUCRAFT. MR. GLADSTONE received the news with gentlemanly calmness, MR. BRIGHT with more demonstrative joy, but it is a pleasing thing to note that MR. DISRAELI, when apprised of the truth, was so delighted that he instantly penned autograph letters of congratulation to his two political adversaries. But this was not all. A meeting of the League was summoned, and it took place, as the newspapers show, on Wednesday evening. After long addresses from MR. BEALES and the other leaders, which were adapted to the solemnity of the occasion, MR. LUCRAFT publicly and deliberately declared that he did not mean to charge MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT in the way alleged. The loudest cheering followed, MR. BEALES in a noble fervour exclaimed, "I congratulate the Council," and reports of the proceedings were ordered to be sent to MESSRS. GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and DISRAELI. Circumstances prevented a general illumination, but when the news spread, the public mind was so largely relieved that the streets were filled as usual, and many persons continued walking about until a late hour.

MR. GLADSTONE is as well as could be expected, but MR. BRIGHT still suffers, and will probably leave town from Saturday till Monday. We in our turn congratulate both gentlemen, Parliament, the Nation, and humanity, upon this happy deliverance from the most severe blow which has ever menaced two great English statesmen. We shudder to think of the frightful result, had the original story been true.

Worthies in Wax-work.

OF course, MESSRS. BROADHEAD, CROOKES, and HALLAM will very soon be added to MADAME TUSSAUD's Exhibition. It is to be hoped that the group in which their figures will be arranged will be completed with the effigies of PROFESSOR BEESLEY.

PUSH ALONG, SULTAN!

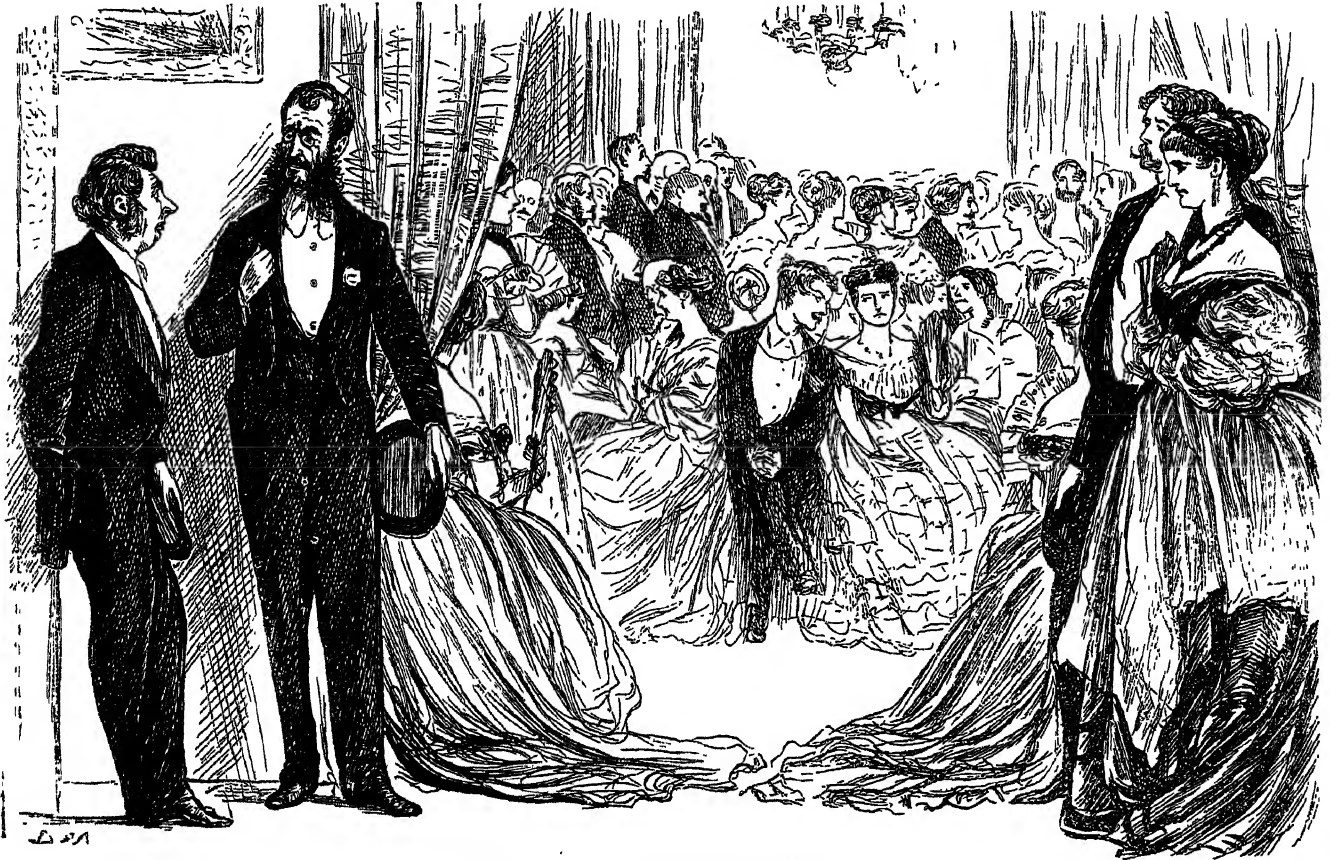
THE Padishah complains that whereas his great pleasure is to be ABDUL ASSIS, ever since he has visited the restless West he has been ABDUL, not *assis*, but ABDUL on the move!

A New Commandment.

A NEW Commandment BARING's zeal
Has added to the roll;
MOSES commands, "Thou shalt not steal;"
BARING, "Thou shalt not *stole*!"

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

WHERE should Mr. Punch's Sphinx (the Right Hon. B-N D-L-I) and the VICEROY OF EGYPT meet, but in the Egyptian Hall?



WAIT TILL YOU'RE ASKED!

SCENE—A delightful Musical Party at a Private House.

PERFORMERS—THE STATELY MME. TIETJENS, THE CHARMING MME. NILSSON, THE FASCINATING MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, THE PIQUANT MADAME DEMERIC-LABLAICHE, AND SIGNOR GARDONI AND MONSIEUR JULES LEFORT.

Amateur Singer, No. 1 (with a sort of a tenor). "SHALL YOU SING TO-NIGHT, SMITH?"

Amateur Singer, No. 2 (with a kind of a bass). "N—NO—A—I'VE BEEN SO FOOLISH AS TO FORGET TO BRING ANY MUSIC. SHALL YOU?"

Amateur Singer, No. 1. "WELL—A—NO! I'VE A—MOST ATROCIOUS COLD!"

CRIMINALS BEFORE CONSTABLES.

LET us praise the House of Commons, that policemen voteless leaves,
And refuses to disfranchise the convicted rogues and thieves.
Fears that Government dictation honest constables will sway;
Credits criminals for voting in a conscientious way.

When the sentence of a pickpocket or burglar has expired,
We presume that his correction has achieved the end desired.
When you let him out of prison then you set a convict free;
And a freeman's rights to exercise a proper fellow's he.

Why, oh why, should we deprive the punished footpad of his vote?
What if once his thumb and fingers did compress a human throat?
All garotters with the suffrage to society restore,
Whipped and chastened, when their term of penal servitude is o'er.

Or if whipped though still unchastened, give the robber still a voice
In the State; let every thief elect the Member of his choice.
In the Council of the Nation let all classes, great and small,
Name them what you like, be represented; rogues and thieves and all.

Right and wrong, say modern sages, are no more than right and left,
Merely matter of opinion; men may take two views of theft.
In the New Collective Wisdom vent let all opinions find:
Let the pickpocket and felon through their Members speak their mind.

Only from the House of Commons Law and Order's minions bar;
From the Hall of Legislation far be ye, profane, oh far!
In the Parliament of Britain no police-staff part shall bear:
But we'll put the burglar's jemmy in its due position there.

RITUALISM AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

THE POPE'S Ecclesiastical Exhibition appears to have astonished the Roman correspondent of the *Times*, who remarks thereon:—

"The spectacle was grand, the moral impression which it created grand, and I pity the man, whatever his creed, who could contemplate without deep feeling the sincere devotion, the undoubting faith, the pious exultation of so many thousands of his fellow creatures."

Why, yes. Of course one would pity the man who, holding the Roman Catholic creed, could fail to contemplate, without deep feeling, the devotion which he knew to be sincere, the faith which he considered to be not only undoubting but true, and the exultation which he regarded as not more pious than reasonable. Equally deserving of pity is the Protestant or the Jew, or any other non-Roman-Catholic capable of contemplating, without very deep feeling indeed, a spectacle of sincere devotion which he judges to be misdirected, of undoubting faith which he thinks erroneous, and of pious exultation which he deems groundless, exhibited by many thousands of his fellow-creatures. The contemplation of such a spectacle must excite in the minds of thinking men a feeling which is a great deal too deep to be advantageously dwelt upon.

Addicti Jurare.

It is stated that the SULTAN will not be able to eat meat while here, because the infidel butchers, unlike those of Turkey, do not appeal to the Superior Powers, when slaughtering. We imagine that the SULTAN's advisers have not been much acquainted with the English butcher, and we assure the Padishah that he need not fast on the ground specified.



THE ILLUSTRIOUS CONVALESCENT.

MR. BULL. "YOU A SICK MAN! HA! HA!—I KNEW MY CRIMEAN DOCTORS WOULD SET YOU UP, AND THIS VISIT WILL DO YOU ALL THE GOOD IN THE WORLD."

GOOD MEAT ILL-DRESSED.

Grand Hôtel du Louvre, July 13.



EAR MR. PUNCH.—Papa has brought us over here for three weeks. It is most delightful and really not at all expensive, all things considered—particularly as Papa franks us all—and we are enjoying ourselves very much. The *Exposition* is immense fun, when you get accustomed to it, and know your way about; and luckily AGNES and I have been used to long walks, and get on very well, without Bath-chairs. FRED HARDY, who is our neighbour at home, and who goes out this year in the poll at Cambridge,

and is a member of the Alpine Club, is here now, and so kind to us. He says he has calculated that “we do our twenty miles a-day, and come up smiling” after it. He is so funny. If you could hear him, you would not be surprised, I’m sure, even if we came up laughing, sometimes. I don’t know how we should get on without FRED. Of course, Mamma has a Bath-chair, and as she and Papa can’t go *our pace*, we don’t see much of them in the *Exposition*. And as FRED is a neighbour, Papa says he doesn’t mind trusting us to his escort. Now, please, don’t think I’m going to bother you with my remarks on the *Exposition*. But there is one thing which wants putting to-rights sadly. And FRED says that if I write to you, and say what I have to say *very prettily*, he has no doubt you will make a representation in the proper quarter, he isn’t quite sure whether that means MR. HENRY COLE, C.B., or the EMPEROR, but he is quite sure that through one or the other, or both together, the thing will be done at once.

You must know, then, that the national *restaurants* and *buffets* are an immense feature in the great Paris show. We’ve been round the whole of them, on what FRED calls the culinary grand tour. He has actually persuaded Mamma and Papa to take us all to dinner in the Austrian *Restauration*; and it was the funniest dinner. We had never seen one of the dishes before; and FRED says he doesn’t care if he never sees any of them again; and I really think we all agree with him. AGNES and I didn’t feel well for a week, and Mamma was quite ill, and even Papa was what he calls “off his feed” all the next day. He thinks it was the caraway seeds in the bread, but Mamma says it was the beer, which we all thought so nice and so refreshing that we drank I don’t know how many, of those big glass jugs—*schoppen*, I think they call them. But the great attraction of these places is not what you get to eat and drink, but the girls who wait on you. They are dressed in their national costumes, and so coquettishly most of them! Outside the Spanish *café*, where there is generally an immense crowd, the guests are served by Spanish girls, with rich olive complexions, delicate little *retroussée* noses, low straight eyebrows, and round chins. You never saw anything more becoming than their costume, full purple satin skirts, white lace shawls and aprons, with high combs and damask roses in their raven black hair, twisted in a great flat curl on each side of the face. In these charming dresses they trip about with coffee and ices, chocolate, and orgeat, on the daintiest little shoes with enormously high heels. FRED declares they talk beautiful Spanish, and says that till we came he spent a great deal of time at the Spanish *café* for the sake of the language, as he is thinking of a trip to the *Sierra Nevada* next long.

Then in the Russian *café* there is such a tall stately girl with blue eyes and fair hair, and a clear colour, with a sort of a diadem on her head, and no end of ribbons floating behind her, who I suppose speaks Russian very prettily, for she has a great many young men always studying the language about her. And she has a masculine waiter to help her in a light crimson tunic and white trousers who seems a great favourite. Then in Holland you are waited upon by plump, pleasant-looking Dutch girls, in round caps, with lace lappets, and great gold plates on their temples. And the Swedish restaurant has its Swedish maiden, with her scarlet jacket, and silver tags, and buttons, and laces, all setting off a very pretty modest face and the most dazzlingly fair complexion. FRED declares she’s enamelled, but we know better. And in the Austrian restaurant the other day the ices and even the beer were served by the prettiest young waitresses, one in particular, whom FRED declared was perfectly fascinating, with her dark hair in a club, and over it a little crimson *haube*, which FRED tells me is the correct German word for a cap worn over the back hair,—much prettier, he says, than a *chignon*—and a scarlet and gold bodice, with thin white muslin sleeves, and a blue silk petticoat. It seems rather gaudy to read, doesn’t it? But as she wore the dress, I can assure you we all thought it most becoming. #

Then there are the French flower-girls going about in their elegant lace caps, and skirts looped up with bunches of violets, and their fresh bouquets, and neat scissors hanging by silver chains from their belts to cut rosebuds for the gentlemen, rather bold you know, but so clever, and pleasant, and pretty in their ways. And even the fat, indolent *dame de comptoir* at the Tunisian *café*, with her long sleepy almond eyes, fringed with *kohl*—FRED says that’s the right way to spell it; I spelt it “coal.” it’s some black stuff they use to tinge the lower eyelid,—who looks almost too lazy to give change to her customers, or to pile the lumps of sugar in the little trays, seems to have quite a levée of admirers about her, and is bewitchingly got up à l’orientale.

Of course, as a woman, one likes to see women admired, and as an Englishwoman one would like to be properly represented in this part of the *Exposition*. Now, the effect of a woman depends not on face and figure only, but on face, figure, and dress. As far as face and figure go, I am bound to admit that the young ladies in the English refreshment department can quite hold their own against the foreigners, but as for costume! It may be very provoking to think we haven’t such a thing as a national dress left in England. All the more reason, I say, somebody should invent one for the *Exposition*. Why shouldn’t we have English, Scotch, and Irish lasses prettily and picturesquely got up for the occasion? I’ve no doubt that MADAME ELISE, or better still, MR. MAX, of Bow Street, who got up the costume of our private theatricals, and dressed LADY STUNNER’S *tableaux* last season, would do it beautifully. And by all I hear, I suspect it would be quite as like the real thing as the Spanish, Russian, or Swedish dresses I have described are like anything one sees in Madrid, Moscow, or Stockholm. But real, or make believe, what I say is that they’re charming. And it’s too provoking, in the midst of all this pretty foreign masquerading, to find England unable to rise above the Mugby Junction style of toilette. FRED says it is the case of the English cuisine over again—excellent meat, but inartistically cooked, and badly served up.

I suppose MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND think that as good wine needs no bush, so the pretty faces of old England require no recommendation from attractive costume. Even as a lady I don’t agree with them. And FRED says, that as a gentleman, he doesn’t.

So please, Mr. Punch, make the proper representation in the proper quarter, and either get MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND to reform the dress of their waiting-women, or, if they won’t, tell MR. HENRY COLE, and he’ll send over a body of properly qualified costumiers by the first van he may be dispatching from South Kensington.

I remain, dear Mr. Punch,
Your constant, though much mortified reader,
LEILA.

THUGGISM NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

THUGGISM with its tender blood-red blossoms, has been transplanted from India’s soft enervating air to one of our keenest northern towns. On its native soil we believe it was languishing, for this rare exotic has a strong inclination for the shade, and will perish in our cold climate if only a little light is thrown on it. KALBE, its first cultivator, trained it with his own hands, inspired by feelings of superstitious devotion. Here agents as assiduous, but entirely free from fanaticism, are employed at fair wages to watch its creeping tendrils day and night. Not labour alone, but capital, has contributed to promote its growth. The precious metal in fine dust has been sprinkled over its roots, and a system of forcing adopted with startling results. So successful indeed has been the improved mode of culture, that the Thuggism of commerce now produces a gold leaf as brilliant as any by which the choicest instruments of assassination—those emblazoned with the indelible stamp of infamy—are gilt.

Trades’ Unions Law Superseded.

THERE can be no doubt that Trades’ Unions would never resort to assassination as a punishment for disobedience to their edicts, if that offence were severely punishable by law, as no doubt it will be when the members of those societies enjoy that preponderance in the Legislature which will result from the perfect representation of their numbers.

THEY KNOW BETTER.

ONE of the Newspapers having spoken of the rush that there was to see the VICE-ROY in the Zoological Gardens on Sunday week as an “*émouée*,” the senior Emen in that establishment, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, wishes thus publicly to announce that they took no part in it.

GASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.

THE hippophagists of France are said to have invented a new dish of horse soup, namely, a *Consommé aux œufs*, in which the eggs have been obtained from a mare’s-nest.

A HOWL FROM HACKNEY.

MR. PUNCH is ever attentive to humble appeals from those whom in the discharge of his tremendous functions, he may seem to have wronged. It will usually be found, however, that any complaint against his justice is utterly ill-founded.

"CÆSAR doth never wrong, but with just cause."

A complaint has been lodged in *Mr. Punch's* court, by the *Hackney Gazette*. That organ alleges that *Mr. Punch*, in his "Essence of Parliament," has inaccurately described the position of the new borough, which is of course proud of being called into notice by Parliament, and naturally wishes people to know all about itself. *Mr. Punch* stated that Hackney was "between Islington, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, or some of those barbarous regions." The *H. G.* says that it is "as far from being between those regions as *Mr. Punch* is wrong."

Now this is rather too cool. The idea of a Hackney person pretending to know where he lives better than *Mr. Punch*! That gentleman

respectfully assures the Hackney editor that he knows nothing at all about it, and had better shut up. *Punch dixit.*

But, as even the Dogmas of Infallibility are challenged in these days, *Mr. Punch* will refer his friend to the *Handbook of London*, written by MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM, and published by MR. JOHN MURRAY. Page 219:—

"HACKNEY. A suburban manor and parish (etymology unknown) bounded by Low Layton and Walthamstow on the N., by St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, on the S., by Bethnal Green, on the E., and Tottenham, Stoke Newington, and Islington, on the W."

There! If a place "bounded by" other places, is not "between" them, *Mr. Punch* is an ignoramus, and SERJEANT GASELEE understands Geography.

Mr. Punch is happy to hear from the *H. G.* that Hackney "supplies more readers, and appreciative readers, too, for his generally most excellent periodical than any one district around London."

"Than any one of the districts" would be better English; but when affection guides the pen, a brute alone would quarrel with the style. We have given the *Hackney Gazette* an answer—and an advertisement.



HINT FOR LUNCH IN A TENT.—DON'T PUT "SPOONS" AT THE END OF A TABLE!

INDIGNATION MEETING OF ROUGHS.

A NUMEROUSLY attended meeting of London Roughts took place yesterday in Trafalgar Square, to denounce the presentment lately made by the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court Sessions with regard to the violent assaults and robberies which have recently been committed in the streets. The stump was occupied by MR. CHOKER, who said he objected to the use of such words as assaults and robberies, which were disrespectful to the order to which he belonged. The acts so called had better be named exertions of physical force, and annexations. The whole presentment was a disgrace to them as made it, particularly the passage which he would now read, as follows:—

"These violent assaults appear to be on the increase, and indicate a growing disposition on the part of the criminal portion of the population to become year by year more savage and outrageous in their actions. The grand jury would respectfully suggest that a liberal application of the lash in all such cases is the fittest punishment for these atrocious offences, and the most probable means that could be adopted for deterring others from committing them. If the law does not already provide for the application of this punishment, the grand jury would ask that their suggestion be forwarded to the proper quarter, or at any rate be placed on record as the expression of their opinion based on the evidence before them."

(Hisses and groans.) The law did, he was sorry to say, already provide the degrading punishment that the Grand Jury wanted to inflict on them as they insultingly called the criminal classes. You couldn't fetch a bloke a crack over the nob and fake a cly without being let in for a dozen and a half lashes with the cussed cat, and penal servitude besides. That is if you got lagged; but he could congratulate his beloved hearers on the blessed insufficiency of the police. (Hear, hear!) You got flogged if you used force. That was bad enough, but what the jury wanted was, no doubt, coves to be whipped for mere priggish. Only for snatchin a ticker in the street they'd like to subject their fellow-countrymen to the lash. (Hisses, and cries of "Yah!") And this was the language they dared to use in speaking of what members of the sovereign people thought fit to do in the assertion of their rights as Englishmen:—

"The offences are of the most cowardly character, and there is nothing from which the ruffian and coward shrinks so much as from physical suffering, of which, though wholly insensible to it when inflicted upon others, he is keenly sensitive in his own person. On behalf of the grand jury. WILLIAM SMALLEY, Foreman."

Three groans for WILLIAM SMALLEY! (Groans accordingly.) Three more for the Grand Jury! (Redoubled groaning.) He hurled back

such terms as ruffian and coward in their teeth. He was deeply pained at the tone some of the papers took in advocating the application of the lash to garotters, and other defendants that they described as Roughs. (*Ironical cheers.*) Every now and then there was a paragraph giving an art-rendin account of the sufferings of a garotter under the lash, on which leadin articles was written in scorn and ridicule. A part of the Press seemed to gloat over the pangs of the victims that they gave the abusive name of ruffians. (*Yells.*) Them that heard him must be up and doing, or the barbarous suggestion of the sanguinary Grand Jury would be carried out. He observed with pleasure that the House of Commons had rejected a motion to disfranchise convicts. In a reformed representation they would have a good lot of votes, and they must do their best to get a Member returned to represent their peculiar interest. There couldn't be a doubt about the proper party. Who was it that befriended BROADHEAD, and excused CROOKES? (*Cheers, and cries of "BEESLEY!"*) Yes, BEESLEY was 'their man. There ought to be a Member for Ratcliffe Highway, and that Member should be PROFESSOR BEESLEY. But whatever seat he was returned for, he would be the right man in the right place. (*Hear, hear!*) He would accordingly ask them to vote a resolution to the effect following:—"That this meeting do hereby pledge itself to use every effort to secure the return, on the first opportunity, of the Rattener's friend, PROFESSOR BEESLEY, to the House of Commons."

The resolution was seconded, in strong language, by MR. THROTTLES; after which three cheers were given successively, for BEESLEY, BROADHEAD, CROOKES, and HALLAM, and the assembly separated, cursing and swearing.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SEVENTEENTH.

My days are numbered; as, by the way, are everybody else's, beginning with the 1st of January, and so on. But I mean that *mar vee Parreeseean a jany*. Not with a duel, at least, *pars onghor*. When I am well enough, I have arranged, *sewer mar parrot*, to return and fight in the *Bwaw der Bulloine*, the survivor to breakfast, at his own expense, at the *cuffay* by the *karskard*.

Taking my friends (*mayseeme*) about sight-seeing all day, driving, walking, theatre-seeing part of the night, *petty soupays* at *Ler Caffay Reesh* or *Lay Truaw Prayrs*, not to mention the *kongkong* at *Marbeel* (I have had several lessons in this national dance, and intend to introduce it in *Lar Ho Vee* of the *Bo Mongd* on my return, commencing at Islington with the Belgian Ball) the Chinese *Spayktarkil* and all the etceteras which go to make up "seing life" in this gay Capital—doing all this, I say, quite knocked me up, and I found myself one morning (the very morning, curiously enough, on which I was to have met my vicious adversary) unable to rise from my couch, with a pain all up there and all down there, and through here and over there, up the middle and down again like a country dance, so that I was obliged to call for *ler garson*, and exclaim,

"*Dee dong, ALPHONSE*" (his name is ALPHONSE), "*savvayvoo oo a urn bong Maydaysang?*" (*Maydaysang* means physician.)

He directed me to *urn Dokherr*, M. THIERRY MIEG, in Le Rue Boissy d'Anglas, to whom I at once applied.

Mossew (This is how I now pronounce this difficult word)—"*Mossew ler Maydaysang,*" I commenced, "*Jay venu ar voo vwaro, poor voo deer, ker jer suesearffejay arvek la marl toot par esee, toot par lar, ong ser kottay see, ong ser kottay lar, dong mar tayte, ar mal frong, ay,*"—

He interrupted the account of my symptoms by remarking that he would understand me better if I spoke in English. I yielded to his weakness, and recommenced, but not with as much fluency as in French, which has now become quite a stepmother tongue to me, so to speak.

He at once prescribed for me; and I was enabled before *onyze err aydme* (half-past eleven I mean, A.M.) to send my 'adversary a medical certificate. Duel therefore postponed *sine die*.

The *Maydaysang* said that I had *Lar marlardee Hystaireek* (the hysterics, in fact) and must get, immediately, change of air, perfect quiet, and sea-bathing, with pills ar *deeskraystong*. So I packed up my traps, and having obtained from my friends the *larjong* necessary (mind this makes ten pounds you owe them by this time), I went to the *Tweelyrees* to make my *ardeurs* to the Imperial family.

Shall I draw a veil?

No: it was most affecting, nay, harrowing. LUMPYRAW, you know, has not been well lately, and was obliged to receive me in his bedroom, he being still couched, and the imperial *bonnay der swar* still encircling that majestic brow. He was lying there with *deu shokolar* and *urn petty pang* by his side, reading from last Number.

He stretched out his hand to me.

Jay tombay sewer lay jaynow, pierong bokoo.

"*Attongday zurn momong a jer sayray tootarfay pray der voo raysvuwaw.*"

I withdrew, sobbing. I heard him too choking with tears while dressing. A valet was dismissed that morning for cutting his Imperial master with a razor. *Hét trarhesong.*

In an antechamber seated with L'ARMPERRARTREECE a *lerp'tee* PRANGSE ARMPERRYEARL, like a wax-work at MADAME TUSSAUD'S,

was LUMPYRAW waiting to receive me. "*Allayvoozong,*" he said sharply to such members of the nobility as were hanging about in the hopes of catching a few words of our conversation.

One alone remained, and he approached the group jauntily.

A reed puckered itself upon the *frong* of LUMPYRAW. He frowned.

"*Il fo ker Mossew, vert aritongd dayhor juicekarsker M. Larmbars-sarder der song Arltayse der Fleetstreet ar jay says ardeur. Bong jewer ar prayson.*"

The jaunt gentleman withdrew, making a note in his pocket-book for the benefit of that daily journal which so often records the social triumphs of its popular Parisian contributor.

Alone with the distinguished family *jay tombay, oon zegond fwaw, sewer say jaynow.*

LUMPYRAW fumbled in his pocket for a second, then drawing forth a piece of red ribbon with a pretty little glittering ornament at the end of it, he said, "*Poollay voo ker jer voo daykor?*"

"*Seer,*" I exclaimed, "*arvek ayffewseong, 'jer ner gwee par Larksayptay maym ar vo mang, parsker mon Raydarkter, urn om arnflektseeb! ay sayvayre, ner mer pairmaytitar par okeun urn day say jern om sarksayptay urn daykorarseong, song slar eel dayveung ar mwogysurn Duc der kek shows.'*"

Then *Dong seon vwaro aytooflay s'aykrear LUMPYRAW* :—

"*Nong. Saylarmposseeb! ar fair slar. Jay fay tro bokoo der noblayss daycar.*"

He was very much cast down. The EMPRESS applied her *p'tee* *mooshvaw* ar *says yer*, and then *o nay deu PRANGSE ARMPERRYEARL*, who was snivelling. So I exclaimed, gaily, "*Narmport. Jer prongd'ray ler volongtay o leer der larkit.*"

"*Ombrarssay vwaro,*" cried LUMPYRAW, *souriant soo lay larme.* I obeyed—both cheeks.

"*Ay mwar o see,*" *saykrear L'ARMPERRARTREECE rusheearng.* I obeyed. *Kel bonnerr!*

"*Ay mwar o see!*" *saykrear LER'TEE PRANGSE.* Then we all wept: *too lay kart ongsombl.* "Farewell!" I exclaimed, and covering my eyes, rushed from the room. I wish I hadn't covered my eyes, as I missed the door and came sharply against the wall.

The Imperial family fainted: I left them insensible, and was myself carried out.

Ardeeur Parry! Ardeeur brilliant Capital, Ardeeur Legposissionng, marvellous! Ardeeur MADEMOISELLE SCHNEIDER, votre Altesse La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein! Ardeeur Mamselles. et Messieurs les Americain-Parisiens, everything and everybody Ardeeur! O rayvawo pertaytrr, may pars ar prayson!

By the *Meenwee deese train* I left for Dieppe, a wreck of my former self, shattered and battered in your behalf, and longing for fresh air, sea-bathing, and more *larjong*. * * * I will send you a line from Dieppe *ong root*.

HOPE RESTING ON AN ANCHOR.

ADMIRAL PUNCH presents his homage to the Lords of the Admiralty, and begs that they will do him the favour to explain how it is that Trotman's anchors are not yet used by the Navy, although they were affirmed by a Committee appointed by their Lordships to be the best, as well as lightest and consequently cheapest, of all anchors now in use. A Trotman's anchor weighing only 50 cwt., and costing £90 has by test been proved superior to the Admiralty anchors, which weigh fully twice as much, and cost four times as much. Not merely naval officers, but our largest merchant shipowners, have given evidence in favour of the anchors of JOHN TROTMAN; yet the only ships supplied with them by order of the Admiralty are the yacht wherein HER MAJESTY, and the yacht wherein their Lordships trust themselves afloat. These anchors would be scarcely used on board such precious vessels unless they were esteemed the best that could be got, and ADMIRAL PUNCH repeats his wish to know why worse and dearer anchors are supplied throughout the Navy, when the cheapest, namely Trotman's, have been proved to be the best.

In old allegories Hope is seen leaning on an anchor, and as truth prevails in time, even with the Admiralty, ADMIRAL PUNCH trusts that JOHN TROTMAN still leans upon his anchor in company with Hope.

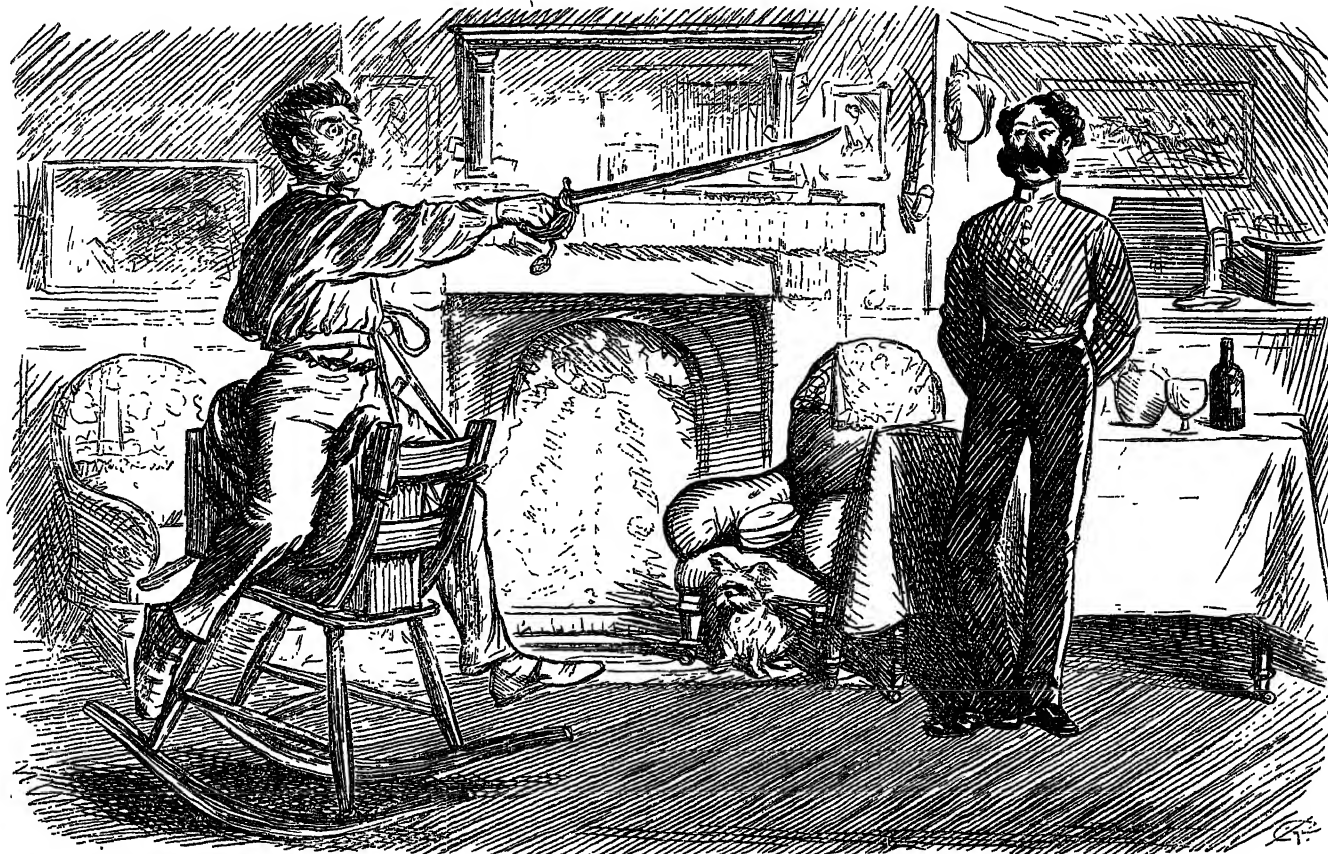
The Bigoted Middlesex Beaks.

THEIR Worships declined PAYNE's amendment to pass, Which forbade priests in prisons to celebrate mass. O bigoted Protestant Bench! It believes That there really are some Roman-Catholic thieves.

FROM SPITHEAD.

It was anticipated that the Naval Review on the 17th would prove a great success, as all hands endeavoured to make it the *ne plus ultra* marine of such spectacles.

WHY is the VICEROY OF EGYPT like twenty shillings? Because he is as good as a Sovereign.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

BROWN HAS HEARD "ON GOOD AUTHORITY" THAT THE BRITISH YEOMANRY CAVALRY WILL BE REVIEWED BY THE SULTAN, AND RESOLVES IT SHAN'T BE HIS FAULT IF THEY DON'T MAKE A SENSATION; SO HE "TIPS" AN INSTRUCTOR TO PRIVATELY PUT HIM THROUGH THE MOUNTED EXERCISE!

VERY NECESSARY CHANGES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"The Select Committee on the arrangement of the House of Commons met on Tuesday, and examined Mr. BARRY, architect of the New Palace of Westminster. The *Owl* says that suggestions for enlarging the interior of the chamber were offered by LORD BUCHAN and MR. LANTON, and MR. BARRY was instructed to consider how far they could be made practicable, and to report to the Committee at its next meeting, which will be in about ten days. It is proposed to make the House oval instead of square; to place the Treasury bench and the front Opposition bench in the middle of the chamber; to set back the SPEAKER'S chair; and to throw into the body of the chamber the seats now reserved for peers and distinguished 'strangers.'"

"It is evident that these changes are intended to meet the altered state of parties, quite as much as to suit the mere convenience of Honourable Members.

A square House was all very well while there were such things as sides; but now that "Whig" and "Tory" have lost all meaning, when we find PROFESSOR FAWCETT and MR. MILL cheek by jowl with MR. NEWDEGATE and LORD CRANBORNE in one lobby, and MR. BRIGHT rubbing shoulders with MR. DISRAELI in the other, it is time to get rid of everything in the arrangement of the House that suggests "a right" and "a left," or anything in the nature of opposite sides at all. An oval House is evidently the proper thing to symbolise the present derangement of parties, as everybody will then be able to slide into any place and vote in any lobby, without attracting observation, or provoking invidious remark.

Again, it is quite right, for the same reason, to place the Treasury Bench and the front Opposition Bench in the middle of the Chamber, so that the official Members may pass from one to the other with the least possible trouble, while the central position will mark the *juste milieu* between 'unofficial parties' which henceforth (thanks to MR. DISRAELI'S recent example) will, it is to be hoped, be the normal position of officer-holders. Again, the setting back of the SPEAKER'S chair is only an anticipation of that setting down of the SPEAKER, which may be anticipated from a House of Commons largely returned by "the Residium."

A NOVEL IDEA.

"A SWEEPSTAKES FOR A VERDICT.—A jury empanelled at the Bucks Quarter Sessions, held at Aylesbury this week, signalled themselves by the novel but very equivocal mode (after being locked up for four hours and a half), of arriving at a verdict by lottery. Twelve slips of paper were placed in a hat, on one of which was written the word 'Guilty,' and another 'Not Guilty,' the remainder being blanks. The 'Guilty' being first drawn, the jury went into court and gave their verdict to that effect. The case was that of a man charged with stealing two surgical trusses."

—*Bucks Herald*.

Who so bold as to tell us that Justice can die?
Let the Bucks Quarter Sessions, last week, give the lie!
When a jury, a verdict unable to hatch,
Tried to stifle the goddess, by way of despatch:
And with hearts in which pity no motions could wake
Committed her, body and soul; to the stake.
When, lo! Phoenix-like, as the matter was hot,
She bursts forth, strangely new, in the guise of a lot!
Better pleased with the help from kind Fortune she gains,
Than with all the soft beatings of Aylesbury brains.
Thrice happy, thus able, oath, duty, to shelve,
Ye consciences pliant of Aylesbury twelve!
Oh, may it be mine, ever light-fingered, Luck's
Truest son, to "do business" in Fortune-ruled Bucks!
Content if my chances may rest (I assure ye)
When caught, on the "sorte" they miscall their "jura."

A Question for the Corporation.

THE SULTAN, like all its other distinguished visitors, is to have the Freedom of the City given to him, inclosed in a magnificent gold box. When will its undistinguished visitors, inclosed in anything but a magnificent box (on four wheels), say on Ludgate Hill, have the freedom of the City given to them?

Arcades Ambo.—BROADHEAD and BEESLEY.



"THE SERVICE GOING TO, &c.!"

ENSIGN BROWN SHARES A TENT AT WIMBLEDON WITH HIS FRIEND JONES,
PRIVATE IN THE SAME COMPANY.

Ensign Brown. "OH, I SAY, JO—MR. JONES, THERE'S ONE OF THOSE PEGS
LOOSE. HEM—WILL YOU—I WISH—JUST JUMP OUT, AND MAKE IT FAST!"

Private Jones. "OH, HANG IT, BR—MR. BROWN! COME, I DON'T MIND
TOSSING YOU!!"

ARRANGEMENTS FOR RECEIVING THE BELGIANS NEXT YEAR.

EIGHT THOUSAND gallant Volunteers will embark from Antwerp, on
their own vessels.

At St. Katherine's Dock there will be two excellent penny steam-
boats, duly manned and boy'd, to meet the troops, and convey them
safely ashore.

On arriving they will be immediately regaled with demi-bouteilles du
Ginger-bière and oranges in slices. This cold collation at the expense
of the nation. Subscribers' names will be taken one year in advance.

On the second day the Belgians will walk from Notting Hill to the
Mansion House, where they will partake of a gorgeous repast, as
follows:—

One cold chicken to be handed round to each squad.
Parsley in small plates.
Rolls powdered to bread crumbs.
Salt alone.
A grape.
Some orange-peel in water à la Marchioness.

The LORD MAYOR and Civic authorities will dine together privately
in honour of the occasion. The Band of the Belgians will perform
outside while their brave companions are at dinner.

Further particulars will be issued shortly.

Donkeys instead of the usual cavalry chargers will be supplied for
the foreign officers visiting the Camp, as horses would be too expen-
sive. Early tenders from proprietors at Hampstead Heath, Brighton,
Ramsgate, &c., will be received at the War Office.

THE BEST SATURDAY REVIEW FOR YEARS.—Wimbledon on the 20th.

ZAPPHICS ON ST. ZWITHUN.

ARTER zum weeks of charmun zummer weather
Winchester's famous Bishop, gurt St. Zwithun,
Christened the apples, and, if I med zay so,
Christened the SULTAN.

Christened the VICEROY, cause 'a shouldn't goo back
To his dominions in the land of Egypt,
Haveun, in England thof 'a 'd bid a week, not
Had ne'er a duckun.

Down it poured, cats and dogs, upon the PRINCE OF
WALES, and the people as the pavements crowded,
Sousun the Belgic Volunteers, and all, on
Wimbledon Common.

Spiled the Review as was to be at Spithead,
Flingun cold water on the fleet's manœuvres,
Drenchun like drowned rats Parliament afloat, the
Lords and the Commons.

You've know'd brown Thames, 'fore now, wi' length o'
rainfall
Swoln, and at full moon risun in a spring-tide,
Break o'er his southern bank, and goo to flood the
Cellars of Lambeth.

There'll be soon heerd, if this here wet continues,
Prophecies bodun damidge to the harvust,
Grunts and groans, wailuns, lamentable cries, com-
plaints from the farmers;

Talk about corn lodged, ruin of the seed crops,
Terrible bad for wuts, and whate, and barley.
That's what wet sazons always is, and dry be
Bad for the swedes and

Turmut. Here, howsomever, pass the jug, mates.
Here's your good health, prosperity, and long life—
Next we'll drink Parliamentary Reform, wi'
Punch for our Member.

Organic News.

THERE is to be a new paper started in Rome. It is to be
the Organ of the Italian party. The Roman Editor would
have done us a signal service by taking back to their own
native country several Italian parties with their organs, now
in England, instead of starting a new one. Of course the
new paper, which might be called the street-organ, is
denounced by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Church Organ.

A NEGLECTED INVENTION.

THEY took ABDUL AZIZ to Woolwich, and showed him the Snider
Rifle, the new cartridge, and its mode of manufacture, sundry stores of
shot and shell, the manœuvring of certain artillery, the process of con-
structing the Woolwich guns, and the casting of MAJOR PALLISER'S
chilled shot. They exhibited to him our implements of destruction,
intended to kill our foreign foes. They did not take him to see the
arrangement with which we put our native enemies to death. Accord-
ing to the *Times* the "Royal and distinguished visitors" to Woolwich
Arsenal, including the SULTAN, "viewed with admiration the vast
stores of shot and shell ready for use." Would not any sensible man
view with equal admiration the apparatus for executing criminals
reserved in readiness at Newgate? Would he consider a shell, with
respect to its use, any more admirable than a halter? Now the SULTAN,
by all accounts, is a very sensible man. Yet there they go taking him
to see rifles, and cartridges, and guns, and shot and shell, and all
manner of projectiles, but nobody thinks of conducting him to have a
look at the poor old gallows.

BRITISH PEACE INSURANCE.

WITH reference to the late Naval Review at Spithead, a contem-
porary quotes from one of LORD PALMERSTON'S speeches the saying
that "There is no better or more necessary security which this country
can have for the continuance of peace, than to put its Navy on a footing
with that of any other country." Perhaps these words of our late, if
not our last, statesman were inaccurately reported. He might have
said more. It is not too much to say that, to insure the continuance
of peace, the British Navy ought to be put on a footing superior to
that of the Navies of all other countries put together.



A FACT.

(Strand—Afternoon of July 12.)

A FEW OF OUR BELGIAN GUESTS RETURNING FROM THE GUILDEHALL DEJUNER.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

UNQUESTIONABLY, *Monday*, July 15, 1867, will be a Date in Anglo-Parliamentary history. For to-day the House of Commons passed the Reform Bill.

The concluding debate, if so it may be called, was certainly unworthy of the occasion. Its main element was Incrimination.

LORD CRANBORNE said that all the precautions, guarantees, and securities with which the Bill had originally bristled, had been swept away at the imperious bidding of MR. GLADSTONE. This was in no sense a Conservative Bill. No Government before had ever permitted one of its measures to be so mutilated. We were taking a leap in the dark. We knew nothing about the class we were placing on the throne of these realms, except that we knew something of the Trades' Unions, and their ways. When the assault shall be made against wealth and property, it will be no protection to have men in the House who possess wealth and property. There will be a million of working-men against half-a-million of another class. The Conservative party had been deceived, and MR. DISRAELI had covered his scheme with an impenetrable veil, or he would never have been allowed to accomplish his object. If we borrowed our political ethics from an adventurer, our representative institutions would crumble. He regretted that the House applauded a policy of Legerdemain.

MR. LOWE thought that there was nothing to applaud. We were closing an era of permanence, stability, and mutual confidence, and were going into a whirl of innovation and revolution. There could be no further resistance to Democracy. All good principles would now have to be abandoned. But we should have to alter the constitution of the House of Lords, and make it elective, for we could not trust the country to a single chamber chosen by those who were just above the status of paupers. He had not been for compulsory education, but now he was. We must teach the Constituency. We must get our new lords to condescend to learn their letters. He finished with an impassioned declaration that every cultivated Englishman viewed this measure with shame, scorn, indignation, despair.

MR. BRIGHT did little more than explain that he had never been averse from Household Suffrage. He believed that the people, who had been trusted with power at a time when it, perhaps, might have been withheld, would return as good a House as the present.

LORD ELCHO accepted the measure as, on the whole, the best settlement of a question which could not be avoided.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said that the voice was LORD DERBY's, but the hands were those of JOHN BRIGHT. He complimented MR. DISRAELI on the way he had managed the Conservatives. He felt no gratitude, and he expected no violent changes.

THE WANT OF THE WISE.

WOULD I could eat and drink at table
As much as ever I was able;
Including the last bit and drop
That would be good for me; then stop,
Informed, by some immediate warning,
That more would make me ill next morning.
A twinge, for instance, in the wrist,
Then I directly should desist,
And never more wake late in bed
Afflicted with an aching head;
Nausea, and loss of appetite,
From overmuch, had overnight.
Attacks of bile, too, I should 'scape,
And all those ills, of every shape,
Which do derive, beyond all question,
Their origin from indigestion.

Abdul As-is in England.

ACCORDING to Turkish belief any soil on which the Padishah sets his foot becomes Turkish territory, just as, in Highland notions, wherever the laird sat became the head of the table. This Ottoman view has evidently been endorsed by the Clerk of the Weather. He has given evidence that he considers ABDUL AZIZ the *raining Sultan*, ever since the Commander of the Faithful has been in England.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

WE are told that at the close of DISRAELI's speech on the third reading of the Reform Bill, "Some of the strangers present, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, shared in the applause by clapping their hands." They may consider themselves lucky that they were not carried away by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

MR. NEWDEGATE had confidence in his countrymen, and hoped the Bill would work well.

MR. LAING saw safety in the rating principle.

MR. DISRAELI was more anxious to vindicate the measure than to defend the Government, but he addressed himself to both objects. Everybody hitherto had failed in carrying a Reform Bill. He disapproved of enfranchising a small and favoured section of the artisans, to act as a kind of Prætorian Guard. The Bill was in harmony with the general principles which the Conservatives had always professed. He ridiculed MR. LOWE's predictions, and advised him to be the school-master abroad, as he was highly competent to instruct constituencies. He finished with the following blaze of glory:—

"I do not think myself that the country is in danger; I think England is safe in the race of men who inhabit her—that she is safe in something much more precious than her accumulated capital—her accumulated experience. She is safe in her national character, and her fame, in the traditions of a thousand years, and in that glorious future which I believe awaits her."

Then the Reform Bill passed, amid cheers which proceeded chiefly from the Opposition side. On the 25th March, when the Second Reading was moved, MR. GLADSTONE said, "We must make the best of the measure before us, but the prospect is very discouraging." It may be assumed that he is tolerably satisfied, but he did not take part in the concluding debate.

The new Dog Tax seems to be working well, for an addition of 300,000 licences have been taken out. Street Dogs are to be "regulated" but at present Government has no time to legislate against these nuisances. How much time is wanted to frame an Act, providing that every dog found in the street, who has no collar with an owner's address, shall be sent as mercifully as possible to the happy hunting grounds, *Mr. Punch* does not know.

Tuesday. EARL GREY gave notice to the Lords of his intention to reform the Reform Bill.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH, the Whalley of the Lords, amused them by a denunciation of "the detestable and infernal system by which he and other noble Lords were mis-reported, at the bidding of those ultra-montane persons under whose direction Jesuitical action was carried on in the Reporters' Gallery." He demanded that official reporters should be engaged. One would not be cruel to an old man, even when he is such a donkey as LORD WESTMEATH, and if the shorthand writers would, just for once, take down one of his orations *verbatim*, he might be induced to imitate ANTHOPHREL, for which we should be excessively sorry.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHGOTE (Lord of India) explained that the splendid ball to be given at the India Office to the Sultan was entirely separate from the Royal entertainments, and was a tribute from the

Indian Government to the head of the Mahomedan power. He believed that in the interests of our Eastern empire such a homage was most desirable.

MR. O'BEIRNE, in a lucid and moderate speech, proposed a resolution for a loan of a million, to buy estates in Ireland, which should be divided into small farms, and offered for sale to the occupying tenants. His object was to encourage an independent proprietary of small freehold estates. LORD NAAS had to see various official objections, and duly saw them.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER moved the Second Reading of the Bill for the construction of Private Prelates. There are to be three, one in Cornwall, one at Southwell, Notts, and one at St. Alban's, which latter place, ought, in right of its noble abbey, to have a real bishop. While he was speaking of the sees,

The SPEAKER interrupted him to say that he had a telegram from Portsmouth. It was blowing great guns at Spithead, and at the Naval Review, next day, the ships would not be able to move.

MR. GILPIN opposed the Bill. We had bishops enough. Better help poor curates. MR. HADFIELD, of course, talked in the same way, and hoped that the reformed Parliament would put an end to the (anomalies connected with the) Church.

MR. G. HARDY supported the Bill, and made an amusing answer to the plea for the curates. Many Dissenting preachers were in as distressed a condition. This was no reason why people should not give their money in any way they thought fit. Besides, generosity begat generosity.

MR. AYRTON regretted that there were more bishops in the Lords than could be necessary for the instruction of that body in religion and morality. The Second Reading was carried by 45 to 34.

The Oxford and Cambridge Tests Abolition Bill was passed—that is, sent up to the Lords. On the Libel Bill, the SPEAKER was, as MRS. CUDLIP would say, "Called to A Count"—and *exit* the House.

Wednesday. In honour of the SULTAN, and of *Mr. Punch's* birthday, the 17th of July (1841), the QUEEN held a great Naval Review at Spithead. It was a splendid sight. *Mr. Punch*, who was, of course, in the thick of it, raged like fire with noble zeal, and bawled so frightfully that England expected everybody to do his duty, that he is at present somewhat prostrate. The wind blew, and wretched Cockneys,

"Whose souls would sicken at the yawning wave,"

said that the affair was not a success. They lie.

"With all the banners bravely spread,
And all the cannons flashing high,
NELSON might awaken from the dead,
To see the QUEEN and Turk go by."

At the close of the day HER MAJESTY, with her usual kindness, ordered

signals to be made to her sailors that "the QUEEN was satisfied and the SULTAN gratified." *Mr. Punch* was both, and drank happy returns to himself a good many more times than was strictly necessary, but it is a poor heart that never rejoices.

Thursday. LORD SHAFTESBURY carried the Second Reading of the Bill in favour of agricultural children. No child under eight is to go into a Gang, and no girl under thirteen is to be employed in agricultural work at all. LORD KIMBERLEY remarked that as the franchise was to be extended, we ought to do all we could for education.

MR. H. B. SHERIDAN wished for a list of the persons asked to the Indian Ball. Evidently there are widely-spread heart-burnings about tickets. The complaints, of course, are stirred up by Persons; rational men exult when tickets for anything are withheld or miscarry.

On estimates, MR. DISRAELI hinted that if the country thought the QUEEN did not do enough in the way of hospitality to foreign Potentates, the House should give her a Palace for the purpose, whereat MR. GLADSTONE made a grave protest.

Friday. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE yielded to the representations of LORDS DERBY and RUSSELL that it was inexpedient to ask the Peers for a formal expression of their detestation of the murderers of the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

The MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND endeavoured to carry a Bill for sending to school the children of habitual beggars, but he was met by what he fairly called flimsy official objections, and the Bill was lost.

One MR. PURCELL, a stipendiary magistrate in Jamaica, has come to grief for making impertinent remarks upon the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN's charge on Martial Law, and on that eminent personage himself, who, MR. PURCELL decently stated from his own bench, was no lawyer, but had been promoted for political services. LORD MELVILLE (Conservative) however, endorsed the abuse of the charge, and received a sarcastic reproof from LORD CHELMSFORD (Conservative).

We talked, in the Commons, about the Naval Review, and MR. CORRY, First Lord (by the way, he is doing his work very well, the sea-officers say) explained that it would not have done to move the ships in such a wind, as it would have taken four hours to get them under weigh. SIR GEORGE GREY was greatly pleased with the whole business, and said that he had seen a magnificent spectacle. He might, however, have taken off his hat to *Mr. Punch*, when that gentleman drank to him and cheered him, as soon as the *Tanjore* came alongside *Mr. Punch's* ship. Politeness costs nothing, and is remembered long.

More growling about the Indian Ball invitations. Really, such things are beneath the dignity of the House. The elephant's trunk, to which it has been compared, can root up an oak, or pick up a pin, but elephants very seldom pick up pins, especially minnikins like ball tickets. Better feel with SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS, a great man, who said life would be very pleasant but for its pleasures.

COUTTS AND PEABODY.



clean, well-lighted wholesome market, now opened for them by the benevolent hands of sweet ST. ANGELA. She may literally be said to do good, "*Coute qui Coutts*"—or in *Mr. Punch's* own English, "Whatever it may cost COUTTS to do it."

"God bless her," say we, "and more power to her elbow," which seems never to be lifted but to dip into her pocket for some purpose at once charitable, wise, and well-considered. "*Facit indignatio versum*"—and why shouldn't "*admiratio*" try its hand at verse-making too? Here goes!

Let us pray to Heaven to send us more ANGELA COUTTSSES and PEABODIES—
To increase the pair to a hundred, to unfetter souls, and to free bodies,

Now wallowing in the Inferno of London sink and slum—

Where the Pharisee stops his ears, and blatant BUMBLE is dumb—
From pauperism, and its plagues of ignorance, squalor, and sin:

From the death of dirt, the guard of the gallows, the joy of gin.
Belgravia lies afar off, and VICTORIA shuts her doors,
And DIVES dispatches his dogs to lick LAZARUS's sores;
Why should he take his hand from the drinking cup and the dish?
Has not LAZARUS the poor-rates? and what more can LAZARUS wish?
Has not DIVES's Church enough to do with Convocation squabbles,
And discussions with Dissenters and Ritualistic brabbles—
To say nothing of Borrio-boo-loo-gah, and Polynesian missions,
And defending Southern Africa from COLENSO's heretical scissions?
While there's Mozambique Arabs to save, it must leave City Arabs to roam,

For the COUTTS and PEABODY charity, that tamely begins at home.
Has not BUMBLE got his hands full, in battling for vested rights,
And in fighting Centralisation's and Local Self-Government's fights;
And in keeping down the paupers and economising the rates,
And in pooh-poohing ERNEST HART and the papers' sensational prates?
So there's room enough, and to spare, for PEABODY, COUTTS, & Co.,
Their baths, free churches, and markets, and lodging-houses also.
Then long may hearts like theirs be backed by as heavy purses;
And long may *Punch*, their Laureate, have such subjects for his verses.
Long may PEABODY, by such discount, clear his gains of Mammon's leaven,
And long may such drafts on COUTTS's be honoured up in Heaven!

The Sultan's Cellar.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has asked some slightly invidious questions about the sources of the wine for the Belgian Ball. If the same rather prying curiosity has not been expressed about the liquor laid in for the SULTAN, it is no doubt owing to the general impression that he doesn't drink the juice of the grape. This a mistake. He is extremely partial to the Ottoman Porte.



ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

First curled and powdered Darling (to Photographer). "YOU'D BETTER TAKE PAINS WITH THESE 'ERE CARTE DE VISITES, AS THEY'LL BE A GOOD DEAL SHOWN ABOUT."

Second curled and powdered Darling (on the Sofa). "YES—PERTIKLERLY IN THE HUPPER SUCKLES.—GET YOU CUSTOMERS, YOU KNOW."

THE BRITISH LION TO THE BELGIAN.

HERE'S a God-speed to the Lion that, in troublous times of yore,
In Brabant and old Flanders stood to guard his native shore:
Springing, at ring of ROLAND,* to watch-tower and to wall,
'Gainst Spaniard and Hollander, 'gainst Austrian and Gaul.

"For defence and not defiance" the Flemish tocsin rung;
"For defence and not defiance" were Flemish crossbows strung:
"For defence and not defiance" her strength now Belgium bands;
"For defence and not defiance," Britain's sons with hers clasp hands.

Her cause of old was ours, the cause of free speech and free thought;
The triumph of her cause, like ours, with civic blood was bought.
Both guardians of homes and hearths, of liberties and law,
Behoved the British Lion grasp the Belgian Lion's paw.

The welcome that you gave us we have given back to you,
In spite of all red-tape, routine, or blundering might do:
Though aboard of the *Serapis* beds and breakfasts might be spare,
Though Guildhall tables, for the nonce, groaned under meagre fare—

Though his mains St. Swithun opened, and emptied all his hose,
And flung his wettest blanket on all our sports and shows:
Though no QUEEN bade you welcome when you feasted in her Court;
Though medallions and luncheons at Wimbledon fell short—

Though the wind put out the fireworks and the fountains blew awry,
And forbade your rifle-bullets to get home on the bull's-eye,
Still, there was warmth of welcome, that kindled warmth again,
And laughed to scorn shortcomings, short commons, wind, and rain.

Yes, 'twas warm, if clumsy, welcome that England proffered you,
Stout-hearted civic soldiers, Flemish brethren, trained and true:
A kindred blood, a common cause, and kindness to requite,
It was for these we gave, and you accepted the invite!

* The old tocsin-bell at Bruges.

GOOSE AND GANDER.

STRIKES are generally stupid, and always dull. The London Tailors' Strike, however, has been enlivened by an uncommonly striking incident. On Saturday, last week, a charge of conspiracy was brought before MR. TYRWHITT, at Marlborough Street, on behalf of the journeymen tailors, members of the Trade Union, against the President, Secretary, and several members of the Master Tailors' Association. It was based upon the simple fact that the masters had formed a society among themselves, engaged not to employ men belonging to the Trade Union. To be sure, there was no complaint that any violence or intimidation—any such thing, for example, as picketing—had been concerted by the masters to coerce the workmen. But they were accused of agreeing to keep a register of Non-Unionists, and not to employ any man whose name was not entered thereon. Yet MR. TYRWHITT dismissed the case, very much, probably, to the astonishment of the journeymen tailors. They, of course, imagined that there was one law for the employers, and another law for themselves—a law which permitted them to combine against the employers, and another law which forbade the employers to unite against themselves. Considerably, no doubt, did they wonder to find that, in common with the master tailors, they were subject to the condition of tit for tat, and that what is sauce for the tailors' goose is also sauce for, so to speak, the tailors' gander.

Wallah-Billah! Wonderful!

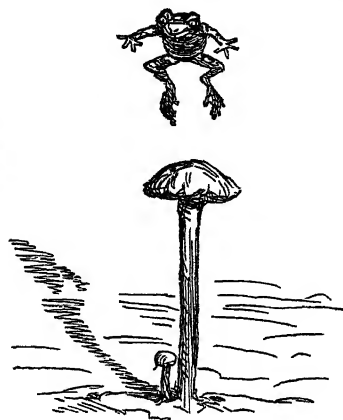
THE SULTAN has been described as slow of speech. This is a mistake, at least to judge by his utterances while on this visit to the West. Since his arrival, the Padishah has been in a perpetual state of amazement; and has expressed the feeling with the utmost "*wallah-billah-ty!*"

WHAT MR. COCKCRAFT, THE SECRETARY OF THE BELGIAN ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE HAS SHOWN HIMSELF.—More cocky than crafty.

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to Mr. Calderon, R.A.)

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE EIGHTEENTH, AND LAST.



grandees are approachable: not your English swell, unless he, or she, be a member of the Back Drawing-Room Aristocracy, brilliant in the *salons de Little Brompton*. Delightful place, this. One doesn't read much, or write much, or do anything, even lounge much. Homœopathic doses of everything. I hum, generally, Parisian tunes.

Second Day at Dieppe.—Recovering from hysterics. A happy, simple life this at Dieppe. Still humming: my only resemblance to a bee, here. I walk down in *navygleejay* costume o *hairing*. I adopt a still more *navygleejay* costume, *kalsong* only, and walk down to the sea. Return, and breakfast. Meet an Italian friend, complaining. He is dyspeptic. We compare notes, and I am pleased to find that I am more dyspeptic than he is. He complains of being dyspeptic in his nose. I do not sympathise with him.

During the morning, read the papers from Paris, and hum "*Voici le Sabre*," from *La Grande Duchesse*. An elderly Englishman, who has been here some time, and knows the ways of the place, invariably lies in wait for the *Times*, and keeps it for two hours. He cares for nobody, no, not he, and everyone cares for him. He passes it on, by previous arrangement, to a friend, he to another of the same set, and I get it, perhaps, at eleven o'clock at night, or not at all, as next morning it has disappeared entirely. Hum same tune as before, trying to catch the second part. Failure. *Midi* some biscuits and soda-water. Sit, and debate with oneself: always humming. Shall I walk down to the sea, and read there, or sit and read here? Looks hot there: is cool here. Ought to get the benefit of sea-breeze. Will go there, presently. This debate occupies nearly an hour. Caught the second part of the tune. Hum it. Then comes a debate as to whether I'm hungry, or not. How long before dinner? This occupies another half-hour. Lost the second part of the tune. Odd. Try to find the starting note up and down the scale. There doesn't appear to be such a note in music. English visitors sprawling about, doing nothing. Delightful life! I am told it becomes monotonous after the sixth week, but I can't believe it. I say to a friend there, that I ought to write letters. He says he ought to, too. We both ought, but we don't. We sit. I ask him if he knows the second part of "*Voici le Sabre*." Let him see: he does. He tries it. 'Tisn't it at all. We don't talk after this, but look straight before us at the flowers, the grass, and the sea. Another hour goes. He (my friend) rises slowly, and says, "Well, he really must go to—". The rest of his sentence is lost. I don't think he has anywhere to go to, as in a few minutes I see him lounging, like a distraught goose, over the grass towards the sea. There I lose him. I wonder where he's going, when he's gone. I wonder if there's time to write a letter before dinner. I debate with myself whether it wouldn't be better to walk, slowly, before dinner; then come in, dress, and write a letter. Somehow or another I don't seem to have any time for writing letters. So busy. Busy humming, perhaps. *Table d'hôte* at six. My Italian friend complains of having no appetite. He says he forces himself to eat. He must have a strong will, as he partakes largely of all the ten courses, and dessert. He is also always ready for melons and radishes. After dinner he complains that "his head is stupefied up." I ask several English people what they've been doing to-day. All answer, "Nothing." They've been nowhere. What have I been doing? Nothing. Been nowhere? Nowhere. So, having nothing to say to one another, we sit and smoke, under the verandah, always shady, looking out upon the flowers, the grass, and the sea. I hum my "*Voici le Sabre*" until some one rudely commences humming quite another air, when I stop. Commencing again when he has done, I am informed by a friend that "They'll have the rest of that to-morrow." Odd! I thought the tune was so popular.

HAVE peeped at Paris. This from Dieppe: a Dieppeep. ** My old enemy, the sea, now calm and tranquil, undisturbed by my proximity.

I am at the *Hôtel Royal*. No one would know this fact from a distance, even with a telescope. There is a Grand Duchess staying here (the real thing, but not anything like so good as SCHNEIDER with OFFENBACH'S music), whom *les Snobs*, of all countries, specially English, though, rush to their windows to see, following the ducal steps with opera-glasses, and dying for some lucky chance which might throw their Snobships in Her Altesse's way. Sometimes, you know, at these watering-places

The elderly man, who has read the *Times*, has the advantage of everyone. He talks, and we, all of us, try to resent his giving us information as an impertinence. We pick up bits of news and try to say, "Oh, I saw that in *La Presse*, or the *Débats*, or the *Moniteur*, or *Figaro*," but it won't do. We are overcome by superior "Later Intelligence." It is his to talk, ours to hear.

When he is exhausted, we touch on sporting matters. I find, during this, that we are all well acquainted with the English nobility, and I also discover that I am hand-and-glove with Dukes, Duchesses, Viscounts, and Lords in my own native land. If they walked into this verandah now, where should I be? where would all these sporting English be, for the matter of that? Harmless conversation *poor passay ler tom*. I hum one bar, and stop.

We touch upon the Army. Do I know CRAWFORTH of the 8th? I think. "No, but I've heard of him." Does he (my interrogator) know LORD STILTON, in the Guards? "No," (after some hesitation) "he doesn't." Ah, I have him there: I do. Good fellow, STILTON. [It doesn't occur to my friend to ask me if STILTON knows me. Now, I do know STILTON—by sight. I once used to know him to speak to, twenty years ago, when he fagged me for an hour and a half in a blazing sun at a fives' wall by Eton Chapel.]

But this is Dieppe, and one *must* talk about something. In the evening, some musical ladies, and a musical gentleman, occupy the public saloon. There is a piano here. Charming, as far as the musical ladies go; but the musical gentleman, a fresh young tenor of about sixty-two, is a nuisance. He keeps on trying songs; and very trying songs they are. I've a great mind to ask them if they'd like to hear "*Voici le Sabre*," as much as I know of it. It is a family party, apparently. Their jokes are all among themselves, and quiet guests are scared away from the public saloon. I dare say there are other people in the place who can sing quite as well as they can. Why don't they be sociable, and suggest it? I read a book grumpily, and sneer when the tenor attempts "*Ah, che la Morte*," wincing audibly and purposely on his coming out with some note sharp for some note natural, or *vice versa*, not being a great musician myself. Are these girls looking for husbands, and airing their accomplishments in continental hotels? Perhaps so. ("Airing their accomplishments" would be an English *yerdymo*, 10s. 6d. per hour.) My Italian friend disconcerts them once by looking in at the open door, and telling me from that distance (I am at the other end of the room) that "he is not any better." I pretended not to see or hear him, and he went away, to bed. Caught the second part of "*Voici le Sabre*."

Third Day.—Same as two others. No time to write a letter.

Fourth Day.—As before, including no time to write a letter.

Fifth Day.—The *fête* of a Life Boat. Great rejoicings, and the performance of a melodrama at the theatre, in eleven acts, and a Prompter. I saw it all through. It was better, perhaps, than doing nothing; but I am not sure of this. The Mayor of Dieppe gave the maritime population the munificent gift of a hundred francs wherewith to enjoy themselves. The consequence was, the maritime population kept it up till five in the morning. They kept me up—I mean awake—till three. There was shouting, singing, and sounds of Bacchic orgies. Either the maritime population is very small here, or gets exhilarated on very little—one of the two, as one hundred francs is, I reckon, just upon four pounds; not a vast sum to expend, for instance, upon the entire maritime population of Brighton or Dover. However, shouting costs nothing, and I know there was plenty of that.

Last Day.—Farewell, *La Belle France*! Away to perfidious Albion.

**** Concerning the voyage, let us be silent. Englishmen are born sailors. These steamers, some one said, are very comfortable. Yes, perhaps so. But they were always having dinner below. ****

Tea. **** Up to Victoria by train.

"Now," I cried, "to rush into *mong raydarlter's* arms; then to settle with him my few outstanding accounts in *larjong* ready, Cab!"

I said adieu to my Italian friend. **** *Veep ler Soolturn! Veep lay Volunteers! Veep Longlayfair!* And so conclude the Peeps at Paris taken on your behalf (mind that) by your devoted and loving correspondent,

PEEPPER THE GREAT.

P.S. Your boy said you weren't in when I arrived. I saw you lifting up the corner of the window-blind. I have put this matter in the hands of my solicitor. Damages no end of *larjong*.

Taking a Shot at It.

"WHAT are all those white things for?" inquired the LADY ARABELLA, on the day of the Review, pointing to the hammocks triced along the bulwarks of the ships. "Aw," responded LORD FITZNOODLE, "ships, you know, want ballast, and those white things—aw—are sand-bags, and they—aw—put 'em at the side to keep the vessel straight."

"How do ships weigh their anchors?" inquired the lady, presently. Replied the gentleman, "Aw—s'pose they—aw—put 'em in the scales."

MUST NOT BE REPEATED.—The neglect to supply the Cavalry with provisions at Hounslow was anything but a ration-al proceeding.



SO IT SEEMS.

Policeman. "STOP, SIR! STOP! YOU MUSTN'T GALLOP HERE!"

Irish Gent. "ME DEAR BOY, THE ANIMAL'S NOT AMAYNABLE TO THE BIT!"

ATALANTA IN CAMDEN TOWN.

Ay! 'twas here, on this spot,
In that summer of yore,
ATALANTA did not
Vote my presence a bore,
Nor reply to my tenderest talk "She had heard
all that nonsense before."

She'd the brooch I had bought,
And the necklace and sash on;
And her heart, as I thought,
Was alive to my passion;
And she'd done up her hair in the style that
the EMPRESS had brought into fashion.

I had been to the play
With my beautiful Peri,
But for all I could say,
She declared she was weary,
That the place was so crowded and hot, and she "couldn't
abide that *Dundreary*."

Then I thought, "'Tis for me
That she whines and she whimpers;"
And it thrilled me to see
Those sensational simpers;
And I said, "This is scrumptious!" a phrase I had
learned from the Devonshire shrimpers.

And I vowed, "'Twill be said
I'm a fortunate fellow,
When the breakfast is spread—
When the toppers are mellow—
When the foam of the bride-cake is white, and the fierce
orange-blossoms are mellow."

Oh, that languishing yawn!
Those emotional eyes!
I was drunk with the dawn
Of a splendid surmise—
I was stung by a serpentine smile, and tossed
on a tempest of sighs.

And I murmured, "I guess
The sweet secret thou keepest,
And the dainty distress
That thou wistfully weepest;
And the question is 'Licence or Banns?' though
undoubtedly Banns are the cheapest."

Then her white hand I clasped,
And with kisses I crowned it;
But she glared and she gasped,
And she muttered "Confound it!"
Or at least it was something like that, but
the noise of the omnibus drowned it.

A Ritualistic Misprint.

A CONTEMPORARY observes that, in one of the journals for the past week, we are told of "the undoubted success of the Ritualists in gaining the masses." This is just the mendacious language of puffing advertisements. The success of the Ritualists in gaining the masses is more than doubted; it is denied. The statement that they succeed in gaining the masses can only be made true by taking the letter *m* away from the word masses. They ape the Mass, but do not gain the masses, and those whom they do gain are stupid asses.

THE REAL MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES TO OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.—St. Swithin, and be Cust to him! (*No offence to SIR EDWARD, we hope.*)

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Tu, quid ego et populus mecum, desideret, audi." *Hor. Ars Poet.*

"Ye playgoers, give ear to me,
And you shall hear what you should see."

My Correspondents are so numerous that I daily have much labour in looking at their letters. How far my work has been rewarded, my readers may best judge by the specimens which follow:—

DEAR SPEC,—You complain, and with great justice, of loud talkers at the opera. Besides the Chatterers, however, you ought to castigate the Hummers. To people like myself, who happen to like music, and who go to hear an opera, and not to chatter and be stared at, the Hummers are a most intolerable nuisance. They are for ever making noises more or less like the music which is sounded from the stage, and they hum with such amazing vigour all the airs which please them, that, if you happen to sit next them, you can hardly hear the singers. In concerted pieces, too, the Hummers quite destroy the musical effect, for they hum one part so loudly as to drown the rest, and they often growl out the soprano in an undertone of bass. The other night a Hummer entirely spoilt my pleasure in hearing CHRISTINE NILSSON, and I had to sit, like Tantalus, thirsting, between his hums, to catch the sound of her sweet voice. As he robbed me of the evening's entertainment I had paid for, you should sentence him to send me a guinea for my stall. Let him direct to the Old Hummums, and the name of

GIDEON GREEN.

DEAR SPEC,—As you like to see good acting, I hardly need inquire if you have been to the French plays. The company is a scratch one, and Parisians might sneer at them, yet see how well they pull together, and how cleverly they act! As for RAVEL, he is BUCKSTONE, WEBSTER, WIGAN, and CHARLES MATHEWS all rolled into one; and not even the latter is more evergreen than he. RAVEL is a great actor, yet he does not hold himself above taking a small part. In England green-room jealousies intrude upon the stage, and many a play is spoilt by them. When next I go to the French plays, I should like to see the audience composed of English actors. Even at the St. James's, which, they must bear in mind, is not the Vaudeville or the Français, they may receive a lesson in the art of acting well together, and of attending to the little things that help to make a great theatrical success.

AN OLD STAGER.

MY DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,—Unlike the human race in general, if I believe my Latin grammar, I am not *avidus novitatis*, and I as much prefer old music as I do old port. But it has been my fate this season to sit through three new operas, and the only one worth listening to was certainly the last. GOUNOD, to my mind, is pleasanter than VERDI, and one can hear his *Romeo* without either being deafened or sent into a deep sleep. It does not equal *Faust*, however, and, though a quantity of Shakespeare is stuffed into the libretto, it falls far short of what a Shakespeare-lover would have wished. But though the melodies are scanty, the accompaniments are charming, and the love-duets, as warbled by MARIO and PARTI, delight the ravished sense. I never hear these singers without wishing that my ears were as capacious as an elephant's, and that my eyes were those of Argus, and could see a hundredfold. Such singing and such acting are but rarely found united, and should be enjoyed by every one who has the brains to relish the best art-work on the stage.

Yours enthusiastically, JOHN BEETHOVEN BROWN.

HURRAH FOR OULD IRELAND!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

HAS'N'T MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD—more power to him!—proved, all out, that everything that's worth anything in your English potes comes from the Celtic dithrop in them? So why would you wondther that everybody that's anybody proves to be of Irish extraxtraction, if you once git to the roots of their family threes? There was GARIBALDI, the Italian Liberator, that was proved to be a raal Milesian, from the stock of the GARRET BALDYS of County Mayo; and now here's the SULTAN. By dad, Sir, didn't I hear, wid my own eyes, one of his own sweet—a big Bay, wid a fez and six inches of goold-lace on the collar and cuffs of him—spaking of his Masther be the name of PADDY SHAW, and if that don't show the SULTAN has the raal ould blood in him, I'd like to know what would.

I'll thank you to send me a thrifle in stamps for the above, and I remain, Mr. Punch, your obliged and own Correspondent,

BRIAN BOROMHE O'BUGGAROO.

What Next?

THE industry of the ladies in Paris surpasses belief. They dye—their hair; they enamel—their faces; they gild—their locks; they paint—their cheeks; and now they bronze—their complexions!

THE OLD AND YOUNG STATESMAN.

(*Reminiscences of an old Whip.*)

"WELL, you see, Sir, times is changed. Things is not as they used to was. Leaders is changed. Wheelers is changed. Springs too aint to be depended on. At one time when a party had booked his place at the 'King's Head' he knew where he was going, and at what rate he was to travel. The 'True Blue' had 'Church Road' painted on her, and if you went that way in course you couldn't go wrong. Now you'll see the 'True Blue' with a board hung over its centre panel and on it written in letters a inch long, 'This journey stop at Exeter Hall.' There's no regalarity—no system—the very horses scarcely know where their tails hang, and fancy they're getting on, when bothered if they aint being backed down-hill.

"Then as to pikes. The 'True Blue' would pull up when a gate was closed, but now it takes a flying leap and clears a bar as easy as a kitten would a kitchen-fender.

"Then as to luggage. Look at the way-bill this season, and count the various items, including the numerous fancy articles, some of which they're obliged to drop on the road. Why the dead weight they now carry would have broke the back of a ten-horse waggon when GEORGE THE THIRD was King.

"Then as to the pace, it's positively fearful. You see what they're afeard of is Opposition. At present there aint no Opposition. The last one dray itself off the road into a ditch, where it's been sticking hard ever since; the body of it's all right, only the splinter bar has been smashed through one of the leaders wot's got a ticklish mouth giving it a tremendous kick, and getting his off leg over the traces. There was a great outcry when the accident occurred, and the insides who were pitched out violently from their places, sustained a wery severe shock. As for the low characters who did all they could to frighten the hosses, they raised a reg'lar whoop when they see the vehicle upset, and then as JONATHAN says, they caved in!"

A WORD TO THE WISE.

It is fortunate for Londoners that we have such a show-place as the Crystal Palace, and such resources at hand for the entertainment of our illustrious guests as were displayed in the artifices of fire, crackling, shooting up, whizzling round, banging, popping, and marvellously illuminating SIR JOSEPH PAXTON's gardens, in the calm moonlight of Tuesday the sixteenth.

One word to those who were the delighted witnesses of this grand spectacle, and also one word to those who were not. It is this, if you're fond of fireworks go and see our old friend, the inimitable, inexhaustible JOHN PARRY's exhibition of fireworks at the Gallery of Illustration. Nervous ladies need have no fear of noisy explosions, save those of irrepressible laughter, harmless and exhilarating. These fireworks of MR. PARRY's come off every evening, wet or fine, except Saturday, when they lose none of their brilliancy by being let off in broad daylight. You cannot always see fireworks at the Crystal Palace, but, when you can't, what happier day can a holiday-making Londoner or Provincial or foreign visitor spend than in roaming amid pleasures and Palaces at Sydenham, dining there, which he can do now comfortably and well, and, being in town by eight o'clock, dropping in at the Gallery to hear MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED in the first, and MR. JOHN PARRY in the second part (herein are the fireworks) of their two hours' and a half entertainment.

THE NAVAL REVIEW. WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1867.

(*Storms. Tempest. Wind N.N.W.E.S.N.N. by Nohow all day.*)

Tilburina (who having gone down to Portsmouth in yachting costume, has not been able to quit the shore, and is now standing with her father the Governor at a first-floor window of the Pier Hotel, looking through a telescope.—Rain: mist.) I see—(bang, bang, smoke)—I see—(bang bang bang, more smoke, thicker mist)—I see—

Governor (who has paid twenty guineas for his rooms, annoyed). The British Fleet you cannot see.

'Cos it is not in sight.

[Bang. Smoke. Denser mist. He adds despairingly, And will not be.

[They burst into tears. TILBURINA goes mad. For the rest, vide "Critic." Olympic Theatre. CHAS. MATHEWS, Puff.]

An Improvement.

It is to be hoped, after the speech of MUSTURUS PACHA at the Guildhall reception on Thursday, describing the objects of the SULTAN's visit to the West, that its general result will be to transform ABDUL AS-IS, into ABDUL as ought to be.



"VILLAINOUS SALTPETRE!"

Small-Bore Swell. "PH—OO—AUGH! CO—FOUND YOU, CARELESS LITTLE BEGGAR! PHE—W! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO SCENT IT, SIR?"

ALL AT SEA; OR, ROYAL RECEPTIONS.

Portsmouth Dockyard (an Unrehearsed Fragment.)

SCENE—The VICEROY'S Train is late. Wednesday, July 17, 1867. Rain, wind, everyone in a bad temper. The MAYOR discovered in a corner, reading over his speech: occasionally practising a bow with a Sheriff.

Admiralty Officials kicking their heels about (irreverently). When is that VICEROY coming? (Rain. Wind.) I do wish they'd be punctual. *[Murmurs.]*

[The VICEROY'S Train arrives. All prepare to receive the VICEROY. Bell. Cannon. False alarms.]

Enter Excited Official, with a dripping umbrella.

Several People (annoyed). Can't you leave that thing (alluding to the umbrella) outside? [Excited Official begs pardon vaguely.]

Excited Official (to anyone in authority). Hi! I say, here's the SULTAN coming. [Some one tells the MAYOR.]

The Mayor (wretchedly). I can't help it. (Distractedly.) Where's the VICEROY? I've got to read a speech.

1st Chorus of Admiralty Officials (to one another). Who'll receive the VICEROY?

2nd Chorus of ditto. Who'll receive the SULTAN?

Official (with sense of humour, quotes). "I said the fly, With my little eye, And I'll receive the SULTAN."

First Lord (indignant at such trifling). Don't. Here you (to somebody) go and receive the Thingummy, and I'll receive the Whatthis-name.

[There being sufficient uncertainty about the framing of this order, it is at once taken as official. They begin receiving the VICEROY. Somewhere else they are expecting the SULTAN.]

The Mayor (commencing the Address). May it please your Imperial Highness—(finds he's got the Speech intended for the SULTAN).

1st Under Sheriff (in a hurry). Go on. He won't know the difference. [The MAYOR finds the right Speech, and begins again.]

2nd Under Sheriff (in an under tone). Make haste. Cut out that, he won't care.

The Mayor. And if our kind friends in front, &c. &c.

[Says the tag and finishes. Cheers. Cheers. Hooray! Execunt every one, except the MAYOR, SHERIFFS, and a Naval Officer or two, to receive the SULTAN.]

The Viceroy (speaking through the music of distant cheers and present scrambling and rushing). Hadji baba baksheesh il seraglio mecca Mosque Islam. (Cannonading. Execunt Naval Officers) Effendi Khorrassan Chibouque bulbul (Execunt the SHERIFFS) minaret Imaum. (Pause. Exit the MAYOR, and embarks to meet the SULTAN. VICEROY left speaking. He finishes in pure Turkish to his attendants.) Bosh!

[Hurries after the MAYOR and everybody else to see the smoke, the mist, and what he can or can't of the Naval Review, having previously "intimated" to somebody "that a written reply would be forwarded." The Day ends in Smoke.]

The Least they Can do.

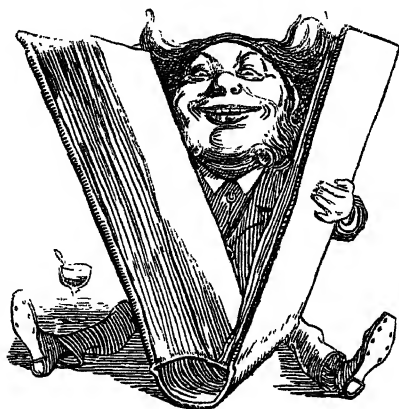
WE rejoice to hear that the Crystal Palace Company have received £500 from the VICEROY OF EGYPT, and £1000 from the SULTAN, as contributions to the rebuilding of the damaged portion of the Palace. As this will include restoration of the Egyptian and Byzantine Courts, we would suggest a change of titles for them, in consideration of these munificent gifts—to the Egyptian and Byzantine Hauls.

SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED.

GRUMBLERS complain that our Belgian visitors have never seen the QUEEN—Nonsense. Haven't they had a personal interview with HER MAJESTY at MADAME TUSSAUD'S?

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.—Who can doubt, after reading LORD ELCHO's admirable speech to the Volunteers at Wimbledon on the 18th, that he is a man of the best address?

LEADERS FOR A LOCAL PAPER.



ERILY there is something suggestive in the subjoined extract from the prospectus of a provincial paper:—

"Everybody nowadays reads the London news in the London daily papers, and the cheap press of the Metropolis provides for all, (and provides well) the current history of the time. A provincial Journal has another, perhaps a narrower, but still an exact sphere of duty. To tell the news of his own town should be, in our opinion, the first and last object of the country journalist—the fire of yesterday, the ball of last night, the accident which has crippled a neighbour, or the amusement which delights the town; to describe these things well, should be his pleasure and his pride."

The leading articles of such a journal should of course correspond to its news. The following are offered as specimens of what some of them might be:—

KILLING THE FATTED HOG.

Combining resentment and indignation with a sense of uneasiness, and while waxing fainter and fainter, expressing a spirit of dissent and resistance to the last, a succession of squeals issuing from the back premises of MR. BLUBB, on Monday last, announced the intelligence that our respected neighbour was killing a pig. Of course we do not mean to say that it was his own hand which performed the act of porcicide. For that purpose he had invoked the customary services of our friend SMITHERS. It is a great mistake to regard the event which took place in MR. BLUBB'S yard last Monday as an every-day occurrence. The case, in fact, is just the reverse. We do not kill a pig every day. The performance of that solemnity is a festive occasion, and warrants an extra glass of beer. We are enabled to state that the weight of MR. BLUBB'S pig was seventeen score, and not, as was estimated by incompetent judges, sixteen and a half. The smoke ascending from behind that gentleman's palings, attended by the crackle of blazing straw, intimated that the victim was intended for bacon, being "swealed" instead of scalded, as it would have been if it had been designed for pork.

It is unnecessary to say that plenty has, for the last three days, reigned at MR. BLUBB'S abode. We all know that the pig is esculent, the entire animal, from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail; and we need not expatiate on the excellence of pig's liver. It is sufficient to quote the *dictum* of WILLIAM COBBETT: "Now then this hog is altogether a good thing." We may state, in conclusion, that the whole of the pig has been utilised, inclusive even of the vital fluid. The chit-terlings were, of course, the perquisite of SMITHERS.

A CHANGE OF OFFICE.

OUR readers will be prepared for the information that THOMAS has quitted the service of the HARRINGTONS, and is succeeded by JAMES. The circumstances which led to THOMAS'S resignation are well known. Not only was he not strong enough for the place, but he objected to cleaning boots and shoes. His successor in office is more robust and less fastidious; whilst the superiority of JAMES'S calves to those of his predecessor will render him an ornamental addition to MRS. HARRINGTON'S new carriage. We are enabled to state that JAMES finds himself on the best of terms with his fellow-servants, and conjecture is already rife as to the probability of a future matrimonial alliance between him and MARY; but speculation of this kind must for the present be regarded as premature.

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK.

The secret of young MR. BINNISTER'S frequent visits to the farm over the water is now out. On Wednesday last, as will be seen in another part of our impression, was married at All Souls' Church, in this city, WILLIAM, only son of JOHN BINNISTER, Esq., wine merchant, to ELLEN, eldest daughter of the eminent agriculturist JOHN STUBBS, Esq., of Snawley. A marriage in which both mercantile and agricultural interests are so largely represented as they are in the present instance is to be looked upon as an urban, if not a national event. The relations of the parties on either side in this auspicious union cannot but exercise an important influence for good on the extensive business of which MR. BINNISTER junior is the active conductor. The bachelor uncle of the bride, MR. NUBBLEY, the coal merchant, is possessed of enormous wealth; and it is understood that the bridegroom will inherit an immense property at the death of his

maternal grandfather, old MR. PLUMKINS. We were honoured with a card of invitation to the nuptial ceremony, and, when the procession had left the hymeneal altar, had the pleasure of proposing, at the wedding breakfast, the health of the newly-married couple. Our talented fellow-townsmen, MR. LINGO, then, in a humorous speech, gave the toast of "The Ladies," and MR. O'ROURKE, who officiated as the bridegroom's "best man," distinguished himself by throwing an old shoe after the happy pair as they drove off to spend their honey moon at Kiddlums Hall.

THE LAND OF THE SNOB.

ILLUSTRIOUS Visitor, hail!

Right welcome to Albion's shore!

Wherever you go, through the streets or by rail,

Bystanders will holloa and roar.

Be prepared with your eyes and your ears,

For the stare and the shouts of the mob,

Their aloft flourished hats, and demonstrative cheers;

For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of the Snob:

Old England's the Land of the Snob.

The people of England are free,

And Heaven for equality thank:

But none have such wild adoration as we

For folks of superior rank.

On the toes of each other we tread,

With delight, at the heels of a "nob,"

And in herds we await and pursue a crowned head;

For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of the Snob:

Old England's the Land of the Snob.

To put on sweet Majesty's hat

Would joy to a Briton impart.

The cushion to press where it sat,

With lips, some could find in their heart.

There are those, could they do such a thing,

On a tempting occasion, as rob,

Who a tooth-brush would flitch from a king;

For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of the Snob:

Old England's the Land of the Snob.

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

DEAR PUNCH,

I DON'T read penny papers, nor do I make a study of politics. Old Maids may, but I am not an old Maid. As to what is going on in Parliament, I know no more from reading than Mop does, (Mop is asleep on my velvet mantle—how happy he looks, bless him! with his hair all over his eyes), yet when I travel, too often alone, from London to Brighton by odious rail, I can't help learning something from loud talking M.P.'s, whose conversation, instead of taking a light first-class tone, invariably falls into a heavy parliamentary train. (I said odious rail, didn't I? Yes! because there is a charming four-horse coach now, and I should so like to occupy the box-seat.) Where was I? Oh! I remember. Well, it seems that some sensible man in the Commons has been proposing to give a voice to Minorities—a still small voice of course—in legislative matters. Now that I call a very kind thing indeed; for dear *Punch*, by way of illustration, just look at my position. I am a ward in Chancery, and shall be till next April. CORNELIUS and I have been engaged for nearly two years. CORNELIUS is a Cornet, and will be eighteen next birthday. In law we are both infants, and during our minorities are looked upon as things of no more consequence than a crochet-needle or a ball of cotton. We must not dream of being united for an age (at least for eight months), unless the Chancellor will kindly give his consent, which as CORNELIUS is entirely dependent on his father, who allows him £300 a year to find him in cigars, is very, very doubtful. And although I am entitled to £30,000, and mean to give it all to CORNELIUS on our bridal day, I am not allowed, at present, to have a will of my own! How do you account for all this injustice? simply because there is no representation of Minorities—it stands to reason it can't proceed from anything else.

Now MR. MILL is a dear creature, and I am a person very unfortunately situated, and I therefore leave my case in his hands, feeling with aim that until every person, and especially young persons, are properly represented, we can never have that political paradise of which his admirers so fondly dream, and which I hope will soon be realised, although I differ from them on one point, and cannot allow that mind should take precedence of millinery in their approaching millennium.

Dashington Chase.

DIANA DERBY.

P.S. Is MR. MILL a military man? CORNELIUS fancies he must be, because it is reported he once had the command of a Review.



LETTER PERFECT.

Cockney Pupil. "YES, SIR, GOIN' DOWN TO THE GOV'NOUR'S COUNTRY-'OUSE—'AY-MAKIN' AN' THAT GOIN' ON—"

Tutor. "AH, WELL, SEE AND MAKE A FEW H'S AS WELL, MR. PANKRIDGE, WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT!"

PENNY WASTE-PAPER.

MR. PUNCH,

A LITTLE Girl, aged ten, came into possession of a box of water-colours, cost 6d. She then wanted some plain woodcuts to beautify by painting them with its contents. So she invested twopence in the purchase of two illustrated periodicals. The librarian, a woman, who sold her these prints, told her not to read them, as their letter-press was "trash, unfit for little girls." I have no fear that she did read a word of them, or understood them if she did. Such literature is not likely to attract or interest children of her years. But no doubt it has a special charm for nursemaids, and in many cases mainly constitutes their self-culture. The result is probably a considerable contribution to that social difficulty which tasks the reclamatory efforts of devoted clergymen and moralists who convene and preside at midnight meetings.

The brother of the little lady above referred to, two years her senior, has, I find, just finished reading a penny romance, called, *The Knight of the Road*. The Knight is DICK TURPIN, and another of the Knights is TOM KING. In the boy's estimation the highwaymen are as fine fellows as we once thought the Crusaders. To him these robbers are so many paladins and chevaliers, true knights as KING ARTHUR and the champions of the Round Table. He has the same admiration for RICHARD TURPIN that you and I used to entertain for RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION. TURPIN's ride to York is glorious in his eyes. I told him that the best of all TURPIN's rides was his ride to Tyburn.

CLAUDE DUVAL my young friend esteems as a second BAYARD. He believes that the highwayman's nature was specifically chivalrous, and, in particular, that he made a point of never telling a lie. This boy will grow up under circumstances pretty safe to divest his imagination of any idea which it may have contracted of the chivalry and veracity, or honour, of highwaymen or any other thieves. Not all young readers of *The Knight of the Road*, and the like tales of adventure, will be so fortunate. Not a few of them will perhaps endeavour to tread in the

footsteps of the felon whom they venerate as a hero. They will then walk in a path which may still lead to the gallows, and is very likely to lead to the whipping-post. The consciousness of the garotter under the lash is probably a state of simple sensation. He can think of nothing at all whilst his entire being is concentrated in the affection excited by the cat-o'-nine tails. But, after having been whipped, in the intervals occasionally allowed for reflection by penal servitude, many a convict, under sentence for robbery attended with violence, may have leisure to regret the perusal of such periodicals as those which dignify the career of a DICK TURPIN or a JACK SHEPPARD. Parents and guardians would do well to point out to youth, as jocosely as possible, the material and ignoble uses to which alone publications of that description are adapted. That is the only style of advice possible in these days for a

MENTOR.

SONG, "ANCIENT AND MODERN."

LUNA in her silver car
Through the darkness glides,
And tender Hesperus steals forth,
And lovers dream of brides.
And Echo answers, "Brides!
The moon is up, we look at her
And at the stars besides,
For 'tis by that we calculate
The table of the tides."

Apollo in his chariot
Takes 'mid the spheres his way;
His golden locks they touch the earth,
And charm the shades to play.
And Echo cries out, "Eh!
The sun pays neither toll nor taxes,
Nor ever kept a shay,
For Earth drives out on her own axis,
And sees him once a day."

Soul, the Roman or Athenian
Into marble threw,
Of what was burning or serene in
Things beautiful or true,
And Echo answers, "True,
Our art is on the mantelpiece
In bronze or ormolu,
But the great burning idea is—
The gas-tube going through."

O poet! O historian!
These laurels for thy brow!
Our tributes of green garlands
Are meant for such as thou!
And Echo answers, "Thou
Hast no use for green garlands,
Enough to keep a cow;
But L.L.D. and D.C.L.
Is what we give thee now."

The Organisation of Murder.

THERE are artisans at Sheffield who refuse to work with any man who does not belong to their Trades' Union, but have no objection to working with CROOKES, the murderer. All such workmen ought to be working in gangs.

A FANCY DISQUALIFICATION.

O LORD DENMAN, how could you record such a notice of motion as this?—

"To insert between clauses 9 and 10:—When any elector shall have been convicted of drunkenness three times in one year, he shall not be entitled to exercise the franchise until one year after the last conviction."

Your object, good my Lord, was doubtless excellent—the discouragement of drunkenness. Would you indeed discourage it by disfranchising any elector convicted of it thrice in one year? Surely your Lordship, on reflection, will see that by so doing you would simply transfer the practice of treating with intoxicating drinks. If your amendment were enacted, the natural consequence would be that electioneering agents, instead of, as now, employing fellows to supply their own voters with drink, would set them to work at trying to make as many as they could on the other side as drunk as possible. Moreover the constant tactics of opposite parties in every constituency would consist in respectively trying to intoxicate their political opponents, and get them disfranchised for drunkenness.



MERMAIDS' TOILETS IN '67.

Blanche. "I SAY, SOME OF YOU, CALL AFTER AUNT! SHE HAS TAKEN MY CHIGNON, AND LEFT ME HER HORRID BLACK ONE!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

SIR MORTON PETO, CRAMPTON AND BETTS in the Bankruptcy Court, and money at 2 per cent. discount in the Bank of England!

As SHAKESPEARE says, "This effect defective comes by cause." Two per cent. discount means stagnation of enterprise, cessation of labour, and paralysis of industry. PETO, CRAMPTON AND BETTS in the Bankruptcy Court means reckless financing, contractors' lines, gulled shareholders, £100 shares at £17, general distrust of railway enterprises, and general disgust with railway investments. We are a practical people. And we show it by accumulating the materials of a gigantic and general smash for every nine years, and having the smash in the tenth. We show it, by encouraging speculation which borders on swindling: by floating enterprises which ruin the first generation of their promoters; by blowing the bubbles of trade and industry till they burst, and bespatter everybody within range of their influence. We proclaim it in those huge and hideous posters, which celebrate the apotheosis of puffery and humbug on every hoarding. We build it up into the acres of flimsy lath and plaster which disfigure every suburb, at once a monument of the bankruptcy of bygone builders and a purgatory for the discomfort of future tenants. We prove it by the much talk and little work of our public Parliamentary labours; the waste, dishonesty, and friction of our Parliamentary Private Bill Legislation; the verbiage and uncertainty of our law; the inertia and incapacity of our local self-government; the *laissez faire* of our Boards of Guardians, District and Local Boards; the snobbery and stupidity of our Municipal Government; the rascality which goes unpunished in our retail trade, and expands into colossal proportions in our larger enterprise; our worship of successful humbug; our neglect and contempt of fine art; the pretension and discomfort of our private social intercourse, and the kotowing and bombast of our public hospitality.

In needs no M. ASSOLANT, from the other side of the Channel, to paint us *coulour de noir*. We have only to get our blacking ready, to look at our own faces as reflected in all signs of the times, and to go to work, with honest hands and open eyes.

We a practical people! Mr. Punch denies the assumption. We are not a practical people. We are about the most unpractical, wasteful,

thrifless, and helpless people on the face of the globe. With our energy of temperament, our worship of money and success, our hardihood of frame, and our readiness to dispense with enjoyment and stifle conscience for considerations of profit, we ought, if we had practical wit in anything like proportion to our will, to be what we boast to be, but are not, the first nation of the world.

Even in our favourite Mammon worship how contemptibly we figure as gauged by the two facts we have put in the front of this article. Money to be had at 2 per cent., and nobody daring to use it! One of our hugest contracting firms bankrupt with an item in the accounts which stands £6,000,000 among the creditors' claims, and £350,000 among the debtors' assets! This is being practical with a vengeance!

A KNOTTY POINT.

WHAT an endless discussion the Gordian knot might have provoked, but for that sharp blade which happily cut it short! GORDIAS evidently knew how to tie up his imperial property, and was well qualified to give lessons to another distinguished personage—Hymen of matrimonial celebrity—in his peculiar line. Some of his serene highness's most fashionable ties have lately, like BEAU BRUMMELL's, been sad failures.

A Correspondent, who signs himself "COLEBS," and who confesses that he feels somewhat nervous when he reflects upon the inglorious uncertainty of the law, suggests that every nuptial contract should, as collateral security, be accompanied by a note of hand. The plan he proposes is simplicity itself. "Let the ring finger," he says, "of consenting beauty be tastefully tattooed with a representation of Cupid's emblematic dart, certain qualified officers being specially empowered to affix the Government stamp, and piracy made punishable with transportation for life. Love and confidence will then take up their abode at the sign of the arrow, and no doubt there will soon be a great increase in the demand for beaux."

ECCLESIASTICAL.—The Council of Trent.—"Drink Bass's bitter."

OUR FRENCH ARTIST IN PARIS.—PART II.



OUR ARTIST, BEING VERY HUNGRY, GOES INTO A MEAT SHOP. "MOY VOULOIR UNE LIVRE DE VIANDE?"—"LA VOULEZ VOUS CRUE OU CUITE?"—"MOY PREFERRE CUITE?"



THE NEXT THING HE LOOKS FOR IS A MARCHAND DE VIN, WHERE WITH HIS CHOPINE OF WINE HE CAN EAT THE MEAT.—(We admire this as a capital dodge for living cheaply at Paris.)



"A VOTRE SANGTY, MOSIEU?"



CHEAP WAY OF SLEEPING IN PARRY.



THE NEXT MORNING.



PURSUE A 'BUS FOR THE EXPOSITIONG.



OUR FRIEND, NOT KNOWING THAT YOU HAVE TO GET TICKETS, AND SEEING EVERYBODY CRUSH BEHIND, SIMPLY CLIMBS IN FRONT. FAT FRENCHMAN HORROR-STROCK AT SEEING A THING THAT HAD NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE.—(We recommend this way as a capital dodge of getting a 'Bus without waiting long.)

A HART WHO IS A TRUMP.

TESTIMONIALS are nowadays as plentiful as turnip-tops. They are in the hands of every one, from Countesses to chimney-sweeps. People who do anything receive them by the dozen, and people who do nothing often get a testimonial from people who do less. Still, at times a testimonial is worthily presented, and such a one is that to recognise the services of MR. ERNEST HART. Nothing is more stupid than punning upon names, else it might be said this gentleman was very fitly christened, for his heart is ever earnest in doing some good work. Among other useful labours, he has recently done more than any man

alive to comfort the poor patients in our workhouse infirmaries, who till lately have been left to die uncared for and scarce nursed. In memory of his kindness a fund is being raised, not to give him a gilt coffee-pot or a pair of golden sugar-tongs, but to set on foot a prize to be annually given for the best report, or essay, upon subjects having reference to the care of our sick poor. A testimonial like this, while it commemorates his services, will doubtless be of real service to poor people, and will therefore be acceptable to MR. ERNEST HART. Readers will be pleased to accept this intimation, and MESSIEURS SMITH, PAYNE & Co., will likewise be pleased to accept as many cheques as may be drawn for the Hart Fund.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

VALIANTLY did the Great Peers of England, Pillows of the State, address themselves to a Reform debate on *Monday*, July 22nd.

LORD DERBY moved the Second Reading of the Bill, and was good enough to state, with a frankness, which, to say the least of it, was charming, the reason which had induced him to favour the nation with Reform. He said that it had happened to him twice to be called in to fill the painful position of a stop-gap, while the Liberals arranged their quarrels, and prepared to turn him out again. He had determined that this should not happen any more, and being in, he had resolved to produce a Bill which Parliament should pass. This is highly gratifying, and we compliment LORD DERBY on not having stooped to the pretence that the measure was intended for the good of the country, or that it was based upon any particular principle. Such allegations do very well for the Commons, but are beneath the Lords. *Mrs. Squeers* justly remarked to *Nicholas Nickleby* that she wasn't going to talk any gammon about the brimstone and treacle given to the boys before breakfast. That composition was wholesome and spoiled their appetites, so it was good for them and good for the schoolmaster. Her candour has been imitated by the EARL OF DERBY.

EARL GREY proposed an amendment, the effect of which was that the Commons had utterly wasted the Session, and had prepared a bad measure, which the Lords would read a Second Time in the hope of making it more decent. His Lordship bored the House with a tedious speech, and finally being unwell, abstained from boring further, though he had evidently intended it.

Various Lords having spoken, the EARL OF CARNARVON delivered an able speech against the democratic and dangerous character of the measure, which he regarded as a bloodless revolution.

EARL BEAUCHAMP thought that the last speaker had allowed himself too much licence. He believed in the Agricultural Artisan. Here is a new species of elector.

EARL GRANVILLE made a smart personal speech, chaffing LORD DERBY. He told a story about the Earl having defended his Bill, in private, not because it was good, but because it had Dished the Whigs. He hoped that LORD DERBY would allow the Bill to be amended, and have a new re-distribution.

The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH defended the action of the Conservatives, on the ground that the Liberals had clearly left them the *damnosa hereditas* of Reform. He declared that the Ministry fully understood the subject. The debate was adjourned to

Tuesday, when the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY made a long and effective speech, condemning the having conferred the franchise on what he called the Residuum, with which he was well acquainted. The lower orders were affectionate, and sensible of kindness, but they were ignorant and inflammable, and easily led by demagogues. It would take ten years to educate them up to the franchise, but in six months they would destroy any institution that came in their way.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL said that LORD DERBY would not be a stop-gap, so he had been a weather-cock. He believed in the people, and that this Bill would be beneficial.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND said that the other Duke blew hot and cold. He supported the Bill.

The MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE said that MR. GLADSTONE was the ablest man in the country, that we were not in the same position as after LORD PALMERSTON'S death, that men were more thoughtful, and several other remarkable things.

LORD HOUGHTON said that until the working classes were educated they would probably do some foolish things; but let education go on, and he had no fear of the introduction of this large mass of his countrymen.

LORD CAIRNS came to the help of the Government, and showed great debating skill in supporting a measure which we incline to think he would have demolished with equal ease and more pleasure.

LORD RUSSELL had not made a monopoly of Reform. He stated his views upon it. You were going to swamp the intelligent artisans. The redistribution was defective. LORD DERBY had thought only of success, and MR. DISRAELI

"Had steered through Nilus' sands to show his wit."

We ought to diminish the number of members for the small boroughs, and give more to the counties. OLIVER CROMWELL gave 300 to the counties and 144 to the towns. Then you would elect the right sort of men, country gentlemen with liberal tendencies. It might be mere old age that made him see danger in household suffrage, but at any rate we should find protection by adding to county representation.

LORD DERBY made a rattling answer, and paid some splendid compliments to MR. DISRAELI.

The GREY amendment collapsed, and the Lords read the Reform Bill a Second Time without a division.

In the Commons on *Monday*, we massacred the Innocents, none of them much pitied, the Scotch Reform Bill was read a Second Time by a surprise, and in the debate on the Parks Bill, MR. J. HARDY told MR. PETER TAYLOR that he was elected by the refuse of a constituency, a

remark which the SPEAKER objected to. The Bill was read by 181 votes to 64, and MR. BEALES (M.A.) is in a frenzy of wrath, which is a pity at his time of life and in this hot weather.

Tuesday, MR. GREGORY originated a *Tornado* debate, and LORD STANLEY thought there was much to be said on both sides. At night the House was counted.

Wednesday, MR. FAWCETT'S motion for throwing open the fellowships of Trinity College, Dublin, to Dissenters, came to a tie, 108 to 108, so the SPEAKER gave his casting vote against it. The Church Rate Abolition Bill was passed—by the Commons.

Thursday, Mr. Punch's smallest remarks should be carefully observed. He mentioned last week that the Oxford and Cambridge Tests Abolition Bill was passed, that is, sent up to the Lords. This meant that he should have to say, this week, that the Bill was rejected. Of course it was, by 74 to 46.

Something else that occurred is too funny to be told except from a report:—

"The MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH said he wished to call their Lordships' attention to a serious breach of privilege. MR. EDWARD HARPER informed him that he (MR. HARPER) was in the Strangers' Gallery during the discussion which took place in the House a few nights ago on the Bill to abolish the declaration against transubstantiation, and that he heard one of the reporters say in a loud tone to one of his colleagues as he entered the reporters' room, 'That damned old idiot WESTMEATH—(great laughter)—is speaking. I will take care not to give a word of what he says.' MR. HARPER also informed him that the following incident took place during the discussion. While some of the reporters were leaving the reporters' box and being replaced by other reporters, one of the former said to one of the latter, 'What a pity it is that there is no one to send this drivelling idiot WESTMEATH to a lunatic asylum.' (Great laughter.)"

"The EARL OF MALMESBURY said if the Noble Marquis thought that any person had violated the privileges, he could move that that person should be brought to the bar. But the Noble Marquis was quite out of order in laying before the House details which were below the dignity of the House. The Noble Marquis was complaining of what appeared to be jokes, the recital of which could only excite laughter."

LORD WESTMEATH could not see the fun, but was at last induced to sit down.

Friday. Just and rational complaint, by the Lords, that CANNING'S statue had been removed. It will, we infer, be replaced. Is everything to go down before these pestilential Railway Goths?

A debate on the affairs of two wild countries, Ireland and Abyssinia. In regard to the first, various Irish Members, with various ability, stated that the grievances of Erin were unredressed, and they were told by MR. DISRAELI that his Land Bill, which they had resisted, was one of the noblest remedies ever offered, and by LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON that they tried to prevent the redress of grievances in order to have matter for inflammatory speeches. Touching Abyssinia, and our captives, LORD STANLEY said that he was not disposed to leave those men to their fate, but that the war would be a serious matter, and if we began it, we must go through with it at any price. He was making marian investigations. Yes, we must have those poor prisoners, or the head of KING THEODORUS.

PIO NONO IN LUCK'S WAY.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH praises the police for their maintenance of good order in the presence at Paris of numerous sovereigns. Talk of the sovereigns at Paris! The POPE, at Rome, has upwards of 1,500,000 crowns. They have been taken to him by his bishops, and delivered to him down on the nail. Besides all that money, and more, gold, silver, and precious stones, are tumbling like shelled peas into the triple hat. The Holy Father is financially master of the situation, and making a good thing of it. What will he do with all his wealth? Heap coals of fire on the head of VICTOR-EMMANUEL by paying off the Italian national debt? Perhaps he will devote some of the money to putting down brigandage.

Good Advice.

MR. PUNCH knows that there have been divisions in the Reform League, but surely gratitude should have kept PROFESSOR BEESLEY from assailing MR. BEALES in the following epigram:—

"The slave who brought the noble GRACCHUS' head,
To gain more gold, replaced the brain with lead:
Should BEALES'S ever in such scales be thrown,
Finder, be wise! and leave the brains alone."

An Anecdote Completed.

THE National Portrait Exhibition contains a picture of DR. FREIND, and in the Catalogue we are told that he was "imprisoned in the Tower, and released by SIR ROBERT WALPOLE at the request of DR. MEAD, who refused to prescribe for SIR ROBERT till he had obtained an order for his friend's release." The Editor has omitted to add, that when FREIND heard what MEAD had done for him he said, "A friend in MEAD is a friend indeed."



July 1867!

QUADRILLE.

DM

ANOTHER REMARKABLE STUDY FROM NATURE.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

A FINE horse, a fine rider,—and first of the steed—
Caucasian Arab, they say, by his breed—
Limbs lithe, light, and lissome; with sinew to spare,
And though past mark of mouth, not a single white hair:
Yet his coat seems to change, as 'tis viewed in the light,
Now, a dull Oxford mixture, now dark, and now bright.
Till what its true colour, 'twas puzzle to say,
Till they found a new name for it—Vivian Grey—
His temper, you'd say, that a quieter horse
Never played in a paddock, or walked o'er a course,
But for all he's so quiet, a look in his eye,
Warns 'gainst trusting one's ribs his fine fetlocks too nigh.
And if ever a horse had a will of his own,
One is fixed in that flesh, and was bred in that bone:
Ere you cross this dark horse, let him look ne'er so nice,
See you've muscles like whip-cord, a hand like a vice,
Or the horse you'll soon find with the bit in his teeth,
And the rider, where riders should *not* be, beneath.
And he who backs *this* horse, for field, course, or park,
Ten to one, finds he's taken—a LEAP IN THE DARK!
And what of his rider, the lady in blue?
There are fears and forebodings, BRITANNIA, for you!
Though in front of the field 'twas your glory to show,
Time was when your steed by *your* will had to go:
When though riding your fastest, you still, as you led,
Kept a hand on your horse, and a watch well ahead;
Never rushed at your fences, your mark overshot,
Nor galloped o'er ground where 'twas wiser to trot:
When, if strange to a country, you stuck to a guide
Who knew it,—nor scorned by direction to ride:
When if a big jump, or a blind, crossed your course,
You noted the ground ere you lifted your horse;
If the lie of the land hinted danger beyond—
Old quarry, or chalk-pit, sunk road-way, or pond—
When your horse would have taken the fence in his stride,
You pulled him together, and turned him aside,

And the chance of a fall and a fracture to baulk,
To the *terra incognita* went at a walk—
Too brave to heed sneerers' or scoffers' remark,
And too wise to hazard a LEAP IN THE DARK.

Those fashions you've changed, and those rules you've thrown by;
With no hand on your reins, across country you fly;
Curb and snaffle hang loose, and your horse has his head,
And as once you steered *him*, now he steers *you*, instead;
Takes a line of his own, you reck nought where or how;
Let him trot over pasture, and gallop o'er plough?
Let him shy the old ways, well-known gaps, ancient rides,
Leave your skirt on the thorns, smash your knees, bruise your sides,
In his rush betwixt gateposts too straight to pass through,
At stone walls he can't leap, gates you cannot undo;
Till at last, when your head you have lost in the run,
When your eyesight is failing, your strength fairly done,
When your line shaped at random, the guide-posts unread,
You know not an inch of the country ahead.
He goes by BRIGHT and GLADSTONE, HUGHES, FAWCETT, and
MILL,

At a thundering gallop, tearing with you down-hill,
In his stride takes the fence that, big, bushy, and black,
Throws up its thick sprays, and sharp thorns in your track,
And over it skims, like a lad in a lark,
And—who knows what will come of this LEAP IN THE DARK?

THE CARCASE AND THE VULTURES.

THE Tichborne Baronetcy and Estates are in Chancery. . The *Post* announces that "bills have been now filed in the causes of TICHBORNE *v.* TICHBORNE and TICHBORNE *v.* MOSTYN," remarks that "in this *cause célèbre* we shall have another sensational trial," and adds that:—

"A formidable array of Counsel are engaged on both sides. The ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR-GENERAL are retained by the plaintiff's solicitor, MR. HOLMES; and in all probability SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, with other eminent counsel, will appear for the defendants."

Oh, the poor Tichborne estates!



A LEAP IN THE DARK.

THE SONG OF A TAILOR—NOT ON STRIKE.

My life is dull, my lot is low,
A tailor—sitting on a board—
I urge a hot goose to and fro
O'er seams of fustian, seams of cord.

I had a dream in early days,
Ere cramped about the heart and knees,—
The youthful longing for the bays
That heroes bring across the seas.

But poverty—in scornful mood—
Upraised a haggard face and said,
"Go! Take this needle, work for food,
Thy fate is spun of wincey thread."

When now I wish for great renown,
A "ragged regiment" me assails;
The ghosts of future jackets frown
From out paternal swallow-tails.

Sleep brings me dreams of cannon balls.
And hostile garments rolled in blood :
With morn I wake to troops of smalls—
Stained by a peaceful country's mud.

Sometimes a thought across me comes,
In busy labours of the night,—
That I do hear the roll of drums—
Loud clariions clam'rous for the fight.

Then my swift lance despises rest,
Fierce through the ragged breach I whirl,
This hand hath made a crimson vest,
And pinked the doublet of an Earl.

O'er lifeless limbs I hotly press,
O'er soulless bodies—cut and torn,—
I see the ranked battalion's "dress,"
Gods! It will be an awful morn,

A page ascends the death-heaped stair,—
"Ho! Doth thy Mistress tidings send?
What! Tokens from my lady-fair?"
"No! MR. THOMPSON'S coat to mend."

"Oh! heedless, heedless 'prentice boy,
The errand you too-quickly ran.
One hour—I feel the warrior's joy,
The next—a fraction of a man!

Yet, wherefore should I thus regret
A blood-stained wreath—a shroudless grave;
Men's hearts are not so narrow yet,
But they may think a tailor brave.

I have a friend who loves me well,
There is a maiden holds me dear;
Away regret! Renown farewell!
I have a worthier consort here.

A SOLEMN DECLARATION.

(To the MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH.)*



ATTENTION to the following
manifesto is requested by
Mr. Punch :—

1st. *Punch* and Protes-
tantism both begin with P.
Mr. Punch scouts the Jesuiti-
cal suggestion that *Punch*
and Pope also begin with P.
Such an idea could only have
found a place in the Head of
the Jesuits.

2nd. *Mr. Punch's* fine body
of young men consists of one
Jew, (a very wandering Jew)
one Turk (need he say the
illustrious contributor signing
himself ABDOL A., lately on
our shores), two Infidels, a
stout Heretic, a Schismatic
author, an amiable Agapae-
monist, a convivial Sceptic,
an argumentative Uncertain-
tist, a converted Jumper
[artist], and one [he is willing

to admit] intelligent Papist, (retained only out of motives of the
purest charity) whose articles, however, are invariably examined
by a committee of learned Protestant Divines, and must be signed
by DR. McNEIL and the Bishops of London and Manchester,
before being submitted to *Mr. Punch's* spectacles. Moreover, he is not
allowed to ask twice for pudding at dinner, and two trusty contributors
sit on either side of him during that meal with loaded pistols. He is
also invariably removed from the premises in custody, and when his
presence is required, is conveyed to *Mr. P.'s* office in a dark-coloured
van under the superintendence of the manager of the London dining-
rooms.

3rd. *Mr. Punch* has several times refused a Cardinal's hat.

4th. *Mr. Punch* has politely declined all DR. MANNING's jokes, but
has not returned his postage stamps, lest by doing so he should be
innocently aiding and abetting the collection of Peter's pence.

5th. That the Essence of Parliament is not written by a Jesuit in
disguise. Since his Lordship's speech this young man has been com-
pelled to drink the immortal memory of KING WILLIAM and several
other Protestant toasts, without mental reservation. The consequence
is that he has been unfit for business for some days past.

6th. That that's all *Mr. Punch* has to say on the subject, and returns
the Marquis his sincere thanks for having afforded him this opportunity
of coming forward to vindicate his own character and that of his young
men whom his Lordship will henceforth not confound with the
Jesuitical Reporters in the Gallery.

* See last week's Essence of Parliament.

Between the Dances.

SAID EDWIN to ANGELINA, as they sat in the conservatory, "Dearest,
why is England unlike this sweet retreat? Nay, then, do not pout.
The reason is, in England there are many shires, and here there are
but fu-chsias." (*Yowls.*)

SAILORS FROM THE STREETS.

PEOPLE who were present at the Naval Review (and, spite of the
bad weather, *Punch* pities all who were not) must, if they went on
board any vessel of the fleet, have thought a life afloat a very tolerable
existence. There is plenty of hard work at times, but there is plenty
of hard cash for it: the men are all well clothed and fed, and have a
cheerful air about them, even when it blows a gale, as it did on the
review day. You rarely see ashore such cleanliness and neatness as
are manifest on board ship. Self-respect is taught in all our naval
schools, and the men are all the happier for the discipline they bow to.

When *Punch* returned from the review, he could not help contrasting
the life of our Jack Tars, whom he left singing over their grog, with
the life of our street vagabonds, who slink about the slums, and have
little cause for cheerfulness. *Punch* thought how much he would enjoy
to see a Transformation Scene, where some kind fairy would appear,
and change our half-starved, ragged street boys into well-fed, well-clad
sailors, such as those he had left singing. With this reflection in his
mind, *Punch* bethought himself that a committee of kind people has
been formed, who are trying by degrees to do the work of a good fairy,
and save our homeless urchins from starving in the streets. With this
view they have obtained the use of HER MAJESTY'S ship *Chichester*, and
have moored her at Greenhithe, with two hundred hammocks ready for
two hundred homeless boys. Here for fifteen pounds a year a wander-
ing lad of London may be rescued from the streets, and turned into a
sailor boy as fit to be reviewed as any in the fleet. Splendid swells,
who are afraid of getting their white waistcoats splashed by muddy
little rascals turning head over heels, should subscribe to the committee
for abating such street nuisances. Nervous people, also, who are
fearful of street robbers, should prevent street boys from growing into
ruffianly garotters, by subscribing for their training to be sailors for the
fleet. Moreover, anybody else who has three five-pound notes to spare,
could hardly spend them better than by sending a poor lad to the
training ship at Greenhithe, and so helping him to gain an honest liveli-
hood afloat. Pay your money, Gentlemen, at No. 8, Great Queen
Street, and for every boy you rescue receive All London's thanks.

CHIVALRY OR CHISELRY?

THE *Saturday Review*, in an article on "The Two Ministerial
Leaders," pays a delicate compliment to the CHANCELLOR OF THE
EXCHEQUER :—

"Probably there is no better preparation for a hearty and effective co-operation
with MR. DISRAELI than a long life spent, even though it has been as honourably
spent as LORD DERBY'S, upon the Turf."

This is presently followed by the remark that—

"It will be curious to watch whether, after the events of the last two years
LORD DERBY will retain his reputation for chivalry."

No doubt LORD DERBY will retain the reputation which he has
earned for a kind of chivalry; for chivalry in a certain etymological
sense, rather than in the usual meaning of the word: the chivalry
that comes of connection with horses, and cannot but come of a long
life spent, although it has been spent honourably, on the Turf. For
the honour of the Turf is consistent with jockeyship, or such manage-
ment as that whereby the two Ministerial leaders have contrived to
lead the Conservative party—shall we say, by the nose? There is no
fear that the noble PREMIER will lose any of the reputation which he
now enjoys for the chivalry which may be described as horsey honour.
It is not, indeed, the chivalry of the *chevalier d'industrie*, but perhaps
we may venture to say it is that of the *chevalier du gazon*.



AT THE ZOO.

Slender Party. "I'VE OFTEN WONDERED HOW THE HIPPOPOTAMUS COULD WALK!"

Stout Party. "HOW THOSE GIRAFFES CAN MAINTAIN THEIR PERPENDICULAR I COULD NEVER MAKE OUT!"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING AT THE NEW ADELPHI,
AND IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH, animated, no doubt, by the example of the excellent MARQUIS TOWNSHEND (would he could imitate his acts of mercy instead of his merciless acting!), has created a great sensation by his performance of *Dogberry*, in a selection from *Much Ado About Nothing*, given last Thursday night in the House of Lords. One fault of the Marquis's performance is, that he plays—as even noble amateurs are sometimes apt to do—too much to the gallery. But at least he claims his privilege, as a Lord, of being judged by his peers, and gives his version of *Dogberry* to the Reporters' Gallery of the Upper House in Westminster, instead of the Shilling Gallery of Mr. SEFTON PARRY's theatre in High Holborn. Nothing could exceed the effect of the Marquis's delivery of the passage, "Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? Oh, that he were here to write me down an ass! But masters, remember that I am an ass. Though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass!"

Much Ado about Nothing is being acted at the New Adelphi just now. MISS KATE TERRY's *Beatrice* is a thing to rejoice in. MR. NEVILLE's *Benedick* is full of spirit, and MR. CLARK's *Dogberry* is as good, almost, as the inimitable KEELEY's used to be. But when we have thrown into the scale even MISS KATE TERRY's exquisite *Beatrice*, MR. NEVILLE's spirited *Benedick*, and MR. CLARK's stolid and venerable *Dogberry*, the selection from *Much Ado about Nothing* in the House of Lords, thanks to the MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH's inimitable personation of the foolish constable, makes the new Adelphi representation of the entire play kick the beam. There is a great deal more "ado" and infinitely more "nothing" in the MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH's performance before the Peers.

TO CONSERVATIVES WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Will Household Suffrage let into the constituencies the class of persons whom MR. BRIGHT calls "ratcatchers?" If so, let the Rats look out.

BEALES PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

ON Tuesday last week the illustrious BEALES (M.A.) emerged from temporary obscurity to preside, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, at a "soirée" of the friends and members of the Reform Club held at Radley's Hotel, Bridge Street, "for the purpose of celebrating the Reform demonstration in Hyde Park, on the 23rd of last July"—the anniversary of the overthrow of the Hyde Park railings. In view of the enactment of a Reform Bill based on household suffrage, most people may have fancied that BEALES's occupation was gone. But, if so, they have deceived themselves. The Preservation of the Parks Bill has passed its second reading. If enacted it will put an end to political meetings in Hyde Park. Its mere second reading, BEALES (M.A.) declared, "had perhaps sown the seeds of frightful social discord." Which, of course, MR. BEALES will do his best to allay, as, for instance, by eloquence of this sort:—

"They would not allow their great constitutional rights to be put under the feet of any Government—(cheers)—they would not permit them to be sacrificed to the whims of Rotten Row. If a war of classes should come—and they had been most anxious to avoid it—let it come. (Cheers.)"

But how can any war of classes come when all classes are represented, and the working and poorer classes preponderate in the Legislature? Perhaps BEALES will deny that the Reform Bill will extend the representation to all classes. Peradventure he will say that it will exclude the dangerous classes. Possibly it may. And then the dangerous classes may make war on society. In that case where will MR. BEALES be? Of course not at their head. But still, if BEALES has any political ambition, and the Reform Bill do exclude the dangerous classes from the power of choosing a representative, it certainly will be a bad job for BEALES.

TRANSLATED, NOT TRADUCED.

SPEAKING of cunning JONES, who gives cheap wine, educated BROWN said, "He is rather fond of his *supercherie*." "More than I am of his supper-sherry," said facetious ROBINSON.



PARIS ?

"NOT IF I KNOW IT! GIVE ME A QUIET MONTH AT THE SEA-SIDE, AND LEAVE ME ALONE, PLEASE!"

VOTE BY PEN.

NOTICE of the following amendment in the Representation of the People Bill was given by LORD LYTTLTON:—

"And be it enacted that from and after the expiration of six months after the passing of this Act no one shall be entitled to vote at the election of any Member of Parliament who cannot write a legible hand."

There is, perhaps, too much reason to fear that, in proposing to move the foregoing provision, the haughty aristocrat was only making fun of the people. Who is to decide on what constitutes a legible hand? Compositors and editors contrive to read handwriting which nobody else on earth except an expert could ever decipher. Nevertheless something might be made out of LORD LYTTLTON's suggestion. There is at least one borough, not yet to be disfranchised, wherein a practice very prevalent at contested elections is that of distributing something called "sugar." Besides the sugar there is also a large distribution of spirits and beer, whereof many of the recipients are accustomed to come up to the poll with the name of the candidate whom they have taken sugar to vote for, printed on a card, lest they should forget it. They generally do succeed in the attempt to read it, notwithstanding the hazy duplicated appearance that it presents to their eyes. But very few of them probably would, if called upon, be able to write it down. Now, if every elector at the polling-booth were obliged not only to speak the name of the man of his choice, but also to enter it in a book, in writing that somebody could read, the votes of the sugared electors would be for the most part excluded, to the rejection of the sugar-candidate.

PUBLICITY AND PEWS.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—In these days a man is hooted at if he dare speak a word in defence of the pew system. Nevertheless, I must say I very much prefer it. When you are one of a party of friends, don't you like to have a place to yourself? And when you are alone, would you not wish to sit unobserved, and give your mind to what you are about? I like the good old system of separate seats, partitioned off. I hate

the publicity of a modern restaurant. I love to be snug. Give me the comfortable and truly English arrangement of distinct sittings still maintained at, for example, the Cock, in Fleet Street. Of course, in advocating the pew-system, I am not speaking of ecclesiastical accommodation, but of that which I hold to be most suitable for a public-house. Accordingly, permit me to assume the name of yours truly,

WALTER DE MAPES.

THE NEW DUTY.

ON the occasion of the Requiem Mass lately celebrated in the chapel of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Great Ormond Street, for the repose of the soul of the EMPEROR OF MEXICO, the titular BISHOP of KERRY preached a sermon, in the course of which, says the *Times*, "the Bishop inveighed earnestly against the modern doctrine of non-intervention, which, he maintained, was not only condemned by CHRIST's vicar, but violated the moral duties of nations." To be sure, poor MAXIMILIAN fell a martyr to intervention, and so far the invective against non-intervention was very appropriate. But intervention, in the Bishop's sense of the word, implies the employment of military force, in other words, taking the sword. He says that the doctrine of non-intervention is condemned by the vicar of a certain Superior. Therefore, then, the said vicar condemns the doctrine of not taking the sword. There was once, however, a very memorable conjuncture in which intervention and not non-intervention, taking the sword and not declining to take the sword was positively forbidden by the Superior of that so-called vicar, forbidden to the first of the alleged vicar's predecessors, and forbidden when attempted on the Superior's own behalf. We are now, it seems, instructed no longer to fear that they who take the sword shall perish with the sword, but, on the contrary, to be afraid of the condemnation which we may incur by not taking the sword. And this we are taught by a Bishop who may be described as a vicar of the vicar of the Superior above-named. The Pope had already promulgated a new dogma. Now he appears to have declared a new doctrine. He is in a fair way to invent what, in the diction of the advertising dentist, may be called, an entirely new description of Christianity.

EPICURUS AFLOAT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

You are of a nobly sporting turn, but permit me to say that you were a trifle too sportive of your capital when you betted me that I would not go to the Naval Review. For I went.

I own that the chances were in your favour. I had a lively recollection of the discomforts of my last expedition to Spithead, and as you remarked with some acerbity (probably unintended, certainly forgiven), I am a good many years older than I then was, and am less tolerant of the small miseries. But I went.

Not upon this occasion, dear Sir, did I conduct my journey in your true British fashion, taking the last train, and trusting to chance for bed and board. No, Sir. I went to Portsmouth by an early train on the Tuesday, I paid two affable Portsmouth boatmen the sum of half-a-sovereign to place me alongside H.M.S. the *Royal Turret*, and thanks to the hospitalities of its gallant commander, I was swinging like a gentle chrylid in a white cot, listening to the plash of the sea-waves, at an hour when angry men and angrier women, just released from the railway-station, where they had arrived an hour after time, were raging and storming over wet and filthy Portsmouth, vainly demanding the food and shelter which they should have had the sense to secure. It was pleasant to reflect upon the peaceful reward of my own prudence, it was improving to think of the penalty which was being then paid by folly. Sir, I know few things more agreeable than swinging gently in a cot, and deducing bland morals from the errors of my fellow-creatures.

To those avocations, and to the popped sleep which ensued, I could gladly, I will avow, have devoted somewhat longer than the arrangements of Her Majesty's Navy permitted. But the cabin of my valued friend the Captain was at the other end of the apartment in which I hung, and at the hour of four I was aroused by hearing him in conference with a subordinate. A signal had been made. I was equal to the occasion, and advised him to imitate LORD NELSON, and decline to see that signal, at least until after breakfast. But he, having combated the seas, and also the enemies of England all over the world for many years, naturally knew the ways of the Navy better than I did, and got up to attend to the Admiral's injunction. "We are to change our berth," he said. With the utmost readiness I replied, "Then I will change mine." Did you ever try to get out of a swinging bed, dear Sir? Ah! Then I hope you did not hurt yourself much when it slipped away from behind you, and you came abruptly to a seat on the floor. But in describing a great day, when the Royal Navy of England had gathered for the glory of the QUEEN and the SULTAN, I will not dwell at undue length upon a personal incident. Still, I could wish cabins to be more thickly carpeted.

A delightful sea-bath, an admirable breakfast (I make my compliments to the artificer of that stewed lamb with the rich black sauce), an excellent cigar on deck, the sparkling ocean, the smiling Wight, and the frowning ships conspired to restore me to composure and comfort. I had then an opportunity of examining our Navy, represented by about fifty vessels and a thousand cannons. It appeared to me to be in very good repair, and all that could be desired. Having satisfied myself on this point, I descended into the aft turret, as the wind blew somewhat too freely to allow my cigar to burn well.

Here I must explain a little. I was on board the most tremendous of the Turret Ships, and the one which was under the command of the Inventor. The Admiralty, that is Mr. CORRY, had very properly put her into Commission for the Review (I suppose you know what Commission means), and had given the Captain a picked crew from the *Supereccellent*. And everybody intended to do everything he knew. I have no intention of taking the liberty of sketching either my friend the Captain, or my acquaintances the officers, or my admiration, the gunners and sailors. A house is a castle, and this was a floating castle, and I was a guest, and a very well treated one, though I repeat that the Navy gets up too early. But of my Captain, to whom I am proud to say I paid the utmost obedience, especially when he commanded me to help myself and pass the bottle, I would say one thing. When, in the Crimean War, we wanted to take Taganrog, we could not take Taganrog, because System had neglected to provide us with the means of bringing big guns close enough. Whereupon a Captain suddenly saw his way to the end. He, in a single night, so directed the labours of certain sailors, that in the morning there was a huge gun riding in an extempore vessel which JACK himself christened *Lady Nancy*. You, dear Sir, immortalised her in some beautiful verses of unsurpassed elegance and grace, published on July 14th, 1855. I insert one of them, and I have a very good reason for being able to remember them:—

"We know'd what we wanted, materials was granted,
We knocked her together as quick as we could,
The Strong Belly towed her—we sailed and we rowed her,
And there's werry fine ashes where Taganrog stood."

The song, Sir, became widely popular in the fleet, and I believe mainly conduced to the glorious conclusion of the War. The Captain, Sir, who called the *Lady Nancy* into being, is the inventor of the

Turret Ships, and he was my Captain on the auspicious day I am recording. One of his names is that of the bard of Olney, the other indicates, with a varied spelling, things without which his steam-engine could not work.

Sir, I got into one of the turrets. In that *demi-jour* I obtained a sensation. Did you ever read *Salammbo*? I hope not, for it is very dull. But there are some powerful bits. One of these is where the beautiful lady is sent by the priests into a gloomy vault that she may offer herself to a vast and hideous serpent. I am not a beautiful lady, but when I found myself alone in that turret, I had a sort of *Salammbo* sensation. A huge brown Monster, high in air, stretched across the place, and looked out at the only window—a round hole—and over the stern of this beast was coiled what might have been a white serpent of the largest size, only it wasn't, but a great rope. The Monster, shut up in this iron cylinder, was a tremendous gun. Completely protected, and laid and worked by gunners who are safe and invisible, this fearful engine, fed with five-and-thirty pounds of powder, and a ball about the size of your own respected head (a noble one), is wheeled round with the turret as a young lady wheels her music-stool, and when the greatest amount of murderous mischief can be done, a string is pulled, and bad luck to anything that happens to be within three miles of that flash. But that is not enough. Rifle the Monster's inside, and he will spit ten thousand yards. There go 1760 to a mile, as you may have heard. Then, Sir, we are so low in the water that we can hardly be called a mark, and if we are hit we don't care, being in armour proof; we send our bulwarks over our side, like flaps, to make ourselves look narrower, and thus, a Mammoth Armadillo, we slaughter. That *Royal Turret* could have engaged the whole wooden fleet that day, and at the end of it there would have been no fleet except the *Royal Turret*. I tell you, my dear Sir, I have never seen such an infernal power. What a good thing that the late Admiralty did not succeed in its desperate efforts to prevent our getting such a weapon.

With these details, Sir, I conclude the last instructive line of this despatch, though I allow that in my apparently lightest mood it is difficult for me to say something that is not instructive. I have no intention of describing the Review, but I like the principle of it. Instead of the forces parading before the QUEEN, the QUEEN went up and down, and looked at the forces; certainly a simple process, and one involving only a fiftieth part of the trouble the sea-procession would have given. Four times the fleet saluted, and powder is about five-pence a pound. For about twenty minutes we all fired away like mad. It was called engaging the enemy, and the roaring was heard in Herefordshire, and very likely in the Hebrides. We roared horribly, and our iron-clad mass was convulsed for a second, and shuddered, as the fire was given. Then came the signal for ceasing fire, which I took the liberty of construing a little amply, by beginning Seltzer water.

I do not know that I need dwell upon the admirable lunch, and capital dinner which ornamented the day. I have heard "son of a sea-cook" used as a phrase of reproach. I only wish that sea-cooks would send their sons, if educated to the profession of their sires, to several London Clubs. I can conceive no greater happiness than that of the Captain of a turret-ship, after an engagement. He has sent a dozen enemy's vessels to the bottom, and he sits down to better soup than you can get in Pall Mall. But enough on this head. I care very little what I eat or drink, but justice is justice.

I had a hot dinner, and it agreed with me. So had, I suppose, the Admiral, but it did not agree with him, for at nine o'clock he threw up a rocket. After that I trust he was better. The fleet instantly lit up, and discharged fireworks. The cannonading had brought on the rain, but you will be glad to know that I did not get wet, thanks to my being involved in a huge boat-cloak, and that the sight (of the fireworks) was very imposing. I particularly mention the *Liffey*, which poured a continuous cascade of fire from her bows, and may be doing it now for what I know, for she went on at it long after I went below.

Sir, the day and the night were a success, and as for the second time I was pendulous in that cot, I pleasantly remarked that England had expected every man to do his duty, and that every man had fulfilled his country's great expectations.

Again noting that the Navy gets up too early, regretting that it is always washing-day afloat, and requesting you to be ready with the money I have so nobly won,

I have the honour, &c., &c., &c.,

The New Promontory,
Ornamental Water, Regent's Park.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

On Mr. G. A. Simcox's Tragedy.

A. PROMETHEUS is unbound!

B. The deuce!

Readers, your course is plain,
Pray ye to SIMCOX and to ZEUS,
To tie him up again.

DRINK FOR LAWYERS.—The Wool-sack.



WELL MEANT.

Shoeblack (to daily customer). "SUCH A TREAT WE'VE GOT TO-NIGHT, SIR! TEA AN' BUNS, AN' SPERCHES AT EXETER 'ALL! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GO, SIR?"

City Magnate. "OH, THEY WOULDN'T LET ME IN, MY BOY."

Shoeblack. "UM! (Ponders.) WELL—LOOK 'ERE. I THINK I COULD SMUG YER IN AS MY FATHER!"

TOLERATION TRIUMPHANT.

THE Select Committee appointed to report on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act will, of course, recommend its repeal. To that step no objection can possibly be made by a Legislature well aware that it can in no way affect the material progress and prosperity of this great country. Some Protestant bigot, perhaps, will propose a clause which, whilst leaving the papal clergy free to call themselves what they please, shall declare that the only bishops known to the law are those of the Established Church. It is not difficult to foresee that this proposal will be rejected without regard to any insignificant complications which may arise out of the recognition of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics under the general denomination of bishops and clergy. Another bigoted Protestant will very likely suggest the insidious precaution of distinguishing the POPE's prelates by describing them as the Roman Catholic bishops of their several sees. DR. MANNING is not prepared to accept that compromise; he cannot be expected to do any such thing. Are not he and his subordinates the only true bishops in England—in their own estimation. He will naturally suggest that the Anglican bishops ought to be obliged to distinguish themselves by the qualification of Protestant—or Heretical if they like that better, and want to be precise.

As a measure of toleration the mere repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act will, however, be ridiculously incomplete. In the first place equal justice will require that it should be accompanied by a proviso for enabling DR. MANNING and his episcopal brethren to sit in the House of Lords. In the next place, unless persecuting statutes are to be maintained, the Act of Settlement will have to be repealed, so that an ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER may be free to officiate hereafter at Coronations. There can be little fear that a Conservative Government will not very soon abolish all the exclusive privileges of the Church of England.

THE WHITEBAIT DINNER.

(*A Cantata.*)

Solo.

O YE great and little fishes,
Handed round in silver dishes,
Everything that could be wished!
Like the Whigs you all are dished.

Chorus.

Oh, oh, oh!
JOE, JOE, JOE!
No, no, no,
BEN, BEN, BEN.
It may pass.
Fill the glass.

Happy colleagues, merry men!

Solo.

Do they say that we are hollow?
Then we've room the more to swallow.
Appetite, how keen thine edge is!
Whitebait I prefer to pledges.
Unsubstantial are the latter,
They won't make you any fatter,
So that, platter after platter,
You can take them.
If you break them,
Very well—it doesn't matter.

Chorus.

O, what numbers we are eating,
Of these small fry at this meeting!

Solo.

Yes, but 'tis my own impression,
That we ate more words this Session.

Chorus.

Bravo, that's a frank confession!
Dinner is the time for candour!
Here's a health to our Commander!
Now, the shop and business sinking,
We'll set in for serious drinking.

IN THE SAME LINE.—"Masks and Faces. Close of the Season." Substitute "Session" for "Season," and this announcement will serve for another performance, not in Piccadilly, but at Westminster.

THE INNS OF COURT POCKET BOROUGH.

MR. PUNCH.—There is a proverb which says that you must sometimes hold a candle to me. Do so now, that the British Public may read the expression of my thanks to EARL GREY for the following amendment which he proposed to move in Committee on the Representation of the People Bill in the House of Lords:—

"The Inns of Court, consisting of the Societies of Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Gray's Inn, and Serjeants' Inn, shall together return two Members to Parliament; every serjeant-at-law and barrister-at-law belonging to the said Societies respectively, and duly entered upon the books thereof for the time being, shall be entitled to vote for such Members."

EARL GREY is a gentleman, and knows what is due from one gentleman to another. That I am a gentleman nobody who reads his *Shakespeare* will deny. And I am an ancient gentleman—the popular synonym of my plain name describes me as the old one. I am called the ancient gentleman in particular, just as certain other gentlemen are definitively styled The Chisholm, The O'Connor Don, The Knight of Kerry, The O'Donoghue. My connection with the Inns of Court dates from time immemorial. All the world knows that the famous Inns of Court Volunteers, the crack volunteer corps, are my own regiment. It has long been notorious that the Inns of Court constitute my peculiar province, and I cannot but feel all the gratitude that my nature is capable of to the statesman who has exerted his influence to convert them into a Parliamentary constituency. Hitherto I have only been indirectly represented in the House of Commons, although truth, if I regarded that, would compel me to admit, in effect, and on the whole, represented tolerably well. When the Inns of Court return two Members to Parliament, the position of a Peer who owns a pocket borough will be precisely that occupied by

MODO AND MAHU.

P.S. Your respect for an old foe will induce you to insert this communication, for which I prefer your black-and-white to the table of a spirit-rapping medium. You don't make mistakes.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT COVENT GARDEN. PERFORMANCE OF GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA,
ROMEO E GIULIETTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IN THE STALLS.

SOMEBODY (a Non-Subscriber, who wants to listen carefully to the Opera).

PEOPLE ON SOMEBODY'S RIGHT.

ELDERLY MUSICAL SUBSCRIBER (who has heard the Opera three times before, and is also well acquainted with the music).

MIDDLE-AGED MUSICAL SUBSCRIBER (his Friend, who has heard the Opera in Paris).

PEOPLE ON SOMEBODY'S LEFT.

CASUAL VISITOR TO THE OPERA (professing a knowledge of the artists engaged).

VERY OCCASIONAL VISITOR (who "used to go a great deal at one time, but doesn't know any one here now").

PEOPLE IN FRONT OF SOMEBODY.

IMPULSIVE LADY (with a confused acquaintance with Art generally and an eye to colour).

VAGUE GENTLEMAN (evidently considered as an authority on Shakespearian questions).

YOUNG LADY (more attracted by the House than the Opera).

PEOPLE BEHIND SOMEBODY.

A SELF-CONSCIOUS YOUNG GENTLEMAN (of Ritualistic tendencies).

HIS FRIEND (a Kindred Spirit).

Also,

MILLES, NAU, ANESE, PATTI, SIGNORS MARIO, MARINO, NERI-BARALDI, &c. &c.
Ladies, Nobles, Pages, Monks, Retainers of both Houses, (specially Covent Garden) and Mr. COSTA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in CAPULET'S house. Probably a fancy dress ball, as no one has anything more than a near approach to the costume of the period. These fancy dresses the Veronese, being apparently of an economical turn of mind, wear throughout the piece.

Italian Chorus, poetically and spiritedly translated by the talented English librettist, thus:—

"Swift hours of pleasure,
Pass to gay measure,
Danced in the maze of the glimmering feet;
While at the closses
Red wreck of roses
From our chaplets fall crush'd but sweet!"

What will become of ALFRED TENNYSON'S laurels if the Poet of the Italian Opera is often inspired in the above fashion?

[OLD CAPULET comes down; he wears a handsome dressing gown.

Very Occasional Visitor (referring to his book). This is old CAPULET.

Casual Visitor (who knows all about the artists, decisively). Yes, TAGLIAFICO.

Very Occasional Visitor (finding TAGLIAFICO'S name in the cast). Oh! then, this isn't old CAPULET—this is GREGORY. (Suddenly.) Who's GREGORY?

[Somebody half turns imploringly.

Casual Visitor. GREGORY?—(not to be done)—Oh, it's poetic licence, they call OLD CAPULET GREGORY. Perhaps his Christian name was GREGORY—GREGORY CAPULET.

[Listens to the opera.

Very Occasional Visitor (referring to the cast in the book, then to the programme, then to the libretto). But it is CAPULET, and there's a Capulet as well.

Casual Visitor (positively). Some misprint—it is TAGLIAFICO.

[Elderly Musical Subscriber smiles pityingly at these remarks.

Young Lady (in front, who has caught this conversation, to Vague Gentleman). This is TAGLIAFICO.

Vague Gentleman (her husband, evidently piqued by the information, which implies his ignorance). Yes, dear, I know.

Elderly Musical Subscriber (to his friend). There, here's a fine bit of instrumentation.

[Tries to hum the instrumentation.

Middle-aged Ditto. Yes. (Beats time with his hand.) It's better than in Paris. [One hums and the other beats time, and nods like a mandarin.

Very Occasional Visitor (suddenly making another discovery). I say, who's GERTRUDE?

[Referring to cast in book and in programme.

Casual Visitor. GERTRUDE—eh?—oh, the waiting-maid, I suppose, who comes in presently.

Young Lady (overhearing as before, says to Vague Gentleman). Is there a GERTRUDE in Romeo and Juliet?

Vague Gentleman (unsettled by the question). A GERTRUDE? (Thinks.) No: GERTRUDE? (Thinks again: hits on an idea.) No, GERTRUDE'S in Hamlet: the Queen you know—"A little more than kin," and so forth.

Impulsive Lady (probably his sister-in-law, with a programme). But, here is a GERTRUDE.

[Points it out to him.

Vague Gentleman (floored). Ah, very curious. Perhaps they mean Lady Capulet. They alter the names so in these things. You recollect in Lucia di Lammermoor, you know, Lucia was called . . . (vaguely) . . . um—at least, old . . . dear me . . . what's his name?—not the mother . . . ASHFORD—OSBALDISTON—(Gives it up)—ah, it doesn't matter, only they do alter them.

Impulsive Lady. Dear me! what a mistake! PATTI'S got on quite a modern ball-dress.

Vague Gentleman (examining it through his glasses). Ah, I thought so.

[Is pleased with himself, having had a sort of idea that something was wrong somewhere.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and party. In order to avoid observation, they are the only persons dressed as pilgrims and wearing dominoes.

Elderly Musical Subscriber (hums). Ter di e dum, tiddy dum, tiddy dum—(explains his meaning to his Friend)—charming little bit, this.

[MERCUTIO'S song.

Middle-aged Subscriber (nodding his head and trying to catch the time, replies with uncertainty). Ye-es. But—um—

[Defers his opinion. Elderly Musical Subscriber continues humming. Somebody feels inclined to remonstrate.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Very Occasional Visitor (puzzled). Why—the Nurse isn't down in the cast.

Casual (indifferently). Isn't she? Oh!—(more indifferently)—odd.

[PATTI sings her song. Somebody is trying to listen to it attentively, when—

Elderly Musical Subscriber (humming, wagging his head, and smiling, intensely pleased with himself and Mlle. Patti). Ner de dum der e dum day—(beats with his hand)—nur ree ra ri de, dum day—brava

—brrr-ava—nur ree rum de dum di dere dum de dum (with feeling, following PATTI) di dum mer dum mer dum dum mer dum doo di dum

(gets a-head of PATTI, and applauds himself—murmuringly)—brrr-ava—

People in Stalls (wishing, strangely enough, to hear PATTI). Hssssh!

Elderly Musical Subscriber (under his breath, and not to be entirely put down). Ummum m-m-um um-um um—(louder)—um er dum dum

(murmurs "brava, brava," um er dum dum er dum doori di day (as loud as ever) doori dum di dum mer dum, (finishes brilliantly and waving his hand) dum mer day. (With enthusiasm.) Brrr-ava! Brava! (Delighted with his own performance.) Bis! Bis! (Applauds.)

[Mlle. PATTI curtsies, repeats the song, and the Elderly Musical

Nuisance encroaches his own humming accompaniment. Somebody, being put into a thoroughly bad temper by the humming bird on his right, is of course in a fit state to enjoy the song thoroughly.

Enter GREGORY with ROMEO.

Very Occasional Visitor (suddenly making a discovery). Hallo! this is TAGLIAFICO.

His Friend (coolly). Ah, yes! I thought you were wrong.

Young Lady in front (who always hears these remarks, says to her husband). That's TAGLIAFICO.

Husband (annoyed, "as if he didn't know"). All right, dear. All right.

[Elderly Musical Subscriber hums as much as he knows of the music, up to the end of the First Act. Finale.

Elderly Musical Subscriber (rising). Pretty music!

His Friend. Yes. Let's see what the telegrams are from the House.

[Exeunt, and don't return until the Second Act is half over, when they enter together, one talking, the other humming.

ACT II.

Enter ROMEO and STEPHANO. Opera proceeds. Enter Retainers, looking for ROMEO. They are supposed to be dressed in the Capulet livery, which was, it appears, a sort of mountebank costume. Perhaps they were all jesters.

Middle-aged Person (who's heard the opera abroad). All the dresses come from Paris.

His Humming Friend. Oh! (Pauses, then resumes with MARIO). Rum dum di day, dum dum (ad lib). MARIO is not in voice to-night, eh?

(Doesn't wait for a reply, but continues) Rum dum di day di dum.

ACT III.

Friar Lawrence's Cell. He has apparently an entire Chapel to himself, with no chairs, pews, or free sittings, but with cloisters adjoining, for a walk when it rains.

Young Ritualist (in the Stall behind "Somebody"). What order does Friar Lawrence belong to? Don't think the dress is correct.

His Friend (of similar proclivities). Benedictine (with uncertainty), or Cistercians, or (hits on a good name) Discalced Carmelites.

Young Ritualist (as if he knew all about it). Ah, very likely. I say—(points with his glass to the left corner of the stage at back)—if that's an altar, see what he's done!

[FRIAR LAWRENCE has irreverently placed on it a couple of baskets, perhaps of apples or oranges, a small wooden bowl for pins, a glass to regulate the boiling of eggs—a larger glass than usual, as on fast days he has to eat so many eggs—and a night-light, burning, which strangely enough illumines the entire chapel, and also the cloister round the corner.

Tybal's Solo. Extract from translation:—

"Ay! and the more by this token,
That to my JULIET thou hast spoken."

Occasional Visitor (making another sudden discovery). Hullo! that's NERI-BARALDI. (Having been under the general impression that every one who wasn't MARIO, was more or less TAGLIAFICO.)

[The Retainers of the two houses quarrel. Interference of MERCUTIO, TYBALT, ROMEO, &c. The following Chorus, which rouses the anger of both factions, is certainly enough to put any person who hears it in a passion.

"Montagues, Montagues, } race offending,
Capulets, Capulets,
Tremble, all in alarm;
May demon, dark aid lending,
Now nerve his venging arm."

Humming Man (takes up the air enthusiastically). Rum di dum, Rum di dum, &c. (to the end of the Act).

ACT IV.

Remarkable only for the librettist's "Song of Old Capulet."

"Sleep, TYBALT, sleep in peace! Though
The gay marriage train carouseth,
Worthy is the country, that thy bride espouseth,
Worthy her, worthy thee, &c. &c. &c."

Was it this talented Poet who wrote the *Hymn to the Sultan*, as performed at Covent Garden! Poor TENNYSON!

ACT V.

Was heard in comparative peace by Somebody, as the Hummer was asleep, his friend had gone, the Ritualist was absorbed, the Ladies tired, the Casual Visitor occupied with his glasses, and the Very Occasional reading his libretto attentively. But Somebody must hear it again when the Talkers and the Hummers are not present.

POLITICAL GEOLOGY.

Lecture by PROFESSOR BENJAMIN.



URING the past week an interesting lecture on Political Geology was delivered at St. Stephen's British School Rooms, Palace Yard, Westminster, by PROFESSOR BENJAMIN. The learned Professor, who looked remarkably well, and who was listened to with eager attention, commenced by observing that various theories had been propounded in connection with the upheavals and depressions which characterise our administrative system. When we glance at the elevation of that large section of legislative wisdom, which we find in the

immediate vicinity of Derby, a profound knowledge of Political Geology is required to decide whether this arises from a sudden convulsion of conservatism, or from a gradual subsidence of the Gladstonian soil. The merest tyro in this important science is familiar with the technical term "trap." Very curious specimens of Trap are frequently met with in surveying our English commons.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN then proceeded to point out the peculiarities of London clay, which was sometimes found where least expected; in our parks for instance—Hyde Park especially. This London clay, he remarked, could be worked up for a variety of purposes, but it required hands accustomed to the business, and such hands, as might be supposed, were occasionally not very smooth nor over clean. (*Laughter.*) For his own part, he (PROFESSOR B.) had no desire to invest his capital in the production of that kind of Pottery. (*Loud laughter.*) Underlying this argillaceous stratum, you find another deposit of great

density, called the Residuum. This Residuum was of an extremely plastic nature, and if judiciously manipulated, was capable of forming a most valuable cement for the consolidation of our national institutions. (*Applause.*)

The apt analogy existing between the "coal measures" of Durham and the bold measures of modern statesmanship, was next descanted upon in so luminous a style as to be intelligible to the meanest capacity. As PROFESSOR BENJAMIN jocosely observed, the final result of all these measures was simply, smoke—and nothing but smoke. Pursuing a serious vein, the Lecturer informed his audience that according to an eminent authority, there exists in England a stratum called by miners and quarrymen the dirt-bed. The most remarkable circumstance attending this dirt-bed is the position of the trees and plants found in it. They are still erect, as though they had been suddenly petrified, while growing in their native forests, with their roots in the vegetable soil, and their trunks extending into the limestone above it. When this dirt-bed is cleared, the appearance presented is most striking. The floor of the quarry is sometimes literally strewn with fossil wood. I have seen (said PROFESSOR BENJAMIN) in a dirt-bed a petrified forest, the trees and plants, like the inhabitants of the city in an Arabian story, being converted into stone, yet remaining in the places which they occupied when alive.

Political Geology (continued the Lecturer) presents us with phenomena strikingly similar. In a dirt-bed both Timber and Tory are converted into something strongly at variance with their normal condition, yet still retaining the places which they occupied in their palmy days.

In conclusion PROFESSOR BENJAMIN, addressing his young friends, enjoined them to lay the sublime lessons of Political Geology seriously to heart. It would task their keenest intellects to comprehend some of the phenomena presented for their consideration in this new science. How came it to pass, it might be asked, that the lowest order of radical shells were now found on the summit of the most conservative mountains?

This, like many a great Caucasian mystery, was doubtless designed to humble the human understanding, and render it conscious of its inability to penetrate arcana wisely hidden from vulgar ken. It was not for finite parliamentary intelligences to look into the secret springs which give elasticity to the seat of power. These mysteries, Ministers alone were competent to explain, and they would do so when they deemed it expedient and wise. "Let us rest assured,"—said PROFESSOR B., in a subdued and solemn tone, which must have carried conviction to every listener,—“Let us rest assured, that whatever is, is right, even while we exclaim with the Poet, ‘Can such things overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder!’ Let those who feel a burning thirst for knowledge humbly wait with lids sealed, but lips widely severed, prepared to receive the fruit which in due season will not unlikely fall to their reward.”

MEXICAN THIEVES.

If travellers may be believed, and our modern Marco Polos do sometimes stumble from fancy into fact, Mexico is what the Mint in Southwark formerly was, the promised land of thieves. The compatriots of the Aztecs would seem to have expunged two commandments from the Decalogue: one, "Thou shalt do no Murder;" the other, "Thou shalt not Steal." Larceny grand and petty levels all distinctions, and every man's hand is against his brother who neglects to button his pocket. The Minister at War cannot keep his flexible fingers at rest when there is a purse within easy reach of them. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is a professed picker-up of unconsidered trifles, ladies' rings, necklaces, &c. &c. At a levee no Notable of ordinary prudence will expose the corner of his cambric handkerchief, and at a Court Ball the melancholy truism that "Time flies" is graphically illustrated by the rapidity with which watches pass from the hand of one illustrious personage to another. We are told that a Prime Minister even is attracted to a silver snuff-box in the same manner that a magpie is fascinated by a silver spoon.

In ancient times, Mexico prided herself on human sacrifices. A charming boy was pampered for several months, then crowned with flowers, and with sacerdotal pageantry he was conducted to the golden altar, and amid the acclamations of thousands, was ceremoniously slain in the glittering Temple of the Sun.

Civilisation has put down this priestly butchery, and Mexico now takes her rank among those enlightened communities where murder is discussed as a matter of secular policy, and treachery and theft are thought to shed lustre on the national character.

Worthy of Imitation.

It has often been remarked that the highest posts in this country are open to the humblest aspirants. Footmen must feel greatly encouraged when they go to the National Portrait Exhibition, and look up at No. 619—JOHN THOMAS, Bishop of Winchester.



POSITIVELY THE LAST OF THE LONG SKIRTS THIS SEASON.

Hostess. "OH, HOW TIRESOME! SOMEBODY MUST BE STANDING ON MY DRESS! WOULD YOU JUST RUN DOWN-STAIRS, AND SEE WHO IT IS, MR. BROWN?"

REASONS FOR REMOVAL.

(By the Statue of GEORGE CANNING.)

FRET not, my friends, nor deem me shent,
That from the House of Commons
I've been set back, nor ask who sent
To me the ungracious summons,

My place of honour to forego,
Where with no rival nigh me
I've watched, through many a Session's flow,
The M.P.s' tide roll by me,

Beneath my bronze benign and bland,
That with indulgent gazes,
Looked down upon the toiling band,
Whose hope St. Stephen's bays is.

Those bays, which hid my forehead bare—
(Both "brow" and "leaf," in *frons* is)
Those bays, as green, though scarce of wear
As durable, as bronze is.

'Tis just as well that I should take
A more removed ground up,
Now England doth old ways forsake,
And for safe sense takes sound up.

Now that new hands begin to reap
New crops, new lights to twinkle,
New roads to ope, new brooms to sweep,
And round the dirt to sprinkle—

Now tides that drive on shoals that shift,
And rival pilots jealous,
The good ship *Britain* set adrift—
Whitherward, who can tell us?—

Now that the people's lowest layers
Are called to mould the nation,
And mob-elected millionnaires
Bid shape our legislation—

GEORGE CANNING begs to stand aloof,
And, from a wary distance,
To watch, 'neath BARRY's gimcrack roof,
Wild change and weak resistance.

Or if my fears are premature,
And with its curb and snaffle
English collective wisdom's sure
Unwisdom here to baffle,

'Tis well I should draw off a bit
And calmly wait the issue,
'Twixt strength of JOHN BULL's homespun wit
And DIZZY's flimsy tissue.

A MYSTERIOUS ORGAN.

THANKS to MR. REUTER for the subjoined intelligence from Agram:—

"The newspaper *Pozor*, the publication of which was prohibited here, will henceforward appear in Laybach."

One wonders why the Croatian authorities should have prohibited the publication of the *Pozor*, of which the political articles must, like the rest of its contents, have been difficult to make out. Scarcely any fellow could be expected to understand such a paper as that. Perhaps even the inhabitants of Laybach will find themselves rather puzzled by the *Pozor*.

CHEAP NOBILITY.—Anyone can obtain a Peerage nowadays by paying for it. For a small sum he can get BRETT's.



THE ABYSSINIAN QUESTION.

BRITANNIA. "NOW, THEN, KING THEODORE! HOW ABOUT THOSE PRISONERS?"

EXCISEMEN GOING TO THE DOGS.



OUR Manchester is famous for its cotton-mills and chimneys, and if we added, too, its charity, we should not speak amiss, seeing that last week an amateur performance gained a thousand pounds there for a charitable fund.*

Manchester is also famous for its dog-laws, which empower its police-men, as a *Dogberry* might say, to "apprehend all vagrants" curs. Every dog found straying in the busy streets of Manchester is taken up by the police, and carried to a place of private execution, where it is put to death humanely, if not claimed by its owner in four-and-twenty hours.

If London copied Manchester in thus dealing with stray dogs, our footmen would be far less nervous for their calves, and pedestrians in general more safe from hydrophobia in the dog-days than they now are. Awaiting this reform, however, of our dog-laws, *Mr. Punch* is glad to hear that, now that the Excise have the collection of the dog-tax, the revenue received by it has wondrously increased. Until February last, when the Excise Office was first entrusted with the tax—or licence, it is termed now, —*Mr. Punch* was hearing constantly complaints from his dog *Toby* of the number of low, vulgar, untaxed curs in the streets. *Toby* had a volume, considerably dog-eared, of stories he had heard of how mean curs escaped the dog-tax; and, being an honest dog himself, he was charmed to hear that, under the new system introduced by the Excise, the number of dishonest dogs has rapidly decreased. Not in London merely, but throughout the whole of England the change has been attended with most gratifying consequences; and dog-owners in Scotland, even, have been somehow made to pay. A Highland district, yielding only £15 last year, has, under the new thumbscrew introduced by the Excise, been persuaded to contribute £400 this summer, and will be probably prevailed on to pay nearly double next.

For dogs which howl at midnight, or are left loose in the streets, their masters clearly ought to pay an extra fine. Half-a-crown per howl should at the very least be paid for every dog that bays the moon, and curs which roam about at large and frighten people in the dog-days, should either have their heads cut off, or be licensed to retain them at a sovereign per skull. Ladies' lap-dogs, likewise, ought to pay a higher price than really necessary dogs, such as those for sporting purposes. A petted pug, or poodle, is invariably a nuisance, and should be licensed to exist for the annoyance of mankind only upon payment of an *ad valorem* fine, computed by the value put upon him by his mistress.

It clearly pays the country to hand over the dogs to the Excise, but it is not clear that the country pays the latter for licensing the former, and undertaking all the labour which the new system entails. Perhaps when Parliament next meets, this question will be mooted, and extra pay be voted for the extra work. *Mr. Punch* has grounds for thinking that excisemen are not better paid than in the days of Burns; and now they have the added labour of going to the dogs for the collection of their licence money, they ought to be made safe from going to the dogs in a pecuniary sense.

* Will some critic kindly tell us when a larger sum than this was realised in one evening by the playing of stage-plays?

What Mr. Puff Says.

THE ingenuity of advertisers is wonderful. They have now begun to deface the pavement, of course by permission of the Metropolitan Board of Works. With an apparent verbal contradiction, which may be excused for the sake of the truth of the observation, it has been remarked that puffing never flags.

THE CORN-CRY.

As harvest-time comes on, complaints are heard that reapers are not general enough. This deficiency might be remedied, if the Americans would only lend us their GENERAL SICKLES.

YE SUNBERRYE FYSHER.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher uprose with ye day,
When ye meadows were sweet with ye smell of ye hay;
And ye hedges were white with gossamere veils,
And ye gardens were livelie with slugs and snails,
And ye birds did sing and ye Fyshe did leap,
And ye river was ollie with too much sleep;
Till glorious and golden ye Sun uprist,
And gentlie ye cheek of ye water kissed,
Which modest and coy from its bed of rushes
Sent forth a mist to hide its blushes;
A cold grey mist but it would not do,
For ye Sun kissed ye mist and ye river too;
And crimson and rosie ye stream flowed on,
Crimson and rosie ye grey mist shone,
Redder and redder, higher and higher,
As if he had set ye Thames on fire.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher to fyshe begins
For every Fyshe that has scales and fins;
Nothing to him is out of its place—
Perch, eel, barbel, or bream, or dace.
Big-headed Chub with crimson tails,
Red-eyed Roach with their silvery scales.
Ravenous Pike of fabulous weight,
Bleak and gudgeon and minnow for bait:
Even a trout he would not despise,
If onlie a trout would happen to rise.
About as likely, ye truth to declare,
As to rise a sturgeon in Sunberrye Weir.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher has all kinds of hooks,
In all kinds of boxes, in all kinds of books;
Limerick, Kendal, Kirby, and Hammond—
All kinds of name by which Fyshes are gammoned.
Broad and narrow, and oval, and round,
All sorts of shapes which ever were found.

The Sunberrye Fysher has bait live and dead,
Pellets of paste and pellets of bread;
Milk-white gentils wriggling and fat,
Worms black and red with tails spiral and flat.
Swivels, and trimmers, and spinners and gorge,
Glass minnows, brass minnows, fresh from the forge.
And spoon-bait of course, which—I mean no offence—
Ye Fysher provides without any expense.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher has flies of all feathers,
For all sorts of seasons, in all sorts of weathers.
Flies when ye springtide is blusterie and showerie,
Flies when ye summer is grassie and bowerie.
Flies when ye autumn is golden and grainie,
For hot weather, cold weather, mistie, or rainie.
Red spinner, Palmer, black peacock, and grey,
Yellow dun, golden dun, March brown, and May,
Sand-fly, and stone-fly, and alder, and gnat,
Black midge and marlow bug—all round his hat.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher has rods not a few,
Rods with a joint, and rods with a screw.
Short top and stiff top, to spin and to troll,
Hollow butts, solid butts—rods in ye whole.
Twisted lines, spun lines, of hair, silk, and twine,
Hair and gut casting lines, tapering and fine.
Double reels, single reels, quill, float, and cork,
Ye Sunberrye Fysher is up to his work.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher arose with the day,
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye morning was grey.
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye Noon Tide was frying,
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye Evening was dying.
He bobbed and he jerked, he spun, and he threw,
He tried all ye dodges as ever he knew.
He fished till ye dew on ye river did fall—
Ye Sunberrye Fysher caught nothing at all.

A Pillar in a Pincushion.

WANTED, by HER MAJESTY'S Government, a SUBSCRIPTION of from £7,000 to £18,000 to cover the expenses of bringing home various EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, for sixty-six years the Property of the British Nation, including the celebrated obelisk, CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, which lies sticking in the sand at Alexandria.

IMAGINATION AND MATTER O' FACT.



Affectionate Mother. "ONLY FANCY POOR CHARLES! CHAINED TO HIS DESK IN THE CITY THIS LOVELY WEATHER!"



Poor Charles. "HAND OVER THE 'BASS' BOB, AND GIVE US A LIGHT!"

MIDAS MODERNISED;

OR, CASH AT 2 PER CENT.

THAT Classic Lydian King, with ass's ears,
And hands that turned whate'er he touched to gold—
He hath not sunk to Hades, like his peers
Of Aryan myth or Hellene legend old.

Midas still lives, though in a northern land,
With JOHN BULL for his name, and, rolling nigh,
For his Pactolus Thames with sands of gold,
And London fog-bank for his Lydian sky.

His ears are still as asinine and long,
Each false and flying rumour quick to catch,
Against whose deadly sting no credit's strong,
For which no wealth or good name is a match.

His hands have still retained their fatal power,
Of turning whatsoe'er they touch to gold;
And you may see him sit, hour after hour,
Stretching about him his aurific hold,

And drawing the bright metal to his side,
And piling it in ever higher heaps,
With the ass-ears erected and set wide
To drink each rumour through the air that creeps.

Till, thanks to ass's ears and glut of gold,
To abject panic-terrors given o'er,
With wealth uncounted in his very hold,
Helpless he starves among his glittering store.

MR. PUNCH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY.

YIELDING to a widely felt and strongly expressed desire, *Mr. Punch* has consented to open an Art-Exhibition, which cannot but afford high gratification to his sweetest admirers. With this view *Mr. P.* will be pleased to receive the carte-de-visite of every young lady (under 35) whose beauty was not born to blush unseen. The cartes will be placed in *Mr. Punch's Album*, and may be inspected from 10 to 4 at his National Gallery in St. Bride's Passage. Every lady's carte must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing a short autobiography, and explicit information on certain material points.

Printed forms with questions fully set out may be obtained on application. A Copy is subjoined.

1. Name ?
2. Residence ?
Town House.
Country House.
3. Age next Birthday ?
4. Complexion—brunette or blonde ?
5. Entirely your own ?—or
6. Beautiful for ever ?
7. Have you a Godfather ?
8. His name ?
9. Is he rich ?
10. Is your heart irrevocably another's ?
11. Quite sure ?
12. Would you object to a Widower ?
13. Don't you think there is something exquisitely pretty in the romantic name of *Punch* ?
14. Would you mind waiting a little while, *Mrs. P.* having a severe cold now ?

CITY ARTICLE.—MISS COURTTS's wealth (and her noble estimate of its duties) having caused the establishment of a new market, it ought to be known as The Money Market.

FROM EGYPTIAN HALL.—The great Canal project of M. DE LESSERS appears likely to be accomplished, but should it be otherwise, we hope he will not be tempted to commit *Suezicide*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

WHEN the Cat is absent, the Mice indulge in recreation. This statement received illustration during the week which began, for secular purposes, on *Monday*, the 29th July. The EARL OF DERBY, who knows

"That foreign *cout* is only taste,
But English Gout is feeling,"

was, we are sincerely sorry to say (*nos etiam in Arcadia*) confined to his house by the necessity of attending to the last-named unwelcome visitor. So the Lords took the opportunity of disporting themselves, and their amusements took the form of Amendments to LORD DERBY'S Reform Bill.

For two nights did the mice play. *Mr. Punch* is not inclined to be diffuse on their revels. But he will briefly indicate what they did, or tried to do. On the above night,

LORD HALIFAX (*olim* SIR CHARLES WOOD) moved that the proposed Redistribution Scheme was ineffective, and that means should be provided for giving more Members to large Constituencies. He was defeated by 100 to 41.

The Peers then went into Committee on the Bill.

LORD CAIRNS, the great Conservative lawyer and orator, whose rise was so rapid and brilliant, moved that the Lodger Franchise should be raised from £10 to £15.

LORD MALMESBURY, who was LORD DERBY'S *remplaçant*, immediately, and with the utmost affability, submitted.

But the Liberal Lords did not admire this excessive civility, charged the Government with a breach of faith with the House of Commons, and fired various other hot shots. Nevertheless, on division, LORD CAIRNS triumphed by 121 to 89. Of course, the Commons will give battle on this alteration, which was avowedly intended to restrict the Lodger Franchise to the respectability that does not pay less than five shillings a week for its lodgings; and MR. TORRENS, who may be called (in spite of MR. DISRAELI'S claims) the Father of the Lodger, speedily gave notice that the £10 men were quite respectable enough to vote.

LORD HARROWBY thereupon thought that he would do a little in the restrictive way, so he moved that the Copyhold Qualification should be raised from £5 to £10.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, this time, did the affability for Government, and assented to the alteration, and it was carried by 119 to 56.

Tuesday, EARL GREY actually endeavoured to call the Compound Householder back to life. But the hideous galvanic process was too much for the nerves of their Lordships, and they defeated him by 148 to 45.

LORD LYTTLETON then moved, that nobody should have a vote unless he wrote a legible hand. His Lordship himself is unequal to this feat, for the clerk at the table was obliged—or pretended, with a touch of humour, to be obliged to ask him to read the words in which his resolution was couched. We should not have supported him, though we go a certain distance with him. No man ought to be allowed to send a contribution to a periodical unless he can write well enough to be read by the youngest compositor. But a vote is a vocal affair, and LORD LYTTLETON might as well enact that a man shall speak in a legible voice. He withdrew his motion, which had been received with some laughter, expressed or understood.

LORD CAIRNS again moved to the assault, and proposed that where Three Members are returned for any place, no elector shall vote for more than Two of them. The declared object of this was to prevent the Minorities in large districts from being swamped by numbers, and that the Educated may have a voice in the representation. The plan applies to Eleven places only, but LORD CAIRNS hoped to make it a precedent. LORD RUSSELL supported this proposal, and trusted that the Lords would not be afraid of it because it was new. They were not, and it was carried by the large majority of 142 to 51.

By this time LORD DERBY began to think that, gout or no gout, he had better be in his place. The next day was *Wednesday*, and therefore a holiday for the Lords, but on

Thursday the PREMIER, pale, and with his right arm in a sling, but ready for fight, came down to the House of Lords.

LORD GREY, nothing daunted, moved that the clause which enacts that no place with fewer than 10,000 inhabitants shall have more than one Member shall apply to places with fewer than 12,000. Thus he should get 23 seats, with the aid of the process of grouping, and he would make Triangular Constituencies. He would give Members thus—

The Lawyers in the Inns of Court	3
Counties	12
Big Towns and London Districts	8

And the Minorities rule was to be carried out in each case.

LORD DERBY said that the plan about Minorities was utterly foreign to the Constitution, and though he did not much mind trying it in the way arranged on a previous night, he should not agree to more. Nor

would he, on the First of August (within eleven days of St. Grouse?) agree to re-open questions which the House of Commons had, after months of deliberation, settled. And,

Should the Amendment be carried, he would consult his Colleagues as to the possibility of going on with the Bill. "Was not that thunder?"

Of course the blue blood boiled up, and many strong things were said about this arbitrary way of dealing with the question. ARGYLL declared that they were deprived of freedom of discussion. RUSSELL said that the House of Peers had never been so humiliated. CARNARVON, ex-Derby-Minister, supported the Amendment. GRANVILLE believed that LORD DERBY knew better than to withdraw the Bill. FORTESCUE protested against August being assigned as a reason for not considering a great measure. KIMBERLEY urged the Ministry not to throw away a chance of settling the question. GREY, in his reply, told his friends not to be afraid, for though the present Cabinet had strange ideas of their duty to the QUEEN, they would not venture to abandon the Bill.

But LORD DERBY, once more declaring that he certainly would do that grim thing, got on division the small majority of 93 to 86. Only Twelve to the EARL OF DERBY, K.G., Premier, in the House of Lords!

A little motion by LORD LYVEDEN (VERNON SMITH) for disfranchising boroughs with fewer than 5000 inhabitants, was got rid of, and LORD DERBY

"Not by modesty o'ercome,
Crowned with the Dozan, went contented home."

Friday. And to-night the Peers made a third important alteration in the Bill, by re-inserting the clause for permitting Votes to be given in writing. There are two sides to this question. The Voting Paper would enable quiet folks to record their suffrages, without being mobbed, shoved, squeezed, jeered, hooted, bonneted, and pelted. This would be well. But, on the other hand, it would simply place every corrupt voter in the hand of the briber, and every dependent voter in the hand of the intimidator. Weighing the benefit against the evil, up flies the former and kicks the beam; and though the Lords carried the clause by the large majority of 114 to 36, out it will have to go. And then, after an episode of excitement which made it rather probable that LORD GREY and LORD DERBY would fling down their gauntlets, draw their falchions, and darkly close, as in the brave days of old, the Reform Bill went through Committee, and the Report was fixed for the Monday, and the Third Reading for the Tuesday, for are not the grouse waiting the death?

Touching my Lords the Commons, the record shall be brief. No Scotch Reform this year. No Bill for dealing with evil practices at Elections. MR. DISRAELI is decidedly of opinion that the British Museum collections should be separated. At present, he said, they were almost in warehouses. O for the good day when we shall see that straddling splitting old Giraffe staggering and swinging into infinite space!

A debate on the Parks Bill. MR. GLADSTONE thought that the passing it would impress the people out of doors with a sense of wrong. MR. DISRAELI was highly in favour of public meetings, which were safety-valves, but did not see the sense of open-air meetings. The Parks were the recreation-ground of folks who had no country-houses, and did not go out of town, and it would be cowardice not to protect their interests. MR. BRIGHT, whose singular moderation all this Session makes some persons regard him as more Dangerous than ever, spoke strongly against this Bill. But it went into Committee by 133 to 88.

Nothing else that meant business for the country, or would give pleasure to the reader, occurred till *Thursday*. Leicester, as every one knows, is in Cornwall, and that county returns no Members who can attend to its affairs, so MR. PETER TAYLOR, of the first place, took up some case of alleged oppression by Cornwall justices, but it was held on both sides not to hold water, and MR. HENLEY described MR. PETER TAYLOR as a Grievance-Monger.

Friday, MR. TORRENS'S Artisans' Dwellings Bill was discussed, and SERJEANT GASELEE said that the next thing would be that Parliament would be asked to find those persons clothes, horses, and carriages.

Lastly, there was a grave and earnest debate on the causes of the most frightful calamity which has ever befallen a nation under British rule. Three-quarters of a million of men, women, and children have died in Orissa, from starvation, because officialism could not make up its mind to let them have rice. It is not in this column that we discuss murder.

Take Care of Them.

IN the course of a leading article on the Parks Bill, the *Times* remarks that "there is no fact so apparent and so beyond contradiction, as that Hyde Park, in common with the other Parks, has always been under keepers." Certainly; and to preserve order in the Parks, it is desirable that the followers of BEALES (M.A.), together with their leader, should be under keepers too.

PRACTICAL MILITARY JOKING.—Playing on a new Cornet.



LOCKS ON THE THAMES.

Sculler. "JUST HALF A TURN OF THE HEAD, LOVE, OR WE SHALL BE AMONG THE RUSHES!"

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Toadley-in-the-Hole, Tuesday.

LIVING, or I should say *vegetating* as I do in this secluded spot, far away from the excitements of the gay and giddy world, I take the *deepest* interest in all fashionable doings, and read with great avidity all the details in the newspapers as to movements in high life. From the state ball to the SUITAN down to LADY PEACOCK'S *matinée*, I find pleasure in perusing the names of the guests present, and in picturing to myself the gay and festive scenes which are so glowingly described. These descriptions are, however, not so frequent as they ought to be, and very often the reporter contents himself with giving a mere curt list of the company, and stating what kind of a party it was to which they went. In this case I am sometimes puzzled how to realise the scene, for as I have never "*moved*" myself in "*fashionable circles*" (I suppose that they who do so must, of course, learn how to *waltz*) I hardly know the meaning of the words whereby the various entertainments are defined. For instance, when I read, among the "*fashionable arrangements*," that LADY HUMGUFFIN'S "*assembly*" is fixed for Tuesday evening, I am terribly perplexed to guess wherein it differs from MRS. TADPOLE'S "*evening party*," announced for the same night. As I love all *titled persons*, I should naturally incline to give her Ladyship the preference, were I invited to them both. Still, it would be a great comfort to know which is considered the *gentleest* entertainment, and perhaps you can enlighten me on this important point.

Alas! my dancing days are over, yet I often love to fancy myself wafted to the ball-room, and mingled with the whirling throng. I am, therefore, much distressed that I do not know the difference between a "*dancing party*" and a *soirée dansante*. Moreover, when I see that MRS. POLKINGTON has issued cards of invitation for a "*ball*" on the eleventh, I wonder if her guests will be more gorgeously attired than if they were invited to LADY VALSEWELL'S "*dance*." Terms such as "*small and early*" tell more plainly what they signify, though I have heard that "*small and early*" means often "*large and late*." But I defy a constant reader, who lives *rurally entombed* in the seclusion of a village, to comprehend the subtle difference between "*dancing*"

party" and merely a plain "*dance*." One no doubt would lose caste terribly if one betrayed one's ignorance on such important matters, and I hope you will devote a part of your *instructive* columns to supply the information so urgently required.

I beg leave to remain your constant reader and *subscriber*,

JEMIMA JONES.

Positive.

"You promised to send me your photograph, JOHN," pouted MARIA, "and you have not done so. You have not even written me one word."

"Dearest MARIA, then I have sent the picture," replied the smiling JOHN. "Read the advertisements. '*Silence is a Negative*.'"

ECCLESIASTICAL FOUNDATIONS.

RESPECTING the Romish Church a writer in the *Times* justly observes that "It must ground its ascendancy on spontaneous conviction." Exactly so; and the rather, as the time is gone by for trying to ground it on involuntary combustion.

Dry Work.

BEFORE Parliament breaks up will some Member of the House of Commons move for returns of the quantity of beer and other excisable fluids consumed at the (liquor) bar of that House. One would think it must be very great, considering that most of the speeches which Honourable Members have had to make, or listen to on the subject of Reform, have been thoroughly exhaustive.

TWO WAYS OF VIEWING THINGS.

Now is the time of year when excursions are made, and excursionists begin to abound. The delighted frequenters of the places most in favour are apt to speak of these visits as incursions, and to call the visitors incursionists.



Literary Passenger. "THE SERIALS ARE DULL THIS MONTH, SIR, I THINK."
Agricultural Ditto. "WELL, CERREALS HEV BEEN, SIR; BUT WUTS ARE LOOKIN'
 UP THIS MARNIN'!!"

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Exoritur clamorque virtutis, clangorque tubarum."—VIRG.

Soon as each act is at an end,
 What clamour doth our ears offend!

PERHAPS some notion may be formed of the miseries of life by witnessing its pleasures; and few people will deny that, if included with the latter, a visit to a theatre is not unmixed enjoyment. The jolting over the stones, the squabble with the cabman, the blackmail levied by the boxkeeper, put you slightly out of temper before you take your seat; and your happiness is not increased by finding you can hardly stretch your legs, or even sit in comfort. Then perhaps you have the luck to be seated next a Chatterer, who sprinkles the performance with a shower of his small talk; or a Hummer at your elbow fills your ear with nigger songs, while you are listening to SHAKSPEARE. There is the further nuisance, too, that the band between the acts plays loud enough to deafen you, and drowns the conversation you perhaps wish to take part in.

Chatterers and Hummers it is difficult to silence, but a manager may surely bid his orchestra be quiet, without much lessening the liberty enjoyed by freeborn Britons. When I go to see a play, I want all my aural vigour to hear what may be said in it; and I don't want to lose my hearing through loud music in the *entr'acte*. The noisy braying of a band may sound perhaps delightful to the long ears of the gallery, but that is not a reason why the comfort of the stalls should aurally be sacrificed. When the drop-scene is down, soft music is permissible, though it well might be dispensed with; but it never should be loud enough to tire people's ears, or make their talking difficult.

At this happy time of year when every one leaves London, the theatres do little to amuse those who are left in it. Actors require rest, as much as most hard-workers, and August is the month when they can best be spared to take it. So the Stars cease to shine in the stage firmament of London: the Light Comedians get away from the bright glare of the foot-lamps; the Walking Gentlemen stretch out their weary legs upon the beach; the Heavy Fathers sink up to their

TO THE RITUALISTS.

O RECTORS too ritualistic,
 With albs and with chasubles fair,
 With monograms monkish and mystic,
 And incense that hangs on the air!
 What means this maniacal passion,
 As strange as the miracle plays,
 Say, is it a tribute to fashion,
 Supreme in these frivolous days?

We've sown the strong storm democratic,
 To reap the fierce whirlwind, perchance,
 You come with your stole and dalmatic
 To lead us another long dance.
 The Church, in a cranky condition,
 Is trembling at thoughts of a fight;
 And now we've a Royal Commission,
 To tell us who's wrong and who's right.

Say, how shall we choose 'mid the number—
 There's Low Church, and Broad Church, and High?
 Serenely at sermons we slumber—
 Your modern discourses are dry.
 Supposing, instead of the quarrel,
 To settle what doctrines to teach,
 You gave up this gorgeous apparel,
 And found us some men who could preach?

There's virtue, no doubt, in a vestment,
 In changing the colour of stoles;
 But robes, as you know, were at best meant,
 To aid in the saving of souls.
 Go, speak to the dark populations,
 That linger in sadness and sin,
 Let England be first among nations,
 The noblest of battles to win!

The people may stare and may wonder,
 Susceptible maids you enthrall,
 While fierce is the *Record's* small thunder,
 And cackle of Exeter Hall.
 Embroider the faldstool and hassock,
 And don't leave us thus in the lurch,
 But stick to plain surplice and cassock—
 And keep to the Protestant Church.

noses in the sea, while the General Utilities employ themselves most usefully in throwing pebbles into it.

Some four or five theatres, however, are still open, and lingerers in town may either go and cry at a new play at the Princess's, or laugh at a burlesque which has been roared at in the Royalty for above two hundred nights. The play would be just twice as good if it were half as long, and it would be far better still if written in good English instead of in bad Scotch. The plot is borrowed from the German; and, if there were any real need to make their conversation unintelligible, instead of Scotch the actors might as well have talked High Dutch. SHAKSPEARE was too wise to make *Macbeth* speak Scotch. Imagine *Banquo's Ghost* appearing, with slow music on the bagpipes!

SHAKSPEARE, by the way, may still be seen in London, though nearly everybody else of any consequence is out of it. His home is now at the Adelphi, where KATE TERRY plays his *Beatrice* as prettily and cleverly as he himself could wish.

It is rare to see an actress with such natural play of feature, and subtle power of expression, not in voice-tone merely but in gesture and in look. She appears to hold the floodgates of her heart in her command, and to have the power at will to flush or blanch her cheek. It may be said of her hereafter, as it was said of one of old time, who, however, was no actress—

"Her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks; and so distinctly wrought
 That one would almost say her body thought."

Sequel of the Sultan's Visit.

On Wednesday last week a deputation on the subject of education in Scotland had an interview with LORD ROBERT MONTAGU at the Privy Council Office. It consisted of DR. KNOX, MR. HENRY SINCLAIR, and MR. JOHN MACFARLANE. The newspaper containing the foregoing statement omits to mention that the last-named gentleman attended as the representative of a sect that demands the endowment of schools whose teaching shall include instruction in the Koran.

COURTLINESS IN COMMON LIFE.



OUTLESS the promotion of jocularity is one of the most important objects that can be studied in the cultivation of social science. It would be in some measure effected by the practice of employing, in familiar discourse, relative or addressed to ordinary people, terms and titles such as Majesty, Highness, Grace, Lordship, and so forth, with the difference of being appropriate to those people individually, on account of either their personal peculiarities, occupations, professions, or trades. As:—

His Needfulness the Scavenger.
His Blueness the Butcher.

His Doughiness the Baker.
His Spiciness the Grocer.
His Greasiness the Tallow Chandler.
His Mitiness the Cheesemonger.
His Transparency the Glazier.
His Mealiness the Miller.
His Constructiveness the Carpenter and Joiner.
His Waxiness the Cobbler.
His Elegance the Fop.
His Inventiveness the Novelist.
His Troublesomeness the Tax-Collector.
His Mendacity the Storyteller.
His Malevolence the Slashing Reviewer.
His Irritability the Author.
His Astuteness the Diplomatist.
His Shrewdness the Lawyer.
His Humbug the Quack.
His Oiliness the Popular Preacher.
His Pomposity the Beadle.
His Combativeness the Pugilist.
His Destructiveness the Executioner.
His Corpulence the Fat Man.
His Skinniness the Thin Man.
His Bashfulness the Irishman.
His Extravagance the Scot.

To the foregoing examples many more might be added, with exhilarating effect, especially by the reader who enjoys the advantage of having a great many friends and acquaintances whose circumstances are ludicrous, or of whom the personal peculiarities are grotesque.

LINES BY A COMPETITION WALLER.

Go, happy ROSE!
Thank him that's made a Knight of thee
For feasts and shows,
The year our Princess crossed the sea,
So long ago as sixty-three.

By gown and mace,
'Twas well thou chose the Tory side;
For had in place
Those Whigs continued to abide,
Thou must have unbeknighted died.

Short is the fame
Of Lord Mayors from the chair retired:
Bless DERBY's name,
Who gives thee what thou hast desired,
By Common Councilmen admired.

Then strive to see
The right side of the SPEAKER's chair,
Once more M.P.;
And nightly prove how wise, though rare,
It is to Knight an Ex-Lord Mayor.

Enviably Occupation.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has just appointed a gentleman of the legal profession a London Commissioner to administer oaths in Chancery. This employment must be considerably more lucrative than laborious. Oaths are at all times easily administered, and sometimes they are still more easily swallowed.

THE CHARACTER INSURANCE COMPANY.

"Do you believe in Phrenology?" Many to whom this question is put, reply, "I believe in the general principles, but not in the bumps." Are they right as to their belief in the general principles?

What is the brain? Of what use is the mass of delicately organised nervous matter which fills the head? That of mere stuffing? Is it a substance no more important than so much fat? Has the brain any connection with the mind? Does its development really in general vary with the varieties of mental character? Does the conformation of the brain, generally, indeed determine the shape of the head? Do those men whose heads most resemble the heads of apes, approach the nearest of all mankind to the lower animals? The nearer the heads of men ascend to the type of SHAKESPEARE's head, do not men rise the higher in the scale of humanity? Are not our artists right when, whether instinctively or from observation, they draw a noble-minded man with a high head, and a villain with a villainous low one? Compare the heads of clergymen in general with those of criminals? Is there not a general difference between the clerical and criminal head? Look at the photographs in the shop-windows. Contrast the foreheads of men of eminent intellect with those of all the fools you meet. Do they not, for the most part, obviously differ?

Suppose Phrenology to be true no further than this, that it is possible to estimate the development of the brain in a general way, as it is in the same way to estimate that of the muscles, and so to judge of mental endowment or deficiency as of the strength, relative or absolute, of the bodily frame.

This supposition forms the basis of a project for the establishment of a Character Insurance Company (Limited, of course).

It is proposed that the Directors of this Company shall be a Board of practical phrenologists, not one of whom shall ever have convicted himself of humbug by going about and lecturing to popular audiences on a matter of science. Their duty, in addition to transacting the Company's pecuniary business, shall consist in examining the heads of persons willing to submit to that scrutiny, and pay for it. They shall furnish each applicant with what to the best of their judgment is a correct account of his disposition and abilities, and shall also give him a certificate stating the class of heads which his own head belongs to.

Heads may, for practical purposes, be arranged in three divisions; the first consisting of heads whose conformation denotes moral and intellectual excellence, the second, of those whereof the proportions indicate average understanding and respectability; the heads of the third being such as are characteristic of the dangerous classes, and may be generalised under the common denomination of the criminal head.

If this classification of heads could be made with so much as a rough approach to truth, it would greatly avail to the present restoration of commercial confidence and the prevention of panics in future. Shareholders, resolving to intrust with the management of their affairs none but gentlemen possessing certificates of being gifted with first-class heads, would at least very much diminish the chances of having their interests neglected and their money squandered or embezzled. If they reposed confidence in men with second-class heads, they would know what they were about, they would take due precaution, demand sufficient security of their officers, and look sharp after them. Candidates for confidential employment marked in the third class of heads, would not be very likely to present their certificates.

The Character Insurance Company will tend to supply a want which is now severely felt; the want of employment for capital which has reduced the rate of interest to two per cent. It will furnish the public with the means of ascertaining, in some measure, whom they can depend upon; and will do something to prevent the recurrence of such a scandal as the financial smash of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

N.B. The author of this Prospectus has, for his own part, a head of the first-class—warranted A 1; a development quite incompatible with receiving subscriptions, and bolting with the money.

Reformers' Movements.

THEY have done something practical at last, these Processionists. The Procession, we read, on arriving at the Marble Arch, dispersed, and its members attended the several platforms in the Park. When the speeches were finished, the Procession *re-formed itself*, and returned by the same route.

This account is satisfactory, and reform has begun at the right end of the stick.

SHORTBREAD AT SARUM.

ELEVEN Bakers at Salisbury were fined, the other day, for selling bread otherwise than by weight. There are two kinds of shortbread. One sort is the Scotch, the other, it may be feared, is the sort of bread that has been sold by those Salisbury bakers.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

XIPHILINUS was the epitomiser of DION CASSIUS. *Punch* is the epitomiser of Parliament. That alphabetical difficulty being taken at a leap, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to record that on *Monday*, August 5, the Peers sat, penultimately, on the Reform Bill, and LORD DERBY sat, in another sense, on LORD MALMESBURY. In the preceding week, LORD CAIRNS, with the latter nobleman's ready assent, got the Lodger Franchise raised from £10 to £15. To-night, EARL RUSSELL pointed out that this was a breach of faith with the House of Commons, and moreover would exclude the best workmen. LORD DERBY either saw this, or thought that the Bill might as well be altered back in the Lords as in the Commons, so he agreed to EARL RUSSELL's proposal. LORD CAIRNS, who is thought to be about as well-informed as most politicians, said that he really had not been aware of the arrangement with the Commons, and he had only wished to keep the franchise from men who would not exercise it with independence. LORD MALMESBURY, of course, said nothing, and the £10 qualification was replaced.

EARL GRANVILLE, Chancellor of the University of London, moved an amendment to prevent any graduate of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge from voting for that city and that town, in respect of college rooms. It was rejected.

LORD STRATHEDEN moved—it really does not matter what. It was rejected.

LORD HARROWBY moved that Chelsea and Kensington should be thrown into Westminster and Marylebone, and that each of these two districts should return three Members, but LORD DERBY would not allow any more alterations.

LORD SALISBURY gave himself the highly unnecessary trouble of bringing in and explaining his system of Voting Papers, the rest of the Bill was gone through, and the Report was adopted.

Tuesday, August the 6th, will be a date of importance in the History of England. Certainly not because LORD RAVENSWORTH gave "a long croak," as the *Star* says, against the Reform Bill (the joke is somewhere between raven and croak, you will observe, with thankfulness), nor because LORD REDSDALE was all for finality, and enunciated the undeniable proposition that if the Liberals did not agitate there would be no agitation, nor because LORD FORTESCUE complained that the dwellers in rural districts were not so represented as their morality and sobriety deserved, nor because LORD LYVEDEN informed LORD REDSDALE that his advice to the Liberals was not wanted, but because, after

LORD RUSSELL had addressed to the Peers a very becoming speech, in which the veteran Reformer said he hoped that for the time, at least, Reform was settled, that he trusted the Act would work well, that he believed we had given the vote to very ignorant classes and that bribery and corruption would increase, but that he had no fears for the future, relying on the temper and disposition, not of electors or elected, but of the People, who loved the Constitution—finishing off with a good dig at LORD DERBY for his frank avowal of a policy of party.

(Certainly not because that eternal LORD STRATHEDEN wanted to stick in a clause reserving 7 seats at a general election, for the House itself to fill up with 7 great men, MACAULAYS and the like, who had been rejected—and LORD DERBY likened the scheme to that of the Jewish cities of refuge, and laughed it out of the House: and not because LORD HARROWBY wished to call Chelsea by the name of Kensington, but gave up the point)

But because

After a few graceful words in which LORD DERBY thanked the Peers for the temperate, fair, and candid manner in which they had dealt with the Bill, which he described (by the kind permission of CARTOON PUNCH, Esq.) as a Leap in the Dark,

THE PEERS PASSED THE REFORM BILL.

We shall continue the story, because—because it is our serene pleasure to treat any and every subject our own way.

Just before the Commons finished their early sitting, SIR JOHN LEBEVRE, Clerk of the Parliaments, handed to SIR DENTS LE MARCHANT, Clerk of the House of Commons, the Reform Bill, as amended by the Peers. MR. DISRAELI, amid cheers, moved that the Bill be printed, and considered on

Thursday, when it was duly considered accordingly.

We began by hearing what MR. DISRAELI had to say. He complimented the Peers, and said that they had challenged no principle of the Bill. He submitted to the clause for the representation of Minorities. He recommended the acceptance of the Voting Papers.

MR. GLADSTONE begged to be allowed to be silent upon the character of the Lords' amendments, and expressed sympathy with MR. DISRAELI, who had to give up his own apparently earnest views on the Minorities. He complimented LORD DERBY's courage and decision at a critical moment. We had better, he thought, get to business. We did.

1. We rejected an amendment about the poor-rate—its supposed object was to throw a little more difficulty in the way of a few voters.

2. We rejected an amendment, the object of which was to let University Men vote in the University boroughs.

3. We rejected, by 235 to 188, the amendment raising the copyholder's qualification.

4. We accepted, by 253 to 204, the amendment for the Representation of Minorities in 11 triangular constituencies. And let those who have hitherto been swamped remember, if they feel any particular gratitude for being bothered with a vote which they will be expected to use, that to MR. JOHN STUART MILL's earlier advocacy of this plan, and to the effect which his arguments have had on the public mind, this success is due. It will be the more gracious to remember it, because the minority in a populous district usually comprises the class whose politics are not those of MR. MILL, who has thus vindicated his title to be called Mill the Just.

MR. BRIGHT opposed the amendment with great force, as was natural; first, because it tended to enfranchise Conservatives, and secondly, because it will probably give a Conservative Member to Birmingham, which is to have three representatives. MR. BRIGHT will not—stupider men cannot—see that the more Persons who vote successfully in an election, the more the place, meaning the people of the place, are represented. MR. MILL sees this, and MR. BRIGHT is angry with him for thinking clearly.

MR. GLADSTONE also opposed the amendment. The principle was certainly in the Government Bill of 1854, when he was in office, but he had not been much engaged in preparing that Bill. We must interpolate, in describing this very important debate, a piece of report. MR. GLADSTONE observed—

"My friend, MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN, said, 'We are now going to have in England the representation of men, and not of communities.'

"MR. MILL. Hear, hear.

"MR. GLADSTONE. I hear a cheer from my honourable friend the Member for Westminster, a man who never speaks or cheers in this House without a clear and distinct meaning—(cheers and counter-cheers)—and his clear and distinct meaning I know to be this, that he accepts this little proposition to effect that total change which he desires in the whole character of our electoral system—to get rid of the system of local representation, and substituting for it the representation of persons."

After urging that this would lead us to changes which at present the boldest did not think of, MR. GLADSTONE argued, with great energy, that the proposed plan was an innovation, a novelty, and an unfair thing with a fair outside.

MR. LOWE said that MR. GLADSTONE had answered himself. That the majority alone should be represented was a political superstition. We had in this clause made an advance in the science of Government.

5. We accepted, as a pendant, by 252 to 188, the amendment that in the City of London Elections no man shall vote for more than three candidates.

6. We rejected, by 258 to 206, the Voting Papers, though MR. DISRAELI offered to restrict the plan to counties. *Mr. Punch* having condemned the scheme last week, this issue became a necessity.

7. We rejected, by 188 to 164, a second amendment for helping college residents to borough votes.

8. We agreed to the Saving Clause. Do you know what this is? It saves the Constitution (for those who think it in any danger) for one year, four months, and fourteen days from the date of this number of *Punch*. Should a general election occur between this date and the 1st of January, 1869, all is to go on as if the Reform Bill had not passed.

9. We then appointed a Committee to inform the Lords why we could not have the pleasure of agreeing to a lot of their amendments. The names will be historical. Here they be:—MR. GLADSTONE, MR. CARDWELL, MR. VILLIERS, SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, MR. M'CULLAGH TORRENS, LORD ELCHO, and SIR C. O'LOGHLEN.

My Lords the Commons have overhauled Greenwich Hospital, thanks to MR. SEELY's persistence. It is to be cleared of all the salts except those of Epsom—in other words, the infirmary alone is to be retained. As the doctors do not think the place suitable for a real hospital, had it not better be fitted up as a Palace of Reception for our distinguished visitors? Further, the Commons have talked about and renewed the Extradition Treaties, have heard all the Indian scandal in the MANSFIELD and JERVIS affair, have passed the Libel Bill (newspaper reports not to be libels), and the Private Bishops Bill, and have been amused, on the Estimates, by a set of more remarkable anti-Catholic antics by the GREAT WHALLEY than that entertainer has ever before exhibited. His fellow-Protestant and fellow-Statesman, LORD WESTMEATH, has diverted the Lords in a somewhat similar manner, and has been shown by LORD DERBY with inimitable gravity. MR. GLADSTONE, as the Lords have thrown out the Church-Rate Abolition Bill, undertakes next year to abolish compulsory payment. Everybody wants to shut up, and get away from London.

Another Stone for Cairns.

In the new Borough of Chelsea (or Cairnsington as it ought to be called) there will be one more instance of a three-cornered Constituency, when the Pensioners come to the poll in their cocked-hats.



REASONING BY ANALOGY.

Cissy (who has lamed her doll) to Mamma (who has sprained her ankle). "WHY DO YOU WALK LIKE THAT, MAMMA?"
Mamma. "BECAUSE I HAVE HURT MY FOOT, CISSY." *Cissy. "AND DID ALL THE SAWDUST COME OUT?"*

PUNCH TO MANCHESTER.

MY DEAR MANCHESTER,

ALL your own fault that this acknowledgment did not appear last week. The fact was that I had not recovered from my own excitement and your hospitality. I don't know that I have recovered yet. I feel about equal to giving you a receipt, with as much fun in it as usually goes to the composition of such a document.

A good notion that—a Happy Thought—as one of my young men would say.

London, August, 1867.

Received of Manchester the sum of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS for the BENNETT Fund.

£1,000 : 0 : 0

Punch.

Flatter myself that's a business-like document. We understand one another. Why need I say more? I will not.

Won't you; but you just will.

The remark in italics and the asterisks seem to call for an explanation. I had better give it in the words in which it was given to me. It *was* given to me, I may emphatically say.

"Anything so lazy and shabby in my life I never heard of, and I could hardly have believed it even in you though you do delight in doing everything contrary to the custom of the rest of the world and civility and good feeling. But after what you told me of the extraordinary kindness of Manchester—told me, I say, for of course you could not take me, I should be in the way, there would be smoking in the saloon carriage and a hundred other reasons, though I believe I could have gone as well as possible, and you know how desirous I was to see a cotton mill; but let that go by, not that I have forgotten it, but after the extraordinary kindness you described to me, to go and send a stupid dull receipt like that, is simply being rude for the sake of being rude. You told me that your whole party were received like princes, shown every sort of hospitality public and private, that such an audience as never was assembled in Manchester came to see you act, and that the

applause was rained down upon all of you as if you were personal friends of everybody in the house. You said—I don't suppose it was merely said to tease me, though you are quite capable of it—you said that after the performance you were entertained at a splendid supper at the Queen's, and the leading men of Manchester came to do you honour, and stayed up till I don't know what o'clock—you admitted half-past four; and precious nonsense you for one must have talked to them by that time, I suppose, though some of your young men are gentlemen and accustomed to be up late, and I hope made amends and did not sit yawning. Then you said that the receipts coming to nine hundred and sixteen pounds, a gentleman generously drew a cheque and said, "Make it a round thousand," and is nothing to be said to him? Is nothing to be said to that Committee which worked so indefatigably for you, and whose influence made the affair so successful, and is nothing to be said to the ladies in the houses where you stayed, and who must have had a nice time of it, at least where you were, *Mr. Punch*, with your eternal cigar and your irreverences. I hope to Gracious you did not teach any of their dear children slang, or any of your wild notions. Is not *MR. KNOWLES* to be thanked—I'm sure you told me that, like *MR. WEBSTER*, he had given you the theatre, and that all his officers worked with you in the heartiest manner. You said so when you came home, and it isn't because you have cooled down that all that ought not to be acknowledged. Women are said to be ungrateful, but their ingratitude is nothing to man's. If you had done what was right, you would have said all this last week, but you were ready with your excuse that acknowledgments were being made elsewhere, and that you wished to come in with your record of Manchester kindness when other things had been said, but I believe it was sheer indolence, and I am confirmed when I see the shabby remarks you were going to make if I had not looked over your shoulder. Writing is not my business, or I should like to express my feelings as to what Manchester did, but of course you would say—

"Dearest *JUDINA*. As thou sayest, so let it be. I remit your words to Manchester, and endorse all which are not directed at myself. Let Manchester flourish!"

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.



PUFF AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

PUFF, "NOW, PRAY ALL TOGETHER."
ALL. (*Kneeling*), "BEHOLD THY VOTARIES SUBMISSIVE! BEG,
THAT THOU WILT DEIGN TO GRANT THEM ALL THEY ASK;

ASSIST THEM TO ACCOMPLISH ALL THEIR ENDS,
AND SANCTIFY WHATEVER MEANS THEY USE
TO GAIN THEM!"

Yide "The Critic."

WISHES.



NE night a fairy visited me—I am generally wide awake, but was asleep then. She touched me with her wand. What would I? I would a wishing-cap. (Having in my mind's-eye that of *Fortunatus*.) No more? No more. My request was granted. I possess a wishing-cap. Alas! I had forgotten to ask that my wishes should invariably be realised. I wish all day. Whisht! botheration! I note down some of my wishes:—

Wish when I'm going to catch a train, that I could get a fast cab.

Wish my umbrella wouldn't wear out so quickly.

Wish I could dance the new waltz step. *She* can—with somebody else.

Wish I hadn't told the lady of the house that I should be very happy to be introduced. (MISS GAWKY.)

Wish I could fight as well as the Champion of England for the sake of cabmen.

Wish boots were never new.

Wish old women wouldn't get in the way. (Driving or walking.)

Wish I could pack my portmanteau without leaving something behind.

Wish they'd alter the stalls at most theatres.

Wish there were no sermons of more than twenty minutes' duration.

Wish the organ-men would understand me when I say there's some one ill in the house.

Wish I could see a policeman.

Wish I'd brought out my latch-key (when I haven't). Wish I had no relations except pretty cousins in carriages. Wish my uncle was like the uncle in farces, who says, "Take her, you dog, and (*turning to grip the bailiff*) as to that matter (*meaning some few thousand pounds worth of debts*), why—why—hang it! I'll settle it." (*Bailiff touches his hat, and retires to the back of the stage.*)

Wish the Loveliest Woman ever seen would ask some one what my name is, or would send a footman. [I know a long story about an opera-box, lovely woman, footman sent, carriage, blindfolded, supper, private chaplain, secret history, mystery, never again—wish all this, without the blindfolding.]

Wish that Someone, quite unknown and therefore not to be regretted, would leave me £4000 per annum, or say £5000.

Wish that on my breakfast-table one morning I could find a note announcing this, suddenly—£5000 per annum. Wish I may get it.

Yours,

FORTUNATUS JUNIOR.

"GENTLEMEN, LOOK OUT!"

"At times the jupe itself even is caught up on each side as high as the waist *à la camargo*, and is secured with piquant-looking braces, which, after being crossed behind the back, fasten at the shoulders with smart rosettes."

THEY have appropriated our jackets, they have invested in our waistcoats, and now they are shouldering our braces. (How can braces be "piquant?") But one article is left to us—the "residuum" of manly attire; and a beautifully coloured engraving of that—we say it with inexpressible sorrow—we trow, Sirs, you will shortly see in the ladies' fashion-books.

Very "Poor Players."

THE "Distinguished Amateurs" announced that in consequence of their "great success" at the Holborn Theatre, their performances would be repeated at the St. James's. If this is their great success what must their failure be! Too awful to contemplate! We should like to see their salary list, and account of expenses for the two weeks. Blessed is the Beneficent Society if it expects nothing, assuredly it shall not be disappointed.

AWFUL SWELLISM.

1st Swell. Haw—What d'ya think a' th' division on th' Simla Court Martial?

2nd Swell. Neva knew a sim'la disgrace.

A RAILWAY LEGEND.

As I walked forth, with roving eye,
And desultory tread,
A taxed-cart I observed, hard by
A certain broker's shed.
Past days that vehicle recalled.
Upon its back, behold,
In characters of chalk was scrawled
The notice, "To Be Sold."

In life's bright morning that hath been,
And can return no more;
Upon a doctor's carriage, seen
In waiting at a door,
To vex the minister of health
Intent, in idle game,
With frolic hand how oft, by stealth,
Used we to write the same.

Thou humble, but commodious cart,
Thine owner, who was he?
Thought I, and wherefore did he part,
From choice, or need, with thee?
Perhaps he was some tradesman small,
Who fondly did invest
In rotten shares, and lose his all,
Sold up, and dispossessed.

As thus I mused, the screech of steam
Came wafted on the gale;
And, distant as that warning scream,
The thunder of the rail.
What ships have struck on yonder rock!
The sentiment was mine;
How glad I am I hold no stock
Of that insolvent line!

But, if the mountain of its debt
Were only cleared away;
Its sharers might be happy yet—
No doubt that it would pay.
And money meanwhile idle lies,
A drug at two per cent. !
That taxed-cart might instruct the wise
How cash might well be spent.

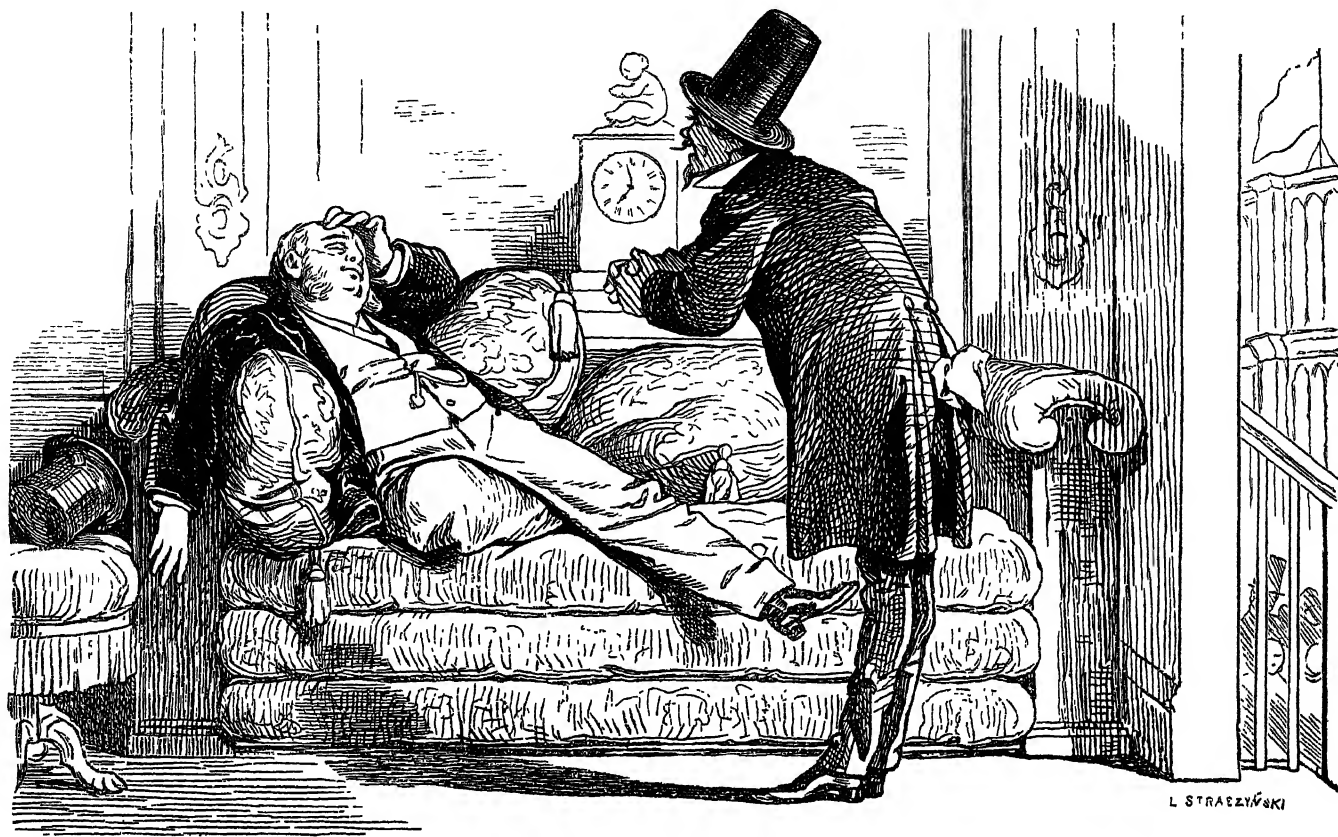
As creditors, when small men fail,
Their goods and chattels sell:
Just so they might put up for sale,
Great companies' as well.
Yon bankrupt line whilst banks contain,
To buy, sufficient gold,
Chalk every carriage in each train
Thereof, with "To Be Sold."

HYGEIA AND HYMEN.

DOCTOR STARK, the Scotch Registrar-General, has published a report, containing some statistics by which he considers it to be proved "that bachelorhood is more destructive to life than the most unwholesome trades, or than residence in an unhealthy house or district where there has never been the most distant attempt at sanitary improvements of any kind." There are jolly bachelors who will be convinced by the extremely strong language of this statement that Dr. STARK is stark mad on the subject of statistics. But it may be that he speaks the words of truth and sanity. The terrible destructiveness of bachelorship is easily accounted for. No cause more powerfully tends to shorten life than excess in eating and drinking. Nobody can deny the proverb that what is enough for one is enough for two. It is still more certain that what is enough for two is too much for one. The generality of bachelors eat and drink as much as they can afford. When they marry they are obliged, for economy's sake, to share their meals with their wives. Hence, as husbands, they consume half the quantity that they ate and drank when they were single. Health and longevity result from the moderation of which the necessity is imposed on the great majority of men by marriage.

Notice of Question.

MR. WHALLEY will interrupt the last Act of the Reform Drama to ask the HOME SECRETARY whether he is aware that large coloured bills were posted all over London, announcing that "a Mass Meeting" would be held in Hyde Park on the 5th inst.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

(HOW OUR FOREIGN ARTIST UNDERSTANDS THE ENGLISH.)

Lord X. "MY DEAR MR. BOURRIQUET, I FEEL VERY TIRED; I WILL TAKE A LITTLE NAP IN THIS KIOSQUE. WILL YOU IN THE MEANTIME SPARE ME THE TROUBLE OF BUYING SOME ARTICLES AT THE EXHIBITION?"

Mons. B. "WITH THE GREATEST PLEASURE, IF YOUR LORDSHIP WOULD POINT OUT THOSE YOU PREFER."

Lord X. "I LEAVE THAT TO YOUR GOOD TASTE."

Mons. B. "VERY WELL; BUT HOW MUCH AM I AUTHORISED TO SPEND?"

Lord X. "OH!—SAY—200,000 FRANCS!"

[Great astonishment of Mons. B.]

SPEECH-DAY AT COLWELL-HATCHNEY.

(From our Special Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)

EARLY in the morning before the break of day, we were all in our different positions among the chimney-pots, waiting for the muffin man's bell to summon us to the scene of carnage. Dislodged from this position, a small body, three foot nothing in his boots, took up a commanding situation, and defied the President to his false teeth.

He was received with cheers. Flags waving and every one in green and gold gaiters, with legs of mutton and trimmings in their furbelows. When we were all seated, including the man who had only one leg to his chair, the speeches began. In order to make the proceedings as brief, and as little tiresome to his Lordship as possible, we had all the speeches at once. I send you a condensed report.

Speech from MARK-JULIUS-RACINE-AUBER-CICERO-DEMOSTHEENES—MOLIÈRE—TERENCE—ANTONY—ROWLEY—BUCKSTONE—HERMIT—on-last-Derby day-when-I-lost-a-lot-of-money—alias JONES
(Spoken by gentlemen too numerous to mention).

Scene from EUCLID, Prop. 1. Act 2. By the Head Colwell-Hatchney Students.

Selections from "WARREN'S Blacking." By old Colwell-Hatchneyites, with their usual brass band and hounds.

Before weighing, 2 lbs. were allowed; but as each brought his own saddle, bridle, spoon, fork, and a mug, pudding alone was wanted to complete the ceremony. I have now found out where the Head Master keeps his greengage jam. He won't know soon. I send you my own Prize Poem, it was written some years ago, only owing to the inclemency of the weather, has never known a day's happiness for

years. Parents both orphans, and no living relations worth mentioning, except an odd grandmother or two in the purlieus of Westminster. A most distressing case, and one that ought to harrow your feelings with steam. I've seen 'em, and a very good idea it is, only plough shares are not in my line. I've taken out a poetic licence, so make allowance for the goodwill and fixtures. Here it is. I call it

MOLDAVIA.

Repulsive tyrant, o'er whose knotted shoal
Mock auctions flee and hover in the gloom.
Never! or in my own abode
I'll know thee and proclaim the monster free!
Would'st thou—(Put this in the next line, if you like.)
Oh, handless craftsman, loving fool,
Living by rote who'd live to rule,
Suspended in meridian Bool. (I coined this word—expressive.)
Lavoosky! (Name of a Pole.)

Shout then bandannas to the weary!
Scream to the leary!
Hail, for I love you deary!
Toodledumdoodledumday. (Drums.)

And so he fell: and India was free.
From north to south from land to land and sea,
(If whatever you like in this line, as long as you end with) ME.
Excelsior!

Farewell. Farewells and Firearms! And why not? Isn't it beautiful? We are all in tears. Farewell!

And thus ended a charming and delightful day, calmly and rationally spent. The fireworks left early. The Visitors went off after the fireworks, and, we hear, caught 'em up on the road.

COMMEMORATION RECOLLECTIONS.

THE dews begin to linger,
On the Christ Church meadows laid.
Every spire's a ghostly finger,
Every wall a fringe of shade.

Cooks their fellow's are regaling:
By the window flits the bat:
From the area, through the paling,
Steals the surreptitious cat.

"The Broad" is all deserted:
Its walk is still and bare,
Where I and LAURA flirted.
What silly things we were!

Night is queen of Oxford city,
Her turrets and her stones.
All is hush'd, except a ditty,
Doleful from the rooms of JONES.

I know his gift for suction,
At the tankard or the cup;
And I draw the sound deduction
That JONES is liquoring up.

For the voice of JONES the fellow
Sounds as vague as voices will,
When the brain begins to mellow,
And the man begins to fill.

Oh! prithee JONES the tutor,
Be moderate in thy tipple:

Cease to drain the frequent pewter,
Cease to make the flagon ripple.

JONES, the Don, his thirst is slaking;
But the night is nearly gone,
It is hard that my awaking
Should be caused by JONES, the Don.

That my bosom should be harried,
That I cannot sleep my sleep,
Because his throat is arid,
And because his flagon deep—

That my mind should be disgusted
By this vile nocturnal chorus,
Because his Port is crusted,
And because his system porous.

I grudge not aught that dear is
To JONES's way of thought,
Whether it be wine of Xerez,
Or the subtler juice of Port.

I rejoice that JONES is happy:
For happy JONES must be,
When his brain is growing sappy,
And his heart is growing free.

But his voice *will* haunt my fancies,
While borne in Memory's train
Once again I dance my dances,
And upset my friends again.

Once again, amid the revel
Of the theatre above,
My binocular I level
At the face of her I love.

Once again, through Memory's vista,
I seem myself to see,
In the bower where I kiss'd her,
And where she I love kiss'd me.

While through the Johnian gardens
The air blew soft and scented,
And the Chris—I beg their pardons—
The Orpheus minstrels went it.

But through theatre and dancing,
Through my LAURA's very tones,
Through each sound and sight entrancing,
Thrill the dreary notes of JONES.

Hark! a fall the ceiling shaking!
The usual precursor
When sleep is overtaking
The mind of JONES, the Bursar.

Silence reigns. I cease enlarging
On the cause of JONES, his fall.
Comes a vapour from the margin
Of my candles. (*Locksley Hall.*)

They die. In rhymic verses
I put my feelings neatly:
And, till waked by JONES's curses
Proceed to slumber sweetly.

NON COMPOS AND COMPOS.

MR. PUNCH will not presume to deny the law thus laid down in a recent judgment by SIR JAMES WILDE:—

"A person who is the subject of monomania, however apparently sensible or prudent on all subjects and occasions other than those which are the special subject of his apparent infirmity, is not in law capable of making a will."

But Mr. PUNCH will take the liberty of asking what any one of Her Majesty's Judges, presiding in an Assize Court would probably say to the argument, advanced by a prisoner's counsel, that a person who is the subject of monomania, however apparently sensible or prudent on all subjects or occasions other than those which are the special subject of his apparent infirmity, is not in law capable of committing a crime?

Mr. PUNCH, in asking this question, knows very well how conclusively it may be set aside by the snub, in lieu of the answer, that every person who does a criminal act ought to be punished for it whether he is capable of committing a crime or no. To be sure. Expediency is everything in these days. Bother abstract justice, and blow consistency.

CONTROVERSIAL ANATOMY.

THERE is in the *Athenæum* a masterpiece of dissection, the subject thereof being a volume of essays by DR. MANNING and other ecclesiastics of DR. MANNING's kidney. This anatomy looks very like the handiwork of a demonstrator notoriously dexterous in slitting up bundles of paradoxes. He thus walks, as medical students say, into one of the soft parts presented to his scalpel by the titular ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER:—

"DR. MANNING thinks that the greater number of the ritualist teachers secretly mean ultimate Romanism; and that only a few mean to keep people away by a real substitute. 'The number of those whose good faith is doubtful'—that is of those ritualists who are not Romanists at heart—is not great." Does DR. MANNING really think that it is *good* faith for a person who has subscribed the articles and declared himself a *bond fide* member of the Protestant Church—so described in its legal title—to make use of the means and revenues of that Church to promote what that Church avowedly condemns? When we next hear Romanists charged with the doctrine that faith is not to be kept with heretics, we shall listen to their indignant denials with, 'Yes, yes, we know you want to keep *faith* with us, but not *good* faith.'"

By this incision our anatomist undoubtedly lays bare a morbid appearance, the like whereof has before been detected and pointed out by other explorers. But, oh, never let it be forgotten that all these spots of disease are strictly local; that they are not connected with any constitutional evil affecting the body in whose members they occasionally occur. In plain words, when DR. MANNING represents good faith towards the Church of Rome as identical with bad faith towards the Church of England, he must be understood to speak merely as a private doctor, and not with any authority. Certainly with none at

all! Nor is it possible to see how the declaration of any other such private doctor can be any more authoritative than his own. Hence we learn how impossible it is for Protestant bigots to prove anything against Popery out of the mouths or the books of Popish prelates. Hence we also learn how equally impossible it is to take anything whatever that any one of those prelates themselves may say about it for granted.

Apparently, then, there is no knowing what Popery is except from the mouth of the infallible POPE himself. But some of the POPE's own people say that the very POPE is not always infallible. They tell us that he is only infallible when he speaks *ex cathedra*. How are we to know that he is infallible then? We can have only his own word for it, and we are not yet sure that we have got that; so that, for aught we know, the whole of what is vulgarly abused under the name of Popery may be a mere accumulation of the opinions of private doctors. If Protestant bigots will only leave off denouncing the creed of a large portion of their fellow-countrymen until they understand what it really is—they will have to wait.

OUR PROSPECTS.

WE foresee the day when everything will be done by electricity. Clerks of the Houses of Lords and Commons will be telegraph clerks. Debates will be wired, and each telegraph desk will be a kind of alphabetical piano on which the speeches will be played, and by this means the charms of oratory will be intensified, and an instructive amusement will be provided for the Strangers' Gallery. The telegraph clerks will have to attend in place of the Members, and every Member will have his own private telegraphic piano, except in cases of coalition. The Sovereign of a hundred years hence will never open the House in person, but send his boots. The journals will contain all the news of the following day, and cheap evening papers will struggle to get two days ahead of them. Naval and military success will depend entirely upon respective electrical resources; and if nations ever should come to blows, the blows will be given in the air, for by that time we shall have balloons fitted with iron turrets and huge guns on swivels.—*The Prophetic News.*

Knight Thoughts.

WHEN ALDERMAN WATERLOW heard of his new dignity, he instantly began to quote—

"There is a tide in the affairs of man," &c.

With regard to the other Sheriff, if LORD DERBY had in accordance with precedent paid Mr. PUNCH the compliment of consulting him, he would with pleasure have answered—"Licet." The well-merited prize has followed the great Rose Show too tardily.



PERHAPS.

Stout Fashionable Party. "WHAT GUYS THEY MADE OF THEMSELVES IN THOSE DAYS, AUNT!"

Slim Old Ditto. "FASHION, MY DEAR! I SHOULD NOT WONDER BUT WE SHALL BE LOOKED ON AS PERFECT FRIGHTS IN FUTURE TIMES!"

QUID NUNC?

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

MANY of your very young men might perhaps be glad to know what is a Quid nunc. Sir! I was a Quid nunc when it was a distinction to be a Quid nunc. I am in my sixty-fifth year and (at present) a bachelor. Every man now who can count ten is really a Quid nunc, though my hair-dresser would probably stare in respectful astonishment if I were to address him by that title. My well-conducted coachman could scarcely hold himself erect on his box, if he were not regularly posted up with the latest intelligence at Tattersall's. The most united family take as much interest in the divisions of the House, as those Fellows of Brazen-nose, who are quite at home when wrangling. Parliament has become in its strictest sense a "diet," with which millions appease their mental hunger, though having in my hot youth been accustomed to a more stimulating regimen, I sometimes fancy it rather farinaceous.

What is the Budget? A Cabinet pudding. And the Estimates? Not infrequently a hash. An excellent digestion has the political gourmand. A royal speech affords him as rich satisfaction as a goose at Michaelmas. A strong opposition supplies him with curry and a liberal ministry with sweets. Our foreign policy constitutes his dessert.

But Mr. Punch, can you fancy by any twist of imagination a feminine Quid nunc? Well, Sir, last week I was sipping my chocolate at the Crystal Palace when I heard a very tall young lady with an eye-glass say to a very short young lady with an eye-glass, "Have you seen the evening paper?" "No!" was the reply. "You should read the money article, Escobedós at 15 dis." "Impossible." "Fact. What will you do?" "Do? Unless Papa buys me a new dress I must dye!"

Poor thing! she did not look as if she deserved so sad a fate.

Pall Mall.

PAUL P. BOODLE.

A NEW LINE FOR A TALENTED ACTRESS,

On her Retiring to take a Holiday in the Country.

KATE TERRY tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi!

TO MR. WHALLEY.

FOR some days past we have searched the newspapers through, and have not, with some very paltry exceptions, met with the name of MR. WHALLEY. "O WHALLEY, we have missed you!" was the burden of our song. Is the Member for the borough of St. Peter in want of a subject? Here is a hint for him—a hint of which, if he will but make use, he may deliver himself of such a speech as will put to shame all his previous efforts, including even that of the notable night when he demanded of the House a lighted candle and two policemen in order to look for GUY FAWKES in the popishly decorated crypt of the House. This brings us to the middle of our song. *Has MR. WHALLEY seen the Drinking Fountain now in the course of erection near the Statue of CANNING, at the corner of Great George Street, Westminster?* It has a very papistical appearance. There are little images all round the top. Will it be merely water for public use at that fountain? Our reliance is on MR. WHALLEY. More of this anon.

The Bench and the Bar.

SAYS JAMES to JUDGE BOVILL,
Your practice is novel.
JUDGE BOVILL exclaims,
Shut up, MR. JAMES.

A GENERAL ORDER.

If aides-de-camp as a rule are expected to obey the "hints" of the wives of their chiefs, like SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD's in India, the sooner aides decamp the better it will be for them.

THEATRICAL NEWS.—We sincerely hope that MR. BUCKSTONE is *not* playing "To Paris and back for five shillings," out of compliment to MR. SOTHERN's recent expedition.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

Chief Clerk in H.M. Deputy-Assistant-Secretary's Inland Parcels Revenue Office.
 "HULLO, MR. DUMBLEDORE! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE? DESPATCHES?"

Dumbledore (who plays in the Civil Service Amateur Orchestra). "NO, SIR, IT'S MY DOUBLE BASS CONTRA-FAGOTTO, SIR! WE'VE A REHEARSAL TO-NIGHT, SIR."

Chief. "AH, JUST SO; WELL (sees an opening), YES, S'LONG AS YOU DON'T KIP UP A ROW HERE, YOU KNOW, 'R ELSE WE'D RATHER YOU HAD FORGOT IT, YOU KNOW." (*Retires chuckling.*)

HOW ARE YOU AT ROMSEY?

THERE is in Hampshire a town which owes some celebrity to being situated in the neighbourhood of Broadlands, late the seat of PALMERSTON. In the adjoining districts it is also noted with a distinction derived from the circumstances of its situation, from which it is named Romsey on the Mud. Another peculiarity relative to Romsey renders it necessary for you to mind how you ask agriculturists and others thereabouts if they have been there. "Going to Romsey" is a local phrase for getting drunk. In this saying, perhaps, Romsey is named merely on the strength of its beer; but, on the mildest supposition, the Temperance League and the United Kingdom Alliance will no doubt coincide in the opinion that it is a place in which there may exist special need for the delivery of discourses such as those mentioned in the subjoined paragraph culled from the *Hampshire Independent* :—

"TEETOTAL LECTURES.—MR. DUNN, 'the converted clown,' lectured in the Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings to very large audiences."

Let us hope that the exhortations of MR. DUNN, the converted clown, will not have been altogether lost upon the clowns, converted or unconverted, of whom not a few, having stalked in from the surrounding farms, were probably included in his audience at the Romsey Town Hall. It is not impossible that he may have almost succeeded in persuading some of them to reduce their consumption of malt liquor by a barrel a week or so. Our Hants contemporary does not report the discourses of MR. DUNN, but only states that :—

"The lecture was each evening begun with prayer, and at intervals several temperance melodies were sung."

Some of these melodies were, perhaps, sung by the lecturer himself. We can imagine an ex-clown, turned lecturer on teetotalism, producing

a great effect in favour of total abstinence principles, by singing, in disparagement of spirituous and fermented liquors, and in praise of water, tea, and slops, serious parodies of *Hot Codlings* and *Tippety-witchet*.

SAYINGS AT SPITHEAD.

Reviewing the Review.

SAYS BEN to me, When NELSON fought
 Our ships were hearts of oak,
 By canvas then they came to port,
 And not by steam and smoke.
 We knew not then no Armstrong gun,
 Of which I hear such praise :
 Yet many a tough sea-fight we won,
 In them old-fashioned days !

Says I to BEN, Tho' ships may change,
 And sail give way to screw ;
 Tho' guns be made of longer range,
 Our tars are still True Blue !
 And should the dogs of war break out,
 Full soon you 'll find, I says,
 That British tars have hearts as stout
 As in the good old days !

RUINOUS EXPENDITURE.—The extravagance of the ladies in their dress is growing more and more fearful, judging by a Price List (wonderfully illustrated) one of the articles in which is the "Gemma," or "Jewelled" Jupon !

A PLAGUE AND ITS CURE.



It would certainly have been considered, in the good old times of classical education, that any one guilty of confounding Virga with Virgo deserved the former. This observation relates to the Latinity of a morning contemporary, in whose columns the other day appeared a paragraph thus commencing:—

“THE MIRACULOUS STATUE OF THE VIRGIN JESSY.—The *Journal de Liège* publishes the following communication from the town of Hasselt, dated August 8th:—“Our town is going to have a strange spectacle. The Récollets Fathers are preparing for Thursday next a great religious ceremony, the solemn crowning of the miraculous statue of the Virga Jesse.”

Perhaps, however, in the heading above transcribed, “Virgin” is not to be taken as a sub-editorial translation, and “Jessey” is not a correction of a supposed misprint. Possibly “Virgin Jessy” was intended for a sort of joke. Still, even if that is the case, there is some reason to doubt the joker’s knowledge of the precise distinction between Virga and Virgo with respect to the statue named Virga Jesse. Never mind. Attention is rather due to facts than words touching the statue so called. Our Belgian contemporary proceeds:—

“The crowning of this statue, which is in the Church of the Récollets, will take place in the Grand Place, on an altar raised specially for this occasion, in the presence of M. DE MÉRODE and several prelates.”

It must have been pretty fun to see M. DE MÉRODE and his associates exhibit themselves thus playing with an ecclesiastical doll. Of course those right reverend gentlemen were duly dressed out in their canonical frocks and petticoats, to the great delight and admiration of their feminine spectators. Their playing, however, was somewhat serious, being actual doll-worship. The *Journal de Liège* proceeds:—

“According to the *Constitutionnel de Limburg*, which receives its information from the reverend fathers, the occasion of this crowning is as follows:—First. Last year the cholera was approaching Hasselt, when, thanks to a procession through the town, in which the miraculous statue was carried, the terrible disease disappeared, and God did not permit it to make a single victim amongst the people. Second. This year the cattle disease has caused great destruction amongst the animals of the distillers. The inhabitants in their despair had recourse to the Virga Jesse, and the same day at the same hour that the statue of the Virga Jesse was transferred to the middle of the church, the fearful ravages of the cattle plague ceased.”

Hereon asks the Liège journal, “Is not this sufficient to have the Virga Jesse crowned twice instead of once?” adding, with more respect to municipal than monastic persons:—

“It is conceivable that the Récollets, who have an interest in the spreading of error and superstition, in order the more securely to establish their influence, should be of this opinion, but what is inconceivable is, that our communal council should publicly and officially countenance the reverend fathers. They have, in fact, unanimously granted a subscription of 700 fr. towards the expenses of the *fête*, thereby giving a sanction to the pretensions put forward on behalf of the statue.”

Which pretensions, according to the *Journal de Liège*, were falsified by the facts of the case; the register of the Town-house showing that after the procession of the statue no less than twenty-six persons died of cholera, and that the cattle plague only ceased when it had been stamped out by the slaughter of 1400 animals for which the Government had to pay 800,000f. compensation.

Astonishment is naturally expressed at the countenance given by sober town-councillors to fetishism which none could be expected to encourage but superstitious monks. May it not, however, be a mistake to suppose that the Récollets, in paying religious honours to a statue, were actuated by superstition at all? May we not, with good reason, rather suppose them to be quite convinced that there no longer ever happens any such thing as miraculous interposition? Surely they, and the Belgian prelates with M. DE MÉRODE at the head of them, feel quite sure that there is now no longer any fear of that, when they venture to crown an image on an altar in the chief square of a town by way of thanksgiving for deliverance from plague and pestilence.

A PETITION TO PARLIAMENT OUT-OF-DOORS.

WHERE is the Honourable House?
All out of doors;
Gone, mostly, blazing at the grouse
Upon the moors.
Thither, likewise, the Peers repair,
In quest of sport.
Commons and Lords, for change of air,
Alike resort.
They’ve massacred the Innocents,
Whom now the game,
Which they are bagging, represents—
’Tis served the same.
After long legislative toil
Those heights they range,
Pursuers of the feathered spoil,
And bless the change.
’Tis well that England still contains
Some forest space,
Which birds may haunt; some hills and plains
For beasts of chase.
How fast those creatures disappear,
Oh, sad to see!
The Badger, once so common here,
Now where is he?
Reynard the Fox, too, would be—where?
Ay, where indeed?
Did not horse-worship make men spare
His sacred breed.
Almost unknown is now the Kite,
That used to sail
Aloft, a once familiar sight,
With forked tail.
The Buzzard has become as rare;
In country walk,
Seldom you see now, cleaving air,
The Sparrowhawk.
The good old Raven’s reverend croak
Is scarcely heard.
The noble Bittern is, by smoke,
A banished bird.
The soil which landed poulterers own
Must know no brood,
Forsooth, of vermin; bear alone
Things meet for food.
“All that a morsel from our feasts
Can snatch away
Destroy,” the churls cry; “Kill all beasts
And birds of prey.”
The Philistines! Alas, for woe
To see broad lands,
Whilst woodcraft dwindles, falling so
Into their hands!
The commons narrowing day by day,
What grief to mark;
And how vile builders do away
With chase and park!
No more of your detested Bills,
Destroying these;
Ye Legislators, on the hills
Who snuff the breeze!
England’s few wilds that yet remain,
Pray you, protect.
Chimneys enough do foliage stain,
And air infect.
Wherefore should “Progress” be allowed
This land to spoil?
A house you would not overcrowd—
Then why the soil?
Preserve the greenwoods and the flowers
Our fathers knew—
Preserve the game, ye landed Powers,
And vermin too.

Must be His.

A Book is announced with the title *On the Preservation of Commons*. If, as we suspect, the article has dropped out before the last word, this work must be the production of the Member for Calne, who can’t take a cheerful view of the future of the House.

“THE ROUND OF THE RESTAURANTS.”—Beef.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Yes, the Reform Bill is Law. On *Monday August 12th*, the Lords having received back the Bill with all their amendments (except the Representation of Minorities clause) struck out by the Commons,

The PREMIER said that nothing ought to be done to imperil the success of so important a measure: therefore,

He remarked that the Commons had agreed to the Minorities clause. He did not like it, and deprecated the extension of the system:

He ridiculed the Commons' reasons for rejecting the other amendments, but said that nothing was to be gained by insisting on them, especially as that course would lead to a conference, to which the Commons were thought to object, because they would have to take off their round hats while the Lords sat with cocked hats on:

He hoped that LORD SALISBURY would not press a motion in favour of the Voting Papers, which at some future time would receive the assent of Parliament.

LORD SALISBURY wished that the Commons had given better reasons for their refusal of his device.

LORD STANHOPE trusted that Voting Papers would one day be made obligatory. He hoped that the passing of this Bill would not induce those who were afraid of its results to abandon politics.

LORD CLANCARTY was thankful for the Bill, and wished for Voting Papers in Irish elections.

LORD HARROWBY thought it a great feat to have obtained from a democratic assembly an admission that Minorities had a right to be heard.

LORD RUSSELL entirely approved of the course of the Commons in regard to the amendments. It was now too late to enter into a discussion of the principles of the Bill. He hoped that every Lord and Commoner would do his best to make it work well for the country.

LORD WESTMEATH—the solemn pageant would not have been complete without the jangle of the Wise man's bauble—proposed that at any Irish election the throwing a stone at Her Majesty's troops should be tantamount to reading the Riot Act, and that the soldiers should immediately shoot the Irish generally.

LORD CHELMSFORD did not offer to embody this suggestion in a clause, but put the questions of agreement with the Commons.

These questions were carried *nemine contradicente*, and THE REFORM BILL WAS COMPLETE. All that was needed to transform it into the Reform Act was the following remark by the Clerk of the Parliaments:

La Reine le veut. This remark was made on the afternoon of Thursday, August 15th, 1867, in the presence of a few Peers and about forty Commoners, among whom were MR. DISRAELI and MR. MILL. There was a full moon, the rain had fallen heavily all day, after a violent thunderstorm; it was the anniversary of the death of QUEEN PHILIPPA, 1369, and of the battle of Chevy Chase, 1383; the wind in London was S.W.; consols closed at 94½ for money; it was the *fête* of the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, and *Mr. Punch* had for dinner green-pea soup, salmon and tartar sauce, stewed oysters, curried eggs, saddle of mutton, green-gage tart, lobster mayonnaise, and olives. He is unaware of any other great coincidence connected with this important day.

The work has occupied Parliament since the 25th February. *Mr. Punch* has no doubt that in the course of a few days some stupid person, with leisure, will have informed the papers how many nights of debate there have been, how many speeches, how many divisions, how many times the mace has been removed, in sign of committee, how many oranges speakers have sucked, and how many times the report of the debates, stuck together in single column, would go round Westminster Hall. These statistics, utterly useless, are dear to fools. All that the present public, or the public of posterity, can want to know about the Reform Bill of 1867 will be found in these columns.

The Reform Act makes the week somewhat remarkable, certainly, but it will be known, in future times, for something far more remarkable. It was the GREAT WHALLEY WEEK.

Whether the hot weather, which has a peculiar influence on certain of his quadrupedal fellow-creatures, excited the GREAT WHALLEY, whether the laughter of the House had been too much for him, or whether a little notice from MR. BEALES had worked him up into a conviction—opposed to that of the rest of the world—that he was Somebody, are high, great, and doubtful questions. But that the GREAT WHALLEY distinguished himself this week is certain.

Monday. He asked an absurd question of the wrong person.

Tuesday. He blundered a question which he put to MR. HARDY, and he asserted that jurors perjured themselves in murder cases.

Wednesday. His only recorded offence was his non-resignation of his seat.

Thursday. He was in his glory. He had on a previous evening asked leave to bring his patron, BEALES, under the gallery, and BEALES brought in DICKSON, and it would seem, somebody else, without the SPEAKER'S leave, so WHALLEY was severely rebuked, privately, by MR. DENISON, who very properly had no idea of BEALES'S whole tail being brought into the House by WHALLEY. To-day WHALLEY made

speeches on the subject, and the Commons roared—business was interrupted—MR. DISRAELI had to interfere, and the SPEAKER, this time, rebuked WHALLEY publicly for his unbecoming and improper proceeding—but he persisted, bawling that he had a right to be treated like an English gentleman. We cannot think why he said this, but he has various hallucinations. Was this all? Nothing like it. The same night he showed more zeal for his patron, and declared that while his, WHALLEY'S strength lasted, he would do his best to talk down the Bill for preventing BEALES and his lot from holding meetings in the Parks. Was this all? No. As has been said, he had on a former evening brought BEALES into the House. From the House BEALES went away and made a speech unfairly abusing two of the speakers whom he had heard. One of these was LORD ELCHO, who called attention to the fact that men ought not to come into the House, listen, and go away and tell falsehoods. BEALES told WHALLEY to apologise, and WHALLEY excused him on the ground that he was engaged in "moderating the excitability of a body of men than whom he, WHALLEY, had never in his life seen any more respectable." *Mr. Punch* assures his readers that the last sentence is Essential, and has not, by typographical accident, slipped out of a letter from Colney Hatch.

Friday. He was prostrate, melancholy, and only equal to a lament that he had not been allowed to bore the Ecclesiastical Titles Committee.

Having described the GREAT WHALLEY WEEK, we return to

Monday. An Indian Debate. MR. AYRTON proposed certain alterations in our mode of governing India, and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE introduced the budget for that Empire. It is not satisfactory, but might be worse. But one mistake is radical. We treat India, which for Government purposes should be only a geographical expression, as a unity, instead of as a collection of kingdoms, each requiring special treatment.

Tuesday. The Lords passed the Factory Acts Extension Bill, for protecting women and children. It will do much good, but deals only with large workshops, and therefore will require amendment, which LORD SHAFTESBURY promised. The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce protests against this relief to the helpless. Mammon considers that this is not a time to interfere with the manufacturing interest.

LORD SHREWSBURY asked whether the Government would not defend MR. EYRE from further persecution. That gentleman had served his country to the best of his ability, and was an ill-used man. The Colonial Secretary admitted MR. EYRE'S merits, but thought that while any legal proceedings were pending, Government ought not to move. It seems that some civil actions are being brought, whether at the instance and expense of the Committee of Persecution we do not know. It is a bore for MR. EYRE, but in the end he will be saved harmless, presented with a testimonial, and appointed to a new government, with the approbation of English society.

The Parks Bill has been talked down by a small but resolved Minority, chiefly composed of those who hate that Minorities should be heard. At this period of the Session, a Minister is in the hands of any persons who choose to jabber away the hours. After a good deal of jabber, avowedly spouted to hinder the Bill, MR. HARDY gave it up, though a majority of 86 to 31 was with him.

Wednesday. A useful Bill for regulating traffic, street-dogs, cabmen, betting-men, vans, coal waggons, and other evils, made progress, and was discussed in Committee. It passed later. Among its merits, it enacts that as London cabs are now worse than ever, and London cabmen more dishonest, the sixpenny fare shall be raised to a shilling.

Thursday. The London, Chatham, and Dover Arrangement Bill was passed in the Lords, with some pleasant comment on the conduct of that Eminent Religionist, SIR SAMUEL M. PETO, Member for Bristol.

WHALLEY—Parks—Traffic, occupied the Commons, who were therefore suppressing nuisances all the evening.

The Scotch Reform Bill was withdrawn.

Friday. We passed the Bill for removing the Charter-House School out of London, and allowing the governors to sell the site to the Merchant Taylors, who find their school inconvenient. Hollow, Boys, if there's anything to hollow about.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER threw up the Private Bishops Bill, sooner than accept the Lords' Amendments. He said that it was a mistake to suppose that the promoters wanted to found bishoprics on the funds of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. All mistakes are regrettable, but for this one there are extenuations which—ha! ha! ha! SIR ROUNDELL, that is a wag, though, as *Old Dornton* says, "you don't look it."

That eternal Ecclesiastical Titles Committee. MR. NEWDEGATE and MR. WALPOLE got upon it, and there has clearly been a muddle. The Protestant Association petitioned to be examined, but somehow their demand never reached the Committee, which has heard nothing but Popish evidence. Still, MR. WALPOLE thinks we know enough, inasmuch as MR. HOPKINS SCOTT, of Abbotsford, has been heard, and this learned convert is supposed to know everything about Catholicism.

"Courage, lads, I see land," as PLATO, or somebody said, when near the end of a book.

BERKELEY SQUARE. 5 P.M.



THE weather is warm as I walk in the square,
And observe her barouche standing tranquilly there,
It is under the trees, it is out of the sun,
In the corner where GUNTER retails a plum bun.

How solemn she looks, I have seen a mute merrier—
Plumes a sky-blue, and her pet a sky-terrier—
The scene is majestic, and peaceful, and shady,
Miss HUMBLE sits facing: I pity that lady.

Her footman goes once, and her footman goes twice,
Ay, and each time returning he brings her an ice:

The patient Miss HUMBLE receives, when he comes,
A diminutive bun: let us hope it has plums!

Now is not this vile? When I tickle my chops,
Which I frequently do, I subside into shops:
We do not object to this solemn employment,
But why *afficher* such material enjoyment?

Some beggars stand by—I extremely regret it—
They wish for a taste. Don't they wish they may get it?
She thus aggravates both the humble and needy,
You'll own she is thoughtless, perhaps she is greedy.

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

Do Bridegrooms, as a rule, write their own marriage advertisements? And if so, are they usually written after the wedding breakfast? It must require some nerve to take the pen in hand when one has been returning thanks, and drinking champagne with the bridesmaids. We can't help fancying that the writer must have been in a rather lively mood, when he sat down to pen this notice, which appeared in the *Evening Standard* of the seventh:—

"WEST-EYRE.—July 31, at the Registrar's Office, Kingstown, Co. Dublin, AUGUSTUS GEO. WEST, Esq., late of the 76th Regiment, to SARAH EYRE, niece of the DUDLEY PERSSER, of Roxboro, Co. Galway, and grand-niece of Mrs. WADSWORTH, of Bloomfield, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath. After the interesting scene the happy couple were received at the hospitable mansion of Mrs. M. G. DENNIS, widow of the late Lieut. COLONEL M. G. DENNIS, O.B., and sister of the bride, by a select society of the converted."

A marriage by a Registrar is by no means as a rule a very "interesting scene;" and we confess a wish to know what made this wedding an exception. Had the "scene" any dramatic details, or *dénouement*? Did the bridegroom lose the ring, and was there any thrill of nervous apprehension lest the office door-key might be used by way of substitute? After the dramatic excitement of the scene, we fear the breakfast must have somewhat proved an anti-climax. As a rule, "select society" is insufferably dull, and we hope that there was plenty of champagne to enliven "the converted."

"SEA-GOING MONITORS."—From the Royal Naval School.

SPECIAL! URGENT!! IMMEDIATE!!!

MR. PUNCH,

I WRITE to you under the influence of the greatest excitement. I am fresh from the top of a Brompton and Islington omnibus. We have just cleared Hyde Park Corner. What did we see? A ladder reared against the equestrian effigy of the late and the great DUKE OF WELLINGTON! A rope thrown over the body of his steed! You will not be surprised when I tell you that the moment this welcome sight met our gladdened vision, we all, my fellow-travellers and myself, rose to our feet, gave one long, one loud, one apoplectic cheer, and then sat down again. We could talk of nothing else all the rest of the expedition. Is the long-expected, happy day come at last? Is the statue coming down? Please to communicate instantly with the First Commissioner of Busts and Statues that we may make extensive preparations for a general illumination.

Yours hysterically,

A DAILY SUFFERER.

Not a Doubt About it.

ANOTHER new Magazine is announced to be edited by MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Of course he will write a tale in it. Time and a shilling will show whether his new story has a Bishop and a Dean, but with certainty we may predict that it will contain capital Chapters.



THE WHITEBAIT DINNER; OR, "PARTIES" AT GREENWICH.

DERBY. "GOING TO 'THE TRAFALGAR,' ARE YOU? WHY NOT DINE HERE? ALL IN THE SAME 'SHIP,' YOU KNOW, HA! HA!"

GLADSTONE. "HM! WELL! ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE INVITED US."

A HINT FROM THE WHITEBAIT.

DIZZY, whose Caucasian glory
Doth all Eastern lore enfold,
Well thou know'st th' Arabian story
By SCHERERZADE told,

How the enchanted fish, defying
Breadcrumbs brown and yellow yoke,
From the pan, where they lay frying,
Words of truth and warning spoke.

Gammon deem it not and spinach,
Nor proclaim it "like a whale,"
If from whitebait's mouth at Greenwich
Mr. Punch unfold a tale.

At the Ship the Official Party
Gaily round the table drew;
In vacation prospects hearty,
Red-tape fetters broken through.

Blood of innocents and martyrs,
Life-blood of birth-strangled bills,
Left these Ministerial Tartars
Free to eat and drink their fills.

Not a face you there might question
Told how as a barden sate
On the Cabinet's digestion
Humble pies that it had ate.

On no conscience of the bevy,
In so far as looks betray,
All too hot or all too heavy,
Weight of broken pledges lay.

None had guessed those diners hearty
Late had gone *volte-face* about,
Coolly turned their coats and party
With "hey-presto!" inside-out.

But the gods above they knew it,
And the little fish below:
To the waiters the winds blew it,
E'en the mud-larks seemed to know.

Blushed, while on the watch for coppers
On the hard they held their stands,
Felt the mud where they took croppers
Clean to Ministerial hands.

Souchés had their watery zest had;
Fishes boiled, and stewed, and fried,
Fishes plain and fishes drest had,
In their weary round, been tried.

And the appetites were waning,
Seeking whets à l'Indienne:
Of monotony complaining,
Ministers grew moody men.

When to still official pishes,
Charm official taste and smell,
In were borne those loaves and fishes
Folks in office love so well.

Crisp and hot as they had fried them,
Lay the whitebait, *sauté* quick,
With the brown-loaf squares beside them,
Thinly sliced and buttered thick!

Eyes official gleamed and glistened,
As the pleasant piles they view;
Ears official longed and listened
For the President's "Fall-to."

Sudden, as with hand officious
QUARTERMAINE the covers stirred,
Came a whiff of scent delicious,
And a sil'ry voice was heard.

'Twas the Whitebait's chosen squeaker—
Mute as fish are known to be,
Every tribe has still a speaker
For its sessions under sea—

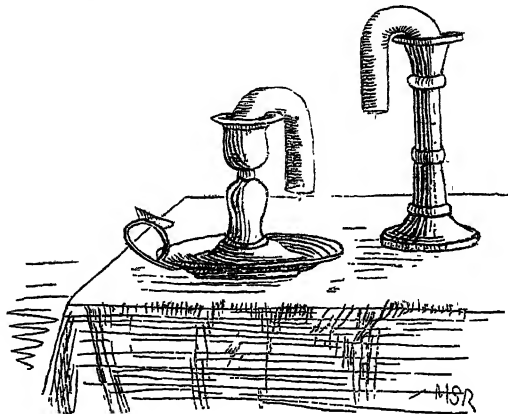
"Call not, pray, the query fishing,
If, my swells, I ask you why,

Not content the Whigs with dishing,
You still dish our harmless fry?"

"When we're served upon your table,
Who that white is black make clear,
How we ask can we be able
Still as whitebait to appear?"

"But if Radical and Tory,
Black and white, henceforth are one,—
If for England's future story
Party's little game is done,—

"With a white and not a sad stone
Mark the day when party's floored,
And invite JOHN BRIGHT and GLADSTONE,
MILL and RUSSELL to your board."



Wednesday, August 14th, 1867.

TURNED AWAY FROM THE TOWER.

MR. PUNCH,

THERE was a time when you could walk into the open space about the Tower of London, and wander around that historical edifice at your own sweet will. Now, for some years, at the entrance thereof, has been posted the odious notification—"No Thoroughfare," and you cannot enter to inspect the outside without paying to be shown over the in. You yourself, Sir, would actually be barred in the exercise of your former freedom of way. But this exclusion is not all. The other day, having, with some children, gone the round of the Tower show, conducted by a beefeater, I, as soon as that bore had relieved us of his presence, took them to see the specimens and relics of old artillery arranged at an outer corner of the building. Presently a soldier came up, and told your correspondent, very civilly, to be sure, that we were doing what we could not be allowed to do unless accompanied by a warder. On inquiry, I ascertained that this new prohibition had been in force three months, and that it was dictated by the authorities.

Now, Sir, the Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower is, I believe, LORD DE ROS, or, as the schoolmaster said, LORD *de Rore*, to give him his due. LORD DE ROS comes *de Roribus* that came in with the Conqueror; therefore authorities subordinate to his Lordship are the authors of the recent edict which expels the public from the precincts of the Tower, and they decreed it without his knowledge. You, of course, discern the logic of this argument. LORD DE ROS is noble; the edict is churlish. It could have been none of his; it must have been the ordinance of niggardly and presumptuous underlings and Jacks-in-Office. If you will publish this letter, the knightly DE ROS will, doubtless, have the uncourteous regulation, which those fellows probably dared to promulgate in his name, incontinently rescinded, and cause the knaves themselves to be soundly whipped, and imprisoned in the most uncomfortable dungeon of the Tower Moat.

The open space surrounding the Tower may not be an eligible place for Reform demonstrations, but if the public are to remain excluded from it, the Government might as well close Kensington Gardens. I note, Mr. Punch, with very great dissatisfaction and disgust, the daily increasing curtailment of the right of way belonging to us from time immemorial, and acquired by

USER.

Black v. White.

A WOMAN-HATER of Mr. Punch's acquaintance declares that the substitution of brown for blonde complexions and tresses, is bringing Black-bait into fashion instead of White-bait.



PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING WITH YOUR FAMILY.

Excited and Anxious Parent. "NOW, WE'VE FIVE MINUTES MORE; IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT?"
Considerate Daughter. "ONLY *THE TIMES* AND *PUNCH*, AND *THE POST* AND *ONCE A WEEK*, PAPA DEAR; AND SEE IF THEY ARE GOING TO MOVE THE LUGGAGE AGAIN, AND THEN YOU CAN COME AND HAVE YOUR LUNCHEON, YOU KNOW!"

HYMN OVER DISRAELI.

(AFTER THE ELEVATION TO THE DRAWING-ROOM OF MEMBERS OF THE FEMALE FAITH.)

Loquitur, The last Tory:—

I HAVE lived long enough, having seen one thing, that our State's at an end.

Ghosts of all things that have been, be near me now and defend!
 I am weary of day and of morrow, of Members who laugh or who weep,
 Of Members who sigh and sorrow, of Members who sneer and sleep.
 Sweet is the sound of his voice to the neophyte in the House;
 But for me, I prefer for choice the noise of the whirr of the grouse.
 I am sick of voting. The railways burn deep and chafe. I am fain
 To hold Workhouse Bills a nuisance, and the mention of Parks a bane.

They say we Tories are ceased, cast forth, wiped out in a day,
 From our thrall are their limbs released, from our chains the world, say they.

New Members will stand for the City, with arms that have broken the soda.

Who are practical, more 's the pity, the low infatuate clods!
 We and the clods are at strife, and I dwell in the midst and think
 Of the joys of our former life, and the winks that we used to wink
 When the douceurs jingled sweetly to the landlord keen to win
 For the palm, that handled feath'ly, the gold that should bring us in.
 Those boroughs gloriously rotten, as medlars rotten and sweet,
 As the wind they will be forgotten. They will melt in the dust like sleet.

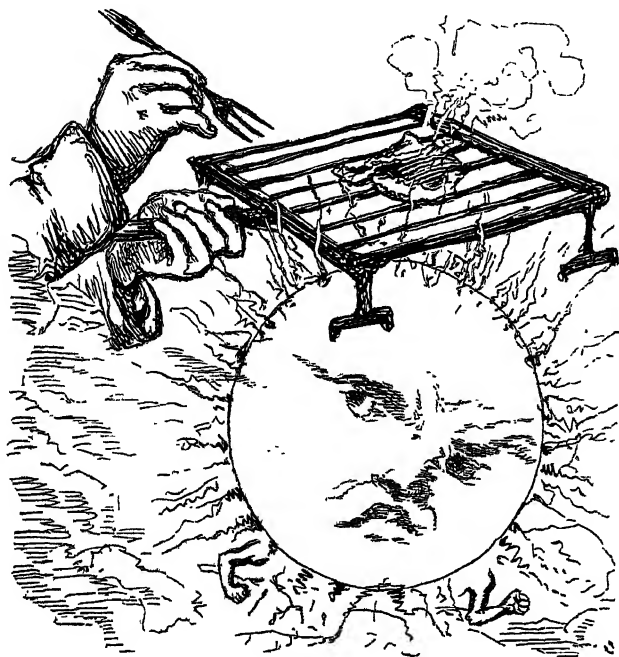
Settlement! not at all! This Bill will not make an end
 Of the ranters that rave and bawl, of the masses that ruin and rend.
 BRIGHT is a man of gore, and BEALES is a block that abides,
 And Reform is a sea without shore, and the State is a ship without guides.

Though the Lords may abase them before you in spirit, O profligate boors,

I kneel not, neither adore you—but, shifting, turn to the moors.
 All delicate things and pleasant, all lovings of clique and of cast
 Are flung overboard for the present, and become as things of the Past;
 Where, beyond explaining at all, and between the remote two stools,
 "Resolutions" sink to their fall, and the hope of the Cabinet cools.
 Where the Sphinx of the age is heard, clad with mystery as with wings,
 And speaking incredible words, and looking unspeakable things.
 While, fathomless hour by hour, with purpose inscrutably furied,
 He rolls by the lightning power of his satire the wave of the world.
 Traditions stand naked in sunder before him: the creeds flee away:
 By his followers behind him the franchise is taken and snared as a prey:
 At his touch the "checks" and the varied restrictions are crumbled or fled:

His Bill has passed and been carried. It will not come back to him dead.
 CRANBORNE grew pale at his notions: the valour of PEEL was bent,
 He quailed with a new emotion—he heard, he faltered, he went.
 All fell beneath thee but LOWE; and he, with misery dight,
 A male *Cassandra* of woe and ruin and travail and night.
 But I turn to the fresh moors still, and there will abide to the end—
 Gillies, and grouse, and bills be near me there and befriend.
 Forgetful of chafings of nations, of Mexican throb and throe,
 Of Foreign and Home relations, of war and of ward I go.
 Forgetting the Marquis who moons till reporters cease at their art;
 Whose silence is more than all tunes, whose sleep overflows in each heart.

The moors are more than the cares that toss the mind of the House,
 For they give sorrow that wears, but the fields give gladness and grouse.
 I will therefore away, I wot, for the season; though well I know
 I shall shoot as my father shot, and miss as he miss'd—even so.
 For the charge of powder is little, wherewith we blaze for a span,
 And the nerves are broken and brittle, that move this corpse called man.
 My friends, I will bore you no longer, as you laugh not, neither weep,
 Are you drinking claret, or stronger? Good heavens, they're all asleep!



BROILING HOT.

CAP AND BELLS ON SCIENCE AND ART.

DID MR. BERNAL OSBORNE ever hear of such a person as *Dogberry*, and such a speech as—"But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass!"? May *Punch* inform him that it is *Dogberry* who speaks that speech—the same *Dogberry*, who, when about to examine one he has to deal justice to, proclaims, "We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that (*touching his forehead*) shall drive some of them to a *non com*! Only get the learned writer to set down my excommunication—"

BERNAL OSBORNE has got several "learned writers"—short-hand writers in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons—to set down his "excommunication" of Mr. COLS and the South Kensington Museum, and the Grant for Science and Art, and the result is, that Mr. OSBORNE, flattering himself that he is the Momus or the Thersites of the House of Commons, has proved himself its *Dogberry* and has written himself down "an ass" in the largest capital letters.

BERNAL "spares for no wit, I warrant you." He understands that this department of Science and Art, with a Museum, and Art Schools, and Professors, and Grants of Money, is a project for inspiring the people with what are called "aesthetical ideas." Here conceive, please, a comic stress upon "aesthetical," accompanied by what actors call a "mug," which gets a laugh from some barren Members of the collective wisdom, who have always heard that BERNAL OSBORNE is "dooed good fun," and dutifully pay up their guffaw at the first bit of "gag" from the funny man. BERNAL, having "got his laugh," goes on. "Whatever the merits or virtues of this country, the people were very unimpressible in matters of Science and Art"—and, therefore, it is absurd to try to impress them? Is that BERNAL's logic? That's about it. His opinion is "that the greater portion of the money spent in improving taste finds its way into the pockets of the people who were driving a very snug trade in aesthetics." Here another comic "mug," and another laugh from the gallery, and a feeling here and there, among the emptier vessels of the House, that Science and Art generally are a swindle, their official promoters rogues and robbers, and aesthetics something to be ashamed of. Encouraged by the laughs, BERNAL, as low comedians will, goes on writing himself down A.S.S., with increased enjoyment. "He was directly against the Grant. He had never known that any people had ever acquired taste by Government Grants." Has he ever known a people with taste, and a Government that laughed at Science and Art, and scouted the idea of spending money on them? "In Rome they had no public grants, yet look at their beautiful works." Who paid for these works, eh, BERNAL, but the Emperors; and where did *their* money come from? "And look at the horrible results we had achieved." Well, look at them, and to what end? To laugh down every attempt to give the instruction and spread the examples which may lead to better things? Is that BERNAL's logic?

"His honourable friend spoke of the great excitement caused in the

West of England by the show of objects lent by South Kensington; but WOMBWELL's Menagerie would have created equal excitement." "Laughter" notes the reporter. Of course. But what is the inference? Are we to conclude "Art=wild beasts," in the eyes of the West, or in the judgment of BERNAL OSBORNE? And if the former, again we come back to the question, are we therefore to have no expenditure for Science and Art? But BERNAL must have more laughs, so he goes into particulars. "There was an Inspector-General with a salary, and occasional inspectors at £3000, and there was a grant for taking the Brompton Boilers to the East End of London, in order to improve the architectural taste of the people of Whitechapel! (*Hear! and Laughter.*)" He found £2,500 a-year for Professors, and from his experience of professors in that House he had acquired a great horror of them." Very probably. Suppose we asked the professors in that House the effect of their experience of BERNAL OSBORNE? He goes on, hit or miss, "Not satisfied with £2,500 a-year for Professors," (of course, all professors are humbugs and rascals, who draw their salaries without earning them,) "the department had put down an additional £100 a-year for a professor, who gave his services as Dean. He should like to know what were the services the Dean had to perform? He had only time to take a bird's-eye view of these items, because before coming down to the House he did not know they would be brought on." You see BERNAL is "such fun"—he can get a laugh out of anything with so little trouble! A "bird's-eye view" is enough for him. He requires none of the bother that people have to give themselves who consider reasons, and weigh public needs, and take objects into consideration, and inquire about results.

"At all events he had no hope. That House would vote anything." (*A Laugh.*) He spoke to the future and reformed House of Commons." No, BERNAL, stop at your "laugh." Don't go too far. You speak to the future and reformed House of Commons! Surely not, if the future House of Commons is, as they tell us, to include more representatives of the working-men, more of those who best know the needs of the people, in the way of education, and art, and science; more of those who, when serious matters are in hand, are least likely to be tolerant of catchers of barren laughs, and jokers of cynical jokes,—more of those who, when they come for reasons, are least likely to be satisfied with broad grins. "He hoped they would be a little more industrious in looking after votes, if they did not knock the whole thing on the head. He doubted whether they would not knock a great many things on the head. (*Renewed Laughter.*)" One thing, I think, BERNAL, they are likely to knock on the head. Men of your kidney, scoffers at all that lies beyond the rule "Eat, drink, and be merry"; depreciators of all that rises above their own purblind ken; scornors of a science they are innocent of; mockers of art they are unable to appreciate.

"How far was Parliament to go with these enormous grants?"—(the total amount is £162,000)—"for implanting taste in people who had no taste?" On this COLONEL SYKES, staggered, no doubt, at the buoyant enjoyment with which BERNAL reiterates this depressing assurance!—interpolates an indignant "What?" BERNAL is down on him at once. "He was not speaking of the Scotch. They had taste—they had a taste for leaving their own country and not going back" (*Much laughter.*) Whether at the *naïveté* of the Colonel on taking BERNAL *au sérieux*, or at the novelty of the joke, or at the readiness of BERNAL's impertinence, we are left to find out.

COLONEL SYKES had no such clever "retort" ready for BERNAL, but proceeded to take him seriously to task for talking such nonsense. As if BERNAL was worth reasoning with! COLONEL SYKES never could see a joke. Nor can Mr. H. A. BRUCE, nor even HENLEY, who followed COLONEL SYKES's lead, in recalling BERNAL to reason. But BERNAL went too far even for the toleration of the House when he asserted that Nottingham had no School of Art. He provoked a loud "Yes, there is," on the spot, and a formal exposure of his ignorance or impudent mistatement in a letter since published in the *Times*, showing not only that there is a School of Art in the town BERNAL misrepresents, but what it has done and is doing for the arts of design by which Nottingham mainly lives and thrives. BERNAL, not a bit abashed at being pulled up, for saying there was no School of Art in Nottingham, went on, "The building there was in such a dilapidated state, that he had been applied to for assistance, which having regard to purity of election, he had no intention to give." (*Laughter.*)

Laughter—at what? At the dilapidation of the Nottingham School of Art? Or at the rich idea of asking BERNAL for a subscription towards any such good purpose as its repair? Or at the still richer of BERNAL's "regard for purity of election?" Altogether BERNAL may be said to have had a grand day in supply on Science and Art. We never remember him in worse fooling. Often as his jokes are misdirected, and the laughter they win a thing to make angels weep, we cannot recall an occasion on which his shafts flew wider of wisdom's mark, or where the laughter that greeted them was more brainless and deplorable.

FEAT UNIQUE.—The performances of our sportsmen this August have not been very brilliant, with one remarkable exception—a great gun of MACMILLAN's has been successful in "Shooting Niagara" at Chelsea.



THE RACE NOT YET EXTINGUISHED.

Country Excursionist (just landed at G. W. Terminus). "COULD YOU INFORM ME WHAT THESE 'ERE BUSSES CHARGE FROM PADDINGTON TO THE BANK?"

Dundreary (with an effort). "AU-H, PO' M'SOUL, HAVEN'T AN IDEA-H! NEVER WODE 'N ONE IN M'LIFE! SHOULD SAY A MERE TWIFLE! P'WAAPS A SHILLING, OR TWO SHILLINGS. 'DON'T THINK THE WASCALS COULD HAVE THE CONSCIENCE TO CHARGE YOU MORE THAN THWEE SHILLINGS! 'WOULDN'T PAY MORE THAN FOUR! I'D SEE 'EM AT THE D-D-DOO-OCEE!"

NOES AND AYES.

A Parody.

(WITH KIND PERMISSION OF THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.)

BETWEEN Ayes and Noes a strange contest arose,
The Reform Act had set them unhappily wrong,
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
Who carried the measure we've wanted so long.

So Chief Baron *Punch* sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning,
And the *Star* was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of spleen, and small classical learning.

"In behalf of the Noes it will quickly appear,
And your Lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find
That the Liberals have always been highly sincere,
"And have talked of Reform measures time out of mind."

Then holding the document up to the Court,
"Your Lordship observes it applies to 'The People'
Whom Tories have always distrusted, in short,
Declared bitter foes to the sceptre and steeple.

"Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose,
(Tis a case that has happened and may be again)
That the Tories were faced by no critical Noes,
Do you think we should hear of Reform measures then?"

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,
That the Ayes have been forced to Reform by the Noes,
And therefore all credit is owing to them."

Then shifting his side for a backhanded blow,
He pleaded in jest on behalf of the Ayes,
But missing his point, and abusing BOB LOWE,
He made the Court yawn, and quite ready to rise.

So his Lordship decreed, in a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one "if" or "but,"
That each party might claim the Reform as its own,
And the *Star* must abstain from endeavours at *wit*.

"LIGHT THE BEALES-FIRE."—*Moir*.

WE like promptitude. The hat is already being got ready, and is to go round for the NOBLE BEALES. He has carried the Reform Bill, saved the nation, made MR. WALPOLE cry, and brought LUCRAFT to forgive MR. BRIGHT and MR. GLADSTONE. So "one of his people with an obedient start" jumps up to tout for a testimonial to the NOBLE BEALES, and proposes that Ten Thousand Pounds shall be raised. He may put our name down for eighteenpence towards that amount—we have had quite value received in fun at the NOBLE BEALES's expense. On second thoughts, we may make it one-and-ninepence, beyond which amount it would be ostentation to go—as we apprehend will be thought by the majority of subscribers.

Not a Bad Hit.

IF at your next Croquet party the girls are splendidly handsome and draw off the attention of the men from their game, carelessly quote old HERRICK, and say that it is a case of "A lawn . . . thrown into a fine distraction."



"A SLIP O' THE TONGUE."

Yachting Biped. "THEN YOU'LL LOOK US UP AT PRIMROSE 'ILL?"
New Acquaintance (gentlemanly man). "OH, YES—NEAR THE 'ZOO,' ISN'T IT?
 WE OFTEN DROP IN AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE MONKEYS!"

I SEE THEM DANCING!

I SEE them dancing on the Mill,
 In Bridewell garb. I see
 Among rogues dancing, dancing still,
 Dishonest Tradesmen three.
 I see, &c.

Three out of fifty-eight are they,
 For weight and measure short,
 All fined, and those three couldn't pay,
 At Tower Hamlets Court.
 I see, &c.

Dance on, dance on; I've steeled my breast;
 That vision I can bear.
 I only wish I saw the rest,
 All of them, dancing there.
 I see, &c.

IMPORTANT WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The Drinks of London, from Coculus to Cooper. By a Consumer.
The Edinburgh Englishman. A Journal for Cockneys in Scotland.
Burns. An Essay on Scottish Poetry and Petroleum. By a Northern Light.
The Life of a Dog. By a Man who has lived one.
In and Gone to Bed. By the Author of "Out and About."
Red Rufus, the Rugged Ruffian of the Ruffled Shirt. A Simple Story for the Young.
Easy A-Head, or Westminster Wins. A Work for the People.
Uncivil Engineering. By a Thames Embanker.
The Lions. An Epic Poem in four Attitudes. By SIR E— L—.

SONG BY AN OLD SAVAGE.

DEAREST girl, for the high cultivation
 Of your form, take all possible care,
 But oh pray to your mind's information
 Of attention do pay a small share!
 In a few years, without satisfaction,
 On your toilet you'll lavish your pains:
 Beauty goes, and a woman's attraction
 Then entirely depends on her brains.

While you still keep the figure and features
 Which men gaze on with joy and delight,
 You may say what you will, pretty creatures,
 'Twill be taken for clever and bright.
 Such delusion is owing to Cupid,
 That no word can be uttered amiss,
 Though entirely unmeaning or stupid,
 By the lips that appear made to kiss.

When her mouth's lines of grace have got broken,
 Eyes grown dim, cheeks are faded and blurred,
 By a woman if nonsense is spoken,
 Man perceives that her speech is absurd.
 'Tis the waist that has ceased to be slender,
 'Tis the ankles that no more are slim,
 When she talks any folly, that render
 All that folly apparent to him.

Persevere, then, with earnest endeavour,
 Still those fugitive charms to enhance,
 Study dress as intently as ever,
 With a view to display and to dance.
 But read books, too, that make the mind stronger,
 When your good looks have vanished away,
 And you can't please the eye any longer,
 That you then may have something to say.

Bordering on Distraction.

"THE QUEEN on the Borders." An agreeable variation from the usual announcement of HER MAJESTY being on the Slopes. We might have been certain that she would be welcome to Floors, which made a great floral display, and beg to suggest that, from its pre-eminence at the present time, it ought to be known as First Floors.

A GREAT COMING DOWN.

MR PUNCH,
 Last week I wrote to you in a manner expressive of profound joy. This week I address you in a manner indicative of the deepest disappointment. I had seen a ladder and a rope on the equestrian statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON at Hyde Park Corner, and I naturally concluded that these were the premonitory symptoms (as its neighbours at St. George's Hospital would say) of the decline and fall of that wondrous work of Art. I was wrong. All hope is over. The ladder and the rope are gone, but the statue remains *in statu quo*—I openly avow that this is an appropriation of a joke hoary in its antiquity; indeed, when a very little boy, I remember being warned that nothing had been left unsaid or unsung about the statue—nevertheless, I shall quote in reference to its present position a piece of Latinity that you may have heard before—*Sedet aeternumque sedebit*. Something I suppose was wrong, and required to be repaired, perhaps in the Duke's bust. I know I was ready to bust with rage when I found out my mistake. I have one hope left. I hear that the new Parliament will pull down and level everything. If it will only lay its democratic hands on this huge ugly bronze that I am compelled to pass twice every day, I will get an order and go and hear BEALES speak the first time he addresses the House.

Yours (for the second time of asking),
 A DAILY SUFFERER.

A Little Game that Don't Pay.

By the judgment of BARON BRAMWELL, the operative tailors have lost the game of Picquet they have been carrying on with their masters, and had better now pocket their losses, give up play, and go to work again.

WE know not whether Sheffield has many "Wise Saws," but she certainly has very foolish Sawgrinders.

DIFFICULTIES OF GAME-PRESERVING.



URELY these are bad enough while the young broods are in the coops, and afterwards when they are turned out in the plantations. But they are worse still when the birds get into the hampers, and have to face the poachers of the railway station. Our "Old Preserver" sends a hint how to baffle these clever operatives, which Mr. Punch reproduces for the benefit of any of his friends who may be sending him grouse or black-game from the heather, or partridges from the stubbles. Please fasten the lid of your hamper with strong twine, and

seal the ends of it with your seal. And so you may defy the poachers of the station, and the stoats and weazels of the goods train, and the parcels' office.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(IN SEVERAL TABLEAUX FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU I.

Ab amicis meis libera me.

I write the title bitterly, sarcastically and *à propos* of a foot laid up on two chairs, a slipper of soft pocket-handkerchiefs and linseed hot. Yes, all through my friends: using the word not in its widest sense, but as describing a circle within a square (no fashionable square with a circle of accidental acquaintance, but a mathematical ideal), which shall include all relations, acquaintances and friends, excepting those four intimates in the four angles with whom I would trust my money or my life—my life or my money, I don't know which to put first when speaking of friends. To take my life is no temptation to anyone—to take my money might be: but as a rule I have very little more in my pocket than suffices for my modest daily wants (I can rough it on *Potage à la Reine* and venison) at the Club, and the waiter's change in postage-stamps.

By the way. What becomes of these postage-stamps given in change? They get mixed up with the fluff mysteriously accumulated in the waistcoat pockets (or other pockets, but *say* waistcoat) and disappear, leaving not even a trace of the gum behind.

The term Friends now comprehends the old English gossip and neighbour. Gossip was an excellent word. As to neighbours, anyone, rich or moderately well off, resident in London, might ask, without offence, "Who is my neighbour?" it being a rule, with few exceptions, in this vast city, never to know the dweller "next door."

When the postman leaves a letter at my door, the number being mine but not the name, I can't tell him where the gentleman, who turns out to be the "next door," lives. The servant can, though. The domestics have a club, I imagine, in the neighbourhood, where they talk over all our affairs (yours and mine, the masters' and mistresses') when they go for the supper beer, or are out "running a arrand."

By the way. Who ever saw JOHN CALVES "running a arrand?" Walking, many a time—running never. There is an old shambling individual attached to the square who runs on all CALVES's errands, and undertakes all such low work as getting cabs, taking parcels to a tailor's and so forth, for pints of beer and occasional coppers, while MR. JOHN lounges in the little club-room near the bar of his favourite haunt, negligently awaiting the return of his emissary, while master—ha! ha!—is fuming and fretting in a white tie and stiff collar behind a window-blind, wondering "why the doose that fellow isn't quicker."

However, away to your pleasures and your duties, ye master-servants and servant-masters, a twinge in my foot reminds me that I intend to write about my friends. I begin with my Hearty Friend. I open my photographic album and offer you his portrait. It is through him that I am here—through him that I am laid up. "Thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother," as the song says, only for "My Mother" read "My Hearty Friend" and there you have it.

Behold him here: age uncertain—not thirty-five, over twenty-five. Dress—easy: beard and moustache. To return to that song I was quoting just now, "*We met, 'twas in a crowd*," when somebody operatic was singing something operatic, written by a young musical friend of

mine, (I have his picture further on in the book, "Number xtyfour in the Book," as the worthy PADDUS GREENUS would say. *By the way*, does he say it now? *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in EVANS*) in the front drawing-room (LADY DILLY TARTIE at home, you know. Toosday—Moosic) while we were perspiringly listening to the dulcet sounds on the landing.

"Beautiful!" says my Hearty Friend to me, winking.

"Yes, very good," I reply. Being hot and crushed I am very nearly speaking the truth, and saying that that conceited young gentleman with a tenor voice (which is effective just as far as I can reach with my arm) is a humbug, only that I don't know who may be standing at my elbow. Hate giving pain to anyone. And, after all, what is it to me whether young JAKES DE CANTOR is a humbug as to his voice or not? Let Society's detectives find him out—it's not my work, specially as I hear old SMILER, the well-preserved literary and musical professional pet of the Kensington and Brompton salons, praising DE CANTOR.

Another and a slier wink brings us, my Hearty and me, to the deserted refreshment, where the attendant mixes us an iced drink, and we forget our trials above in the pleasures of the sideboard below.

My Hearty Friend asks when I am going out of Town? I don't know. Soon? Very. Too hot for London. Where? Again I don't know. Dieppe? Perhaps. Scarborough? I've never been to Scarborough. Torquay? Oh, no. So we run up the gamut; from sea to sea, as my Funny Friend (picture further on) would say.

I suppose, says My Hearty Friend, it'll come to Brighton at last; it always does.

I dispute this conclusion. I am tired of Brighton. I know Brighton by heart. It is London over again. You have to dress at Brighton, (as if you hadn't anywhere else—*proh pudor!*) You meet everyone at Brighton. It is so glaring. So hot: baking. Excursion trains spoil it on Saturday and Sunday. One can't be quiet. Hearty Friend agrees. Carried *nem. con.* Anywhere but Brighton. * * * * *

Here we are. Brighton.

We meet on the pier. Hearty Friend five times as hearty by reason of the sea air, and myself.

"Hullo!" says he.

"Hullo!" says I.

"Thought it would come to this," says he. "It always does." This sort of remark annoys me, because it seems as if I hadn't come here of my own free will. "Well," says he, presently, "writing anything new?" This sort of question, if your profession is literature, *does* annoy one, and it's this heedless sort of hearty fellow who always puts it. He thinks it shows that he is interested in you, although he doesn't care whether you are writing or not, whether it's "new" or not, (as though you wrote an *old* thing over and over again: the absurdity of his question is too much; if he does it again I shall remonstrate,) because he won't buy it, he won't read it, or if he does, he'll only remark that the illustrations to the book were first-rate (why doesn't he say the *advertisements* at once?) and at this moment even, as he puts the question, his attention is occupied with a small sailing vessel in the offing, (being a little uncertain as to the whereabouts of the offing, say, "out at sea"), so that he doesn't hear your modest answer of "No, nothing in particular," by which I mean, that though I am preparing a work which will startle the world and make my name for ever, yet it wouldn't interest him in his present mood, and is on subjects too lofty and sublime for a man who can't rise above a boat in the offing (I'll ask a sailor where the offing really is) or dirty boys going up to their knees in the waves.

"You want shaking up a bit," says my Hearty Friend. "Get up early: bathe in the sea. Walk. Ride, and go in for exercise." He says he'll take it upon himself to make me as right as a trivet. He invites himself to supper with me so heartily, and accepts his own invitation so readily, that it really sounds as if I'd asked him to come. He settles his own time, "10.30, after the band on the pier has finished, and we've had a walk."

My object is quiet (which I obtain by going to the Old Ship Hotel, whose proprietor, MR. ARTHUR DE BACON, sends from his doors all street musicians with instruments of torture) and health, in order to pursue my studies with a *mens sana in corpore sano*.

How I have attained my object up to the present time will appear from this first sketch of my Hearty Friend.

By the way. I went on the beach and asked a boatman, a regular tar, where "the offing" was. He didn't know. He asked another. He shook his head. They consulted a third. None of them knew, but suggested that it was a fine day for a sail, and proffered their services in a boat. I hesitated; if we went out very far we might see the offing. But there's not time enough before dinner. After this they wanted something to drink my health. Another day, my good men, when I go out to the offing.

CONSISTENCY.—A respected contemporary and neighbour recently wrote that "the Irish questions should be treated in a manly way." Boldly carrying out its own views, it last week headed a column "HIBERNIA REDIVIVUS."

THE STAY AT HOME.

AUGUST.

Let others brave the treacherous ocean,
And tempt the smile of summer seas,
And for the peristaltic motion
Of lower viscera woo the breeze :
Their state I picture, hear the murmur
Of ocean, in my garden chair,
And from the base of terra-firma
Conceive the qualms I do not share.

Let others, not so greatly daring,
The sea-side watering-place essay :
From shingle-beach, at ocean staring,
Doze through the lazy length of day.
A better game in garden shade is
To fancy lodgings by the sea,
Their bugs, their bills, and their landladies,
And thank my stars they fret not *me*.

Let others toil o'er hill and heather,
With aching back and dripping brow,
Parched throat, and tongue as dry as leather,
To chase the wild "pack's" whirring row :
To realise such joys I'm able
In fancy, but in fact I'm not ;
And so prefer upon my table
To find the grouse by others shot.

Let others, duly armed with MURRAY,
Circular-notes and passports yare,
O'er continental regions hurry,
Climb Alps, through galleries gape and stare :
Submit to whiskered courier's fleecing,
And harpy hosts of the hotel,
I'll roam abroad my club-room's peace in,
And read the tales that travellers tell.

Let others seek the joys of Paris,
Or pace the *Exposition's* round,
Crowd restaurants, where meagre fare is
At monstrous prices to be found :
In stuffy theatres feel yawn,
Or woo the shade of boulevard limes,
Paris I'll do in Galignani,
My *Exposition* in *The Times*.

In toil let others take their pleasure,
At home, abroad, by land, o'er seas ;
My life by wiser rule I'll measure,
And take my pleasure at mine ease.
Like mine own gods Epicurean,
Cool drinks I'll quaff, my 'bacca blow,
And from its smoke's blue empyrean,
Watch wretched tourists' toil below !

CHANGE OF HAIR FOR LADIES.

MY DEAR MISS BROWN,

YOUNG ladies, as a rule, have little time to read the newspapers, at least such is the excuse when I ever ask my daughter to tell me what *The Times* says on the subject of Reform, or other interesting topic. "Tatting" is to her far more important than *The Times*, and politics of no account compared with the piano. A newspaper is History, and journalists Historians ; but young ladies, if they ever read, prefer a trashy novel to the best of leading articles.

However, *you* and most young ladies are now at the seaside, where there is nothing else to do but eat and drink and bathe, and go to bed, and then get up again. So after you have taken your dip into the sea, you doubtless take a dip into the columns of *The Post*, or other fashionable journal. Perhaps, then, you have seen this interesting paragraph, which has lately filled a corner in nearly every newspaper that ladies ever look at :—

"The last freak of fashion is to give the *coup de grâce* to the pearl-powder, white lead, and rouge that have so long reigned. Even *belladonna* is to be discarded, and 'golden' hair will shortly be as rare as the real auburn tint of nature, if not still rarer. The decree has gone forth for black hair and bronze complexions, and these will, no doubt, be shortly very numerous."

I can sympathise most heartily, my dear Miss Brown, with the pleasurable pride which this announcement must have caused in you. At length, then, you and your fair sisters—no, I don't quite mean *fair* sisters—have the happiness of hearing that light hair is out of fashion. The Venus of society must now be a brunette, if she would be most

beautiful in the eyes of Paris. Golden opinions are no longer won by girls with golden hair. "Black hair and bronze complexions" are to reign in favour henceforth. To be deemed a beauty now o' nights one must be next door to a negress.

Well, every dog has its day, and every girl should have hers also. The blondes have had their innings, and it is but fair to send the brunettes to the wicket. I wish them all success, provided they play fair, and never try to win a husband by bowling underhand at him. There was something underhand in the pearl-powder and rouge to which the blondes so much resorted, and foul play may be practised on the side of the brunettes, if we may put faith in the following :—

"The destructive nature of the chemical agents usually employed for dyeing the hair black is well known to our readers. To give a lady of fashion the complexion of a gipsy, nothing is needed but a little walnut juice, and we have reason to know that this has already found its way to the toilette-table. It has at least the negative merit of not being so dangerous as some of the poisonous cosmetics that have preceded it."

A pot of pickled walnuts is not a very pretty adjunct to the toilette table ; but some ladies would descend to the use of any ugliness to add to their attractions. You, my dear Miss Brown, are happily quite dark enough by nature to be fashionable ; and as you had the sense to wear your own complexion when it was out of fashion, you deserve the fullest compliments that now can be bestowed on you. But will Miss WHITE be equally sagacious, do you think ? Having failed to win a husband by wearing her light hair, will she abstain from dyeing it jet black that she may gain one ? Then, supposing that next season the mode again should change, and blondes be in the fashion ! How sorry will Miss WHITE be that she vainly tried to vie with the attractions of Miss BLACK, by using walnut juice and lead-combs !

Fashion is a weathercock, and varies every day, and woe betide all those who dye in order to be fashionable. Yet, no matter how absurd, fashion always has its votaries. Were mermaids' hair in vogue, green chignons would ere long be as plentiful as cabbages. Some ladies will do anything in order to be stared at. I should not feel surprised to see a girl's hair dyed sky-blue, as a capillary attraction. *La Femme à la barbe*, when her charms begin to fade, will perhaps make a sensation as the Female Bluebeard.

Although cautioned almost daily against using "dangerous dyes" and "poisonous cosmetics," silly ladies still continue artificially to alter the colour of their hair, and smear their skin with pigments. Like desperate gamblers, they "stand the hazard of the dye," and shut their eyes to all the consequences. I wonder that they are not warned of the perils of their course by the wrecks they see around them. You can hardly turn yourself in any "fashionable circle," without seeing what sad havoc art has played with nature. Faded hair and spoilt complexions make girls of five-and-twenty look nearly twice their age. By trying to be "beautiful for ever" a woman may depend on being hideous for ever. Premature grey hair will doubtless soon come into fashion, and early wrinkles and crowsfeet will be considered quite becoming. Art will struggle to supplant the exhausted charms of nature ; and when the use of noxious dyes has quite destroyed the colours which are natural to the hair, lovely glossy brown and black will be considered out of fashion, and fresh charms will be supplied by beautiful mauve curls, or bright magenta chignons.

There are masculine fools alive, no doubt, as well as feminine ; but most men, I imagine, will agree with *Signor Benedick* that, if a girl be worth the marrying, her hair may be what colour it pleaseth Heaven to give her. Moreover, they may think that the inside of the head stands a chance of being neglected, when inordinate attention is paid daily to the outside. A girl who dyes her hair is a sort of a shepherdess who sails under false colours, and I strongly advise bachelors to give her a wide berth, in order to avoid the risk of being captured by her.

You, my dear Miss Brown, are far too sensible to need advice on this or any matter connected with the toilette : but if my good friend *Mr. Punch* will kindly print this letter, other ladies than yourself will have the privilege of reading it, and Miss WHITE may take the hint that walnut juice, when used for pickling a brunette, will clearly not preserve her from the fate of being laughed at.

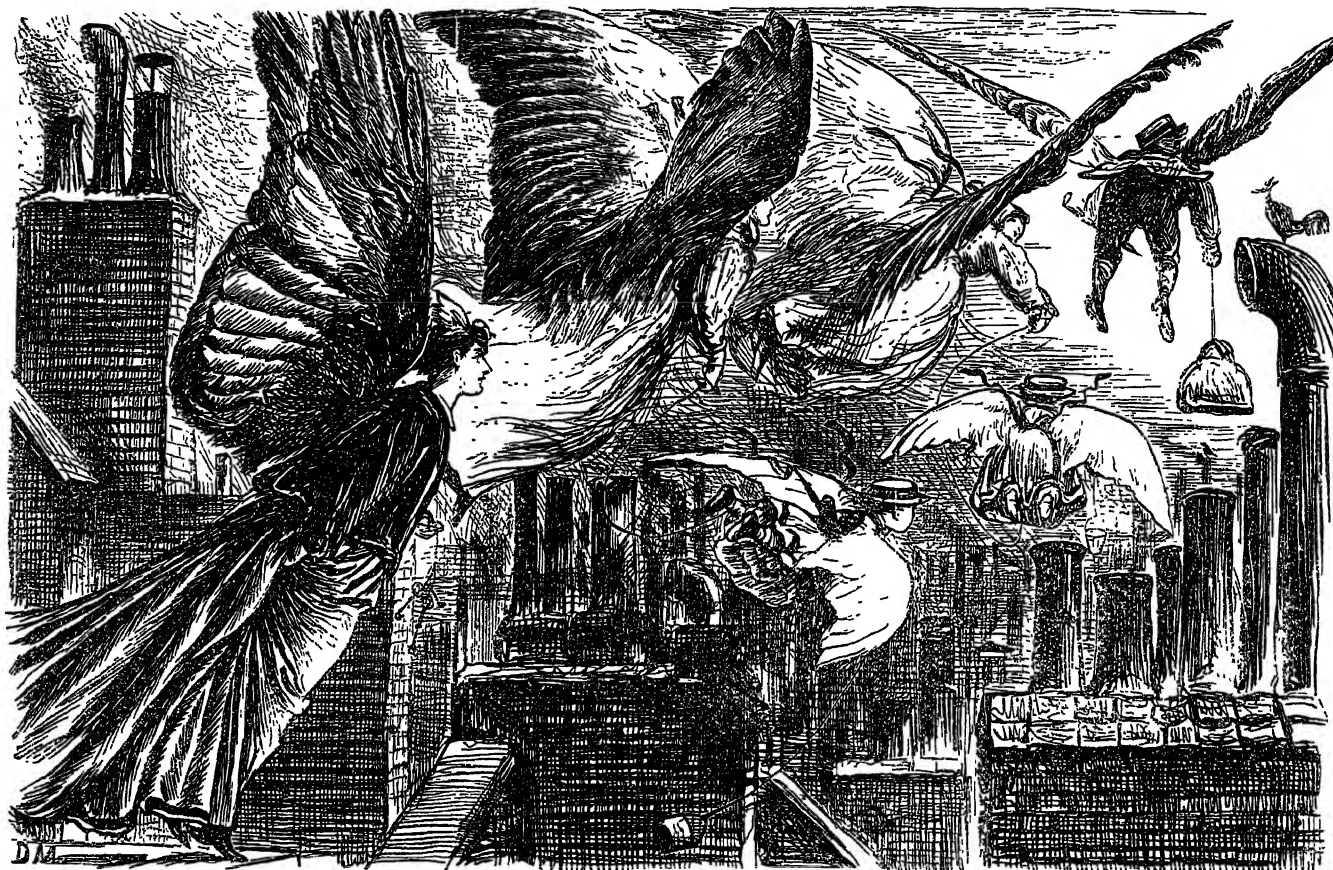
With the assurance of my most distinguished admiration for you, and every pretty girl who has the courage to be natural, believe me, yours sincerely,

SOLOMON SOLOMON SMITH.

Marriage in High Life.

Lo, yonder the Temple of Hymen,
Saint George's by Hanover Square !
High Priests in the nuptial knot tie men
And women of quality there.
A couple, gentility's flower,
To splice there are oft two or three ;
As though it took much parson-power
To tether grand dame to grandee.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.



MR. AND MRS. TITWILLOW. P.P.C.

THE PENNY-A-LINERS' GATHERING.

MARCH, march, Penny-a-lining lads,

Get all your pencils and flimsy in order!

After the QUEEN, across Tweed-dale and Teviot-dale,
JENKINS and Co. have gone over the Border!

Come from the desks where at "slips" you've been slogging,

Dens where you scribble, slap-bangs where you dine—

Come, as "our own," or "our special," still dogging
Royalty's steps, at a penny the line!

Then, march, march, &c.

Who is the QUEEN that her head she should shelter

From prick of your pencil, and quip of your quill?

Where is the harm to be puff or be pelt her

With fun, or lip-loyalty, fulsomer still?

Then, march, march, &c.

Fond of small scandal and gossip of great ones,

Strong is the strain of the snob in JOHN BULL:

Why should the papers not toady the state ones,

Sales when it quickens, and fills columns full?

Then, march, march, &c.

Privacy's privilege is not for magnates,

"Followers" of Queens, if not maids, are "allowed";

Flunkeydom fidgets, and snobbishness stagnates,

If their least doings are not sung aloud.

Then march, march, Penny-a-lining lads,

Get all your pencils and flimsy in order,

After the QUEEN in her progress through Roxburgh,

JENKINS and Co. have gone over the Border!

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—Note. Always have your hair cut very short in the hottest weather.

DOUBLE-BASS.—Two Glasses of Bitter.

BURYING THE HATCHET.

It is pleasing to read that no time has been lost by our leading statesmen in showing that the political Millennium has arrived, and that those whose doctrines have hitherto been most hostile are, now that Reform is accomplished, prepared to fraternise with the utmost amiability. We see by the *Morning Post* that on Monday week MR. BRIGHT entertained at the Reform Club a select party, among whom were LORD DERBY, LORD GROSVENOR, LORD ELCHO, MR. DISRAELI, LORD CRANBORNE, MR. WARD HUNT, MAJOR KNOX, MR. ROEBUCK, and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and that on Tuesday, the eve of the prorogation, MR. DISRAELI had a dinner at Grosvenor Gate, at which were present, in addition to some leading Conservatives, both the Members for Birmingham, MR. HADFIELD, MR. JAMES WHITE, and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. LORD DERBY had intended to conclude the Session with a grand banquet in St. James's Square, and the intention was carried out, though the noble Earl was prevented from presiding. LORD MALMESBURY took the head of the table, and was faced by EARL RUSSELL; MR. BRIGHT, SIR GEORGE BOWYER, THE O'DONOGHUE, LORD AMBERLEY, MR. PETER TAYLOR, and other distinguished Liberals being present, in addition to a large party of Ministerial supporters. Toasts, of course, are exploded in all societies superior to churchwardens and costermongers, but MR. GLADSTONE begged for a single exception to the rule, and in a most graceful speech proposed the health of the Cabinet, coupled with the hope that they would never forget the principles which placed the House of Commons at the head of the Ministry. MR. DISRAELI neatly replied that he hoped never so far to forget himself. A Reform banquet is to be given at the Agricultural Hall, and MR. BEALES has made it a condition of his attending that the Parliamentary leaders on both sides shall be cordially invited. All this is as it should be.

Sea-Side News.

A WAITER, at one of the hotels of a fashionable watering-place, lately decamped with the entire silver and plate laid for a breakfast party. It is said that he also ate all the toast, and "left not a rack behind."



PUNCH'S DREAM OF THE DEAD SEASON.

BOOBIES AT BOSTON (U.S.)



"BOSTON is a pretty place," the Yankee song says, "And so is Philadelphia." Particularly Boston, however, one would infer from the subjoined item of intelligence:—

"EVIL EFFECTS OF BOAT-RACING.—A Boston religious paper proposes to abolish the Annual Boat Races between Yale and Harvard, for the reason that they destroy good feeling between colleges, interfere with studies and foster dissipation."

Boston, indeed, must be a pretty considerable place to contain a number of sanctimonious spoonies large enough to support a paper capable of proposing to put down the manly sport of boat-racing. These miserable creatures probably belong to the tee-

total section of fanatical nincompoops. Are there any such in England? The United Kingdom Alliance may be with too much reason suspected of containing members who would like, if they were able, to do away with the Oxford and Cambridge annual boat-race on the Thames on the ridiculous plea that it destroys good feeling between the two Universities, and interferes with the studies of the undergraduates, but for the real reason that it occasions large quantities of beer to be consumed at Putney, Barnes, and Hammersmith.

RUBENS AND REMBRANDT

VERSUS

ELCHO AND AUCTIONEER.

LORD ELCHO is *Mr. Punch's* good friend at Wimbledon, and a pleasant, courteous, kindly gentleman anywhere. He is an enthusiastic and excellent Volunteer officer, and has a reputation for connoisseurship in Art. He had better take care how he airs that reputation in the House of Commons. There is no place where connoisseurship habitually talks more nonsense, and where Art has sorer reason to cry "Save me from my friends!" And if ever that cry should have been heard, it was when LORD ELCHO was attacking the authorities of the National Gallery for cleaning the *Beaumont Rubens*, and for buying the *Suermondt Rembrandt*. Nobody knows better than *Mr. Punch* the danger of trusting fine pictures to common cleaners, or the ruin that is usually involved in so-called "restoration." But nobody knows better, also, the conceited ignorance of the connoisseurship that talks of the dimness of dirt and the brown-incrustation of old varnish or liquorice water, as "the mellowing hand of time," or the "exquisite tone of the painter's final glazing."

MR. BOXALL and MR. WORNUM have had the courage to brave this talk, and the power to persuade the Trustees of the National Gallery that it may and ought to be braved in the interests of the great painters and the great public. They have had most carefully removed, under their own watchful superintendence, the darkened linseed oil with which SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT (who relished "a bit of the brown" in a picture, as DR. JOHNSON did in a roast fillet of veal) had bedaubed the magnificent Rubens landscape, which he bequeathed to the National Gallery. Not a touch of colour, nor an inch of restoration has been allowed. The foul oil has been removed, nothing else; and the picture has been restored to its original splendour of green trees, and glowing grass, and evening sky of azure and gold, and tender distance of ethereal blue. And this blessed transformation from SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT's "mellowness" to the great Antwerp painter's pristine splendour of nature, LORD ELCHO was ill-advised enough to talk of in the House of Commons, as "a reduction from a glowing Rubens to a cold blue picture." Why the operation is the very reverse. It is the resurrection of a glowing Rubens out of SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT's brown mud-bath. LORD ELCHO will not dispute the authority of the late C. L. LESLIE, as profound and capable a lover of his art, and as unimpeachable a witness to fact in connection with it, as ever lived or wrote. MR. COLEBRIDGE quoted the passage in the House for LORD ELCHO's benefit; but it was not printed, and its purport is incorrectly rendered by the reporters. *Mr. Punch* supplies it:—

"Much has been said," writes LESLIE in his *Handbook for Young Painters* (p. 218), "about what has been taken from the pictures in the National Gallery, but nothing about what has been put on them.

I do not believe that anything injurious has been added to them since the establishment of the gallery, unless it may be oil varnish, which has become more yellow; but about the beginning of the present century it was not unfrequent for the possessors of old pictures to have them *toned*, as it was called. *The noble landscape by RUBENS, then the property of SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, was saturated with linseed oil to prevent its scaling from its panel, and this was suffered to dry on the surface. There is, therefore, under the deep yellow coating which now covers it, a fresh and natural picture, the picture RUBENS left, and which the world may never be permitted to see again.*"

Happily, since LESLIE wrote, the direction of the National Gallery has fallen into the hands of one who adds courage to his reverence for old Art, and thanks to that courage, we have been permitted once more to see RUBENS's chateau as RUBENS painted it, and not through SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT's mask of linseed oil. For this good work MR. BOXALL is now hauled over the coals by LORD ELCHO, who has allowed himself to echo the charges of some persistent assailants of the National Gallery direction, into whatever hands it falls. It is a case of eyes against prejudice, of nature *versus* convention, of RUBENS against BEAUMONT, of the summer's green and blue and gold against the varnish-maker's brown. Let all who remember what the picture was go and see what it is; and let them do homage to the courage that has prompted and sanctioned this work of rightly called restoration.

LORD ELCHO was not happier, we venture to think, in his attack on the picture of *Christ Blessing Little Children*, bought for a REMBRANDT, from the Suermondt collection at Aix-la-Chapelle. Even if an eminent auctioneer have assured LORD ELCHO that the picture would fetch nothing at CHRISTIE and MANSON's, that may prove a good deal as to the judgment of bidders at CHRISTIE and MANSON's, but it proves nothing as to the merits of the picture. Here, again, we appeal from LORD ELCHO and his auctioneer to eyes that can recognise, still more to hearts that can feel, expression. Let them go, and study the face of that Christ, who tenderly lays his hand on the head of the child, the mother who checks the child's wandering attention, the group of men and women who press curiously round the Master.

The Master's face may be homely, the hand may be ill-shaped, the child may be an ugly little Dutch toddler, the mother a common, unlovely Amsterdam housewife, the surrounding gazers the veriest Holland homespuns ever painted; but look at the depths of sorrowing tenderness, infinite love, ineffable yearning, in the expression of that face, and the action of that hand! Look at the perfect mastery of childish character in the central little one, the mingled awe, veneration, and faith in the mother, the play of emotion, variously shaded curiosity, impatience, doubt, belief—in the crowd. And when you have looked, long and well, do not consult LORD ELCHO's auctioneer about the value of the picture; ask your own hearts, is not this the work of one of the greatest geniuses that ever recorded humanity and divinity upon canvas, and what genius of this calibre is to be found in the school from which this picture comes, except REMBRANDT?

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR persons like ourselves who know nothing about business, the money market news is often full of mysteries. Here, for instance, is a puzzling morsel of intelligence:—

"The general rate for the best bills out of doors is 1½ per cent."

We know less about arithmetic than even about business: else perhaps we might be tempted to propound a rule of three sum to the following effect:—If the rate for the best bills out of doors is 1½ per cent., what per-centage would be given for a bad bill rated indoors? In our ignorance we wonder what is meant by bills being rated out of doors. Are bills affected by the open air, and have they a different value when paid somewhere within doors, or somewhere else *al fresco*?

A Hint to Publishers.

ADVERTISEMENTS ought to be more explicit. A musical friend of ours, an enthusiast about the Opera and Opera singers, seeing the announcement of the contents of a weekly periodical headed "Industrious Lucca," instantly sent out for the number, in the belief that it would give him some gossip about the famous PAULINE, and perhaps state the sum total of her earnings during the past Season. His disappointment may be imagined when he found that the article was all about an Italian city and its works and buildings, and had no more to do with PAULINE LUCCA than it had with *Pauline Deschappelles*!

MALMESBURY'S ENGLISH AGAIN.

HIS Lordship says to *The Times*, "Having more than once described it as mine *proprio motu*, I shall feel obliged to you to publish this statement." Your Latin is unexceptionable, my Lord, but your English is less convincing. Do you mean that *you* repeatedly stated what you object to? Then why say that you did?



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MRS. TODDLES, HAVING BOUGHT A SEWING MACHINE, "MAKES UP" FOR HER HUSBAND A NEAT SUIT FOR THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

MISADVENTURE CALLED MANSLAUGHTER.

A Talk between Two Fellows.

1st Fellow. How dry the papers are!

2nd Fellow. So they ought to be. So is the season.

1st F. Yes, but it does lighten now and then, and rain cats and dogs.

2nd F. Which the journals report.

1st F. At the greatest possible length. There is little else in them than accounts of provincial concerts and accidents and offences.

2nd F. There was an accident and offence in one reported the other day in *The Times*, the poisoning by laudanum sold in mistake for tincture of rhubarb at Leicester.

1st F. Ah, yes, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the shopkeeper who made the blunder.

2nd F. Quite right; and I hope he'll be convicted, and get penal servitude.

1st F. Well; but a blunder is not a crime.

2nd F. It is worse, as you must know. People who make fatal mistakes ought to be hanged, to encourage others to take more care.

1st F. And then they would in the first place take care of themselves. Is not this just what happened in the case at Leicester? When the tradesman discovered that he had sold laudanum by mistake, what did he do? Did he send for a doctor?

2nd F. No, the brute. As the report says, "Instead of promptly calling in medical aid, he resorted to his own skill in medicine, and suggested the propriety of giving the child a powder and a little antimony wine."

1st F. Exactly so; and why? He knew that in cases of death occurring through the inadvertent sale of poison, coroner's juries usually return a verdict of manslaughter against the vendor. He knew that if the child died without the knowledge of a medical man, the cause of its death might escape discovery. This was a strong temptation not to send for one. It is a temptation which every chemist and druggist, or any other man who by defect of sight, failure of memory, or involuntary absence of mind, has made a slip endangering life, is placed under by the fear that, if it is found out, he will be sent to take his trial for felony.

2nd F. What a selfish beast any one must be who could yield to such a temptation!

1st F. Is not Society just as selfish in enforcing responsibility for its own mere safety, with a view to precaution alone, and irrespectively of right or wrong? Society, as represented by coroners' juries, with the concurrence of others who ought to know better, seems to have adopted the truly cynical plan of punishing men as dogs are punished with regard to mere acts, and regardless of motives. When responsibility is shirked and people are suffered to die, by the self-preservativeness to which retribution void of justice solely appeals, does not the vindictive selfishness of Society defeat its own end?

2nd F. There may be something in that.

WANTS EXPLANATION.

MR. PUNCH,

In the course of the entertaining Debate on Science and Art that cheered the last hours of the House, the mysterious expression, "Democratic Jewellery" was used, I believe, as a quotation. What does it mean? Are we going to secure BEALES's rings and DICKSON's studs (we have heard of his chargers) and enshrine them, neatly labelled, in a glass case in the new People's Museum at Bethnal Green? Or do Ministers intend to select from the Paris Exhibition, with the assistance of MR. LAYARD and a Committee of Experts, the most exquisite gems that money can procure, and present them, with a complimentary address beautifully engrossed on vellum, in the name of the nation, to the leading members of the League, their wives, and daughters? I write in some agitation, and shall be relieved if you can assure me that I am wrong in both my interpretations of this obscure phrase "Democratic Jewellery." Your obedient Servant,

A BLUE COAT AND BUFF WAISTCOAT MAN.

ECHO FROM SHEFFIELD.

BEALES AND Co. are getting up a dinner to "the chiefs who led the Van." What about those who ought to be in it?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Zeus be lauded, we have got to the end of the Alphabet and of the Parliament simultaneously.

Monday, August 19. The Ritualistic Commission, after twenty sittings, managed to come to the report just in time to enable the excellent PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND to announce the fact, but not in time to permit the BISHOP OF SHAFTESBURY to tear the document to pieces before the House of Lords. This arrangement was as neat as a pin, and ran like one into LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Who, in withdrawing his Anti-church Millinery Bill, said he should not comment on the delay, but he was sure that the country would. Twelve hundred and twenty petitions had been presented in favour of the Bill he was obliged to give up. He made some strongish remarks about apostates from Church principles.

The ARCHBISHOP said that the questions for the Commission were of the greatest importance, and had demanded time, and that the Members had been honest and steadfast.

The BISHOP OF LONDON bore testimony to their earnestness, and hoped that when LORD SHAFTESBURY read the report he would duly appreciate it. *Mr. Punch* inclines to make a picture of LORD SHAFTESBURY performing these two acts, and is deterred only by the consideration that an artist ought not be called upon for a work of terror at this languid period of the year.

In the Commons MR. NEWDEGATE signified that next year he should make a motion bearing on the present system whereby folks who are sentenced to the drop are let down so very much easier. But where is the Bill for amending the law of Capital punishment, and classifying offences?

The Masters and Servants Bill was said by LORD ELCHO to have been immensely improved by the Lords, whose amendments were accepted. It contains no provision that housemaids shall not wear chignons and shall wear caps, which is regrettable, but while Mrs. Myddleclassé imitates the Marchioness of Manylands it will be difficult to prevent Miss Mærial from imitating Mrs. Myddleclassé.

Very few people in London slept this night. We passed it in wandering about our houses, blinking at the lightning flashes, crying out "O, I say," and telling one another that thunder seldom did any harm. And, as the schoolboys elegantly put it, Jupiter Pluvius descended plop.

Tuesday. Royal Assent to a heap of Bills, among them the London Traffic Bill, which if the City sets its face against, the City will get something else in the face from a hand not more remarkable for the kindness with which it can pat than for the vigour with which it can smack.

Wednesday, August 21, 1867, the Session came to an end. The daily journals did us out of the usual three or four smart leading articles, and gave us a summary of the Session. In revenge *Mr. Punch* will do the same. *Toby*, bring us a goblet of iced seltzer with some brandy. Now, a cigar out of the ivory box. Now, a light. Now, pull the footstool nearer. Now take down THE FILE. Now copy the first line of every Essence. Shall *Mr. Punch* be the only one not allowed to shirk real work? We'll see.

TOBY writes:—

Abominable, truly, was the weather—
BENJAMIN, on February 11th, did not explain Conservative—
Complaint against France in both Houses—
Difficult, disagreeable, and discouraging was DISRAELI'S—
Eventful have been the hours since *Punch*—
Flaring up suddenly, LORD RUSSELL—
Great Cry in the Commons but less Wool—
However slowly, Reform is making safe—
In the opinion of Colchester, our soldiers—
Judicious speeches by Peers on Spain—
Knights of the shire, and humbler, met after Easter—
Lords were petitioned on Church Millinery—
LORD DERBY announced that Luxembourg—
Monday, May 20th, LYVEDEN complained that CANNING—
Now, we are reforming like fun—
Only because the Peers have neither—
Parliament resumed, and DISRAELI addressed—
Question in Lords whether County Courts—
RUSSELL, EARL, came to the front—
Somebody who can write English to the Volunteers—
Tell me, dear *Mr. Punch*, writes a lovely—
Unquestionably July 15th will be a date in history—
Valiantly did the Peers, pillows of the State—
When the Cat is absent, the Mice indulge in—
XIPHILINUS epitomised D. CASSIUS, *Punch* Parliament—
Yes, the Reform Bill is law—
ZEUS be lauded, we have got to the end—

Very well copied, *Toby*, take an almond-cake. You were going to observe that a certain letter occurs twice, and to compliment your master upon the far-sighted prescience which told him that he should want twenty-seven initials.* Never mind compliments, dog. A few hours, and you shall be cooling your paws in the sea-waves, and your lord shall for a space emulate the happiness of the Hermit of Prague (confessor to the niece of KING GORBOUDUC), "that never saw pen and ink." Meantime, go and buy the Speech. DERBY sent us a copy, but we have packed soap in it for our journey. So. Is it worth putting into rhyme? No, but verse is as easy as prose. Write, *Toby*, write.

"Farewell, farewell," (so CHELMSFORD's song
Before his Sovereign's throne arose)
"Released from labour grave and long
'Tis sweet to bid the Session close.
There's peace around us, though a cloud
Gave menace of a morning dread,
When Prussian stern and Frenchman proud
Might meet to punch each other's head.

"The savage King who sways the lands
Beside the sea where PHARAOH died
Still keeps your brethren in his bands,
But we will tame his felon pride.
For we have passed the word to men
Who know how soldier-work is done,
That they shall storm his strongest den,
And kick him till he roars like fun.

"The Fenian fire broke madly out
And shone on Erin's features pale,
But soon she crushed the rebel rout,
And rogues unhung pick hemp in gaol.
With great Columbia, calm and wise,
We change a boon—no statesman's trick:
The scroll that bears your loves and sighs
Shall now be only charged a kick.

"And fair Reform, (celestial maid)
Has smiled on thousands, thanks to you.
I trust the wide foundation laid
Beneath the throne is sound and true.
I trust that those whom you invite
To this new function, great and high,
Will show they prize the holy right,
And use their mind and mind their eye.

"Of banded men strange things are told,
And shame it is such things should be:
How murder bares his arm for gold,
And English labour is not free.
'Tis well such deeds are dragged to day
Though scandal on our realm they bring.
And scarcely needful, I should say,
That you must stop that sort of thing.

"For other work accept my thanks:
For kindness to the sick and poor,
For stopping, where the engine clanks,
More work than childhood should endure.
And thanks to you who have not bid
My sails to moulder, swords to rust,
Nay rather each retrenchment chide—
O thanks for downing with the dust."

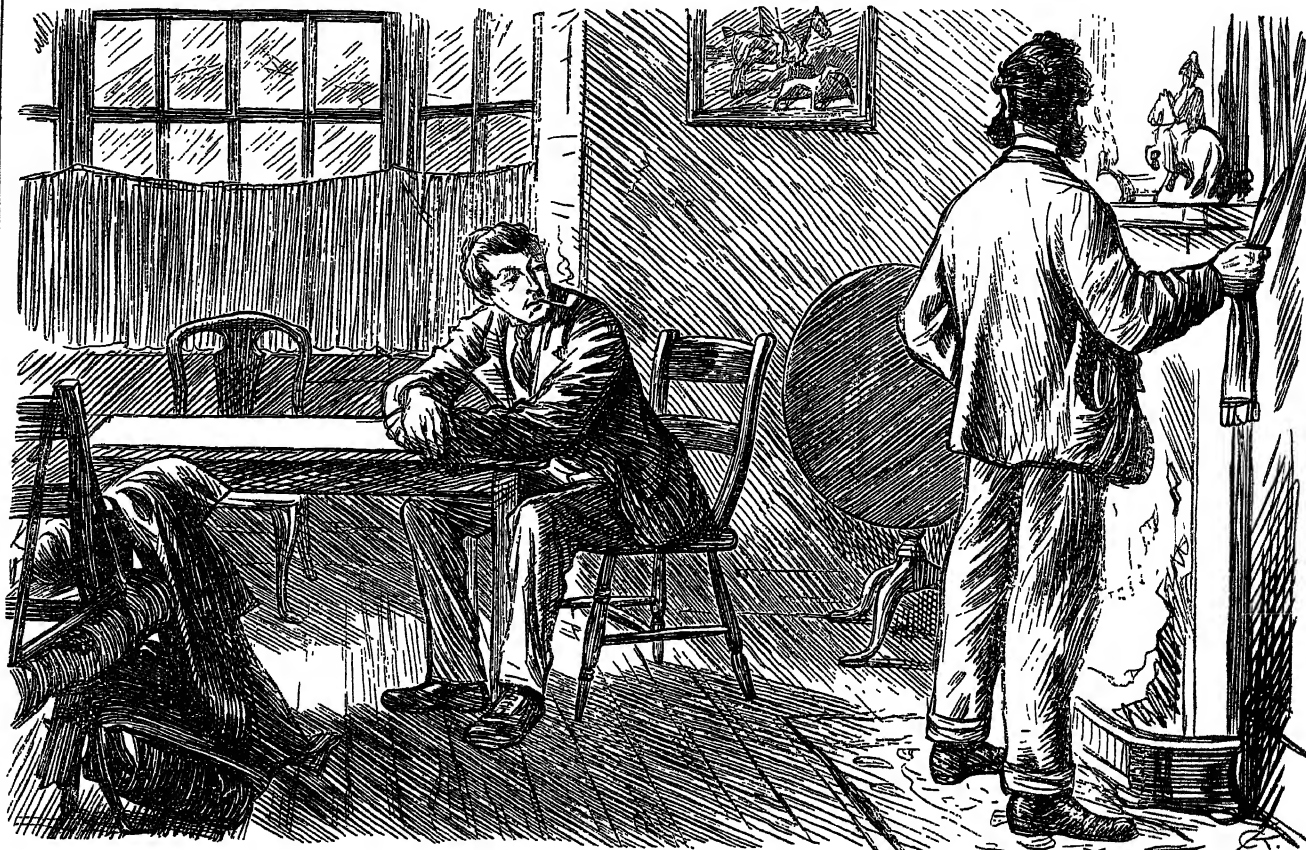
CHELMSFORD IN PROPRIA PERSONA.
Farewell, farewell, the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tones with you,
And 'twere a lark to raise a cheer
As, when a sailor, I could do.
But in this robe so rich and gay,
Of course I mind what I'm about,
And have no further thing to say
Than two respectful words. Get out.

Now, *TOBY*, a Hansom, and in with the portmanteau. Jump about, dog. @AAAZZA, @AAAZZA.

* Note. That *Mr. Punch* may be regarded as "nobly wild, not mad," let him say that this alphabetical whim was adopted in order to give fresh play to a pencil that was not destined to aid us long. Vide its last work in the initial for March 11.

A Fugitive Thought.

CONSIDERING the number of persons who are advertised for in the Second Column of *The Times* as having run away from their homes and friends, it might be as well to head that part of the paper, "The Flying Column."



HARD UP ON A WET DAY.

Richard. "WHAT ARE YOU RINGING FOR, BOB?"

Robert. "THE BEEF!"

Richard. "YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO EAT BEEF AGAIN, BOB, ARE YOU? WHY IT ISN'T HALF-AN-HOUR SINCE BREAKFAST!"

Robert. "WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY HUNGRY, BUT ONE MUST DO SOMETHING!"

PUNCH'S DREAM OF THE DEAD SEASON.

(INSPIRED BY A SIMILAR TRANSACTION IN SHAKESPEARE.)

The Ghost of a Thames Salmon rises from a tank in the "Zoo."

Ghost. Let me be published in *The Times* to-morrow!
Read how they caught me in my youthful prime
At Sunbury, and bore me here to die:—
Be cheerful, *Judy*, for the future shoals
Of Wapping fish prices must lower by half—
Great FRANCIS BUCKLAND come and pickle me!

The Ghost of Sea-Serpent the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was sighted, my Atlantic body
By Armstrong guns was punched with deadly holes:
Dream of the Mermaid and of me; I die—
Serpent the Sixth says *au revoir* and dies.
Penny-a-liner, be thou copious!
Yankees that prophesy an end to kings
Enrich thee with my tale! Live and Liquor!

The Ghost of the Oldest Inhabitant rises.

Ghost. Let me be published in *The Post* to-morrow!
I that could read small print without my specs,
And walked a mile the day before my death!
To-morrow in the papers study me,—
"Death of a Centenarian," it will run:
My offspring, sons and grand and great-grandsons,
Will all in order numerated be;
Good penny-a-liner! Dine and flourish!

The Ghost of the Toad in the Coal rises.

Ghost. Sleepy and ancient, sulkily I wake,
And in a Yorkshire coal mine end my days!

A senior at the Deluge, here to die!
O pick and miner! Why did ye awake
A toad so happy in his carbon cake!

The Ghosts of the two young Gorillas rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins landed at the Tower,
And perishing untimely in the "Zoo,"
Soothed by DU CHAILLU in their closing hours—
Thy "poor relations" say farewell and die!

The Ghosts of divers Lususes Naturæ rise.

Ghosts. Let us appear provincially to-morrow!
Two-headed calves at Pomfret! Calved but to die!
The bi-tailed sheep! the blackbird glossy gray!
The five-legged fawn! the shower of frogs in France!
Four children born at once, alas, to die!
And I, thine ancient friend, the round of all
The papers doomed to go—Enormous Gooseberry!

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING PUNCH starts out of his Dream for Norway, the Paris Exhibition, the Spa at Scarborough, &c.

EXPLANATION.

MR. W. G. WILLS, the author of *The Man o' Airlie*, writes thus:—

"In the allusion in *Punch* to my play at the Princess's, your critic has made an unintentional misstatement, which will do me an injury if not corrected. He says the plot is borrowed from the German. There is simply no resemblance in incident, motive, character, or meaning; save in one leading idea in the fourth Act; viz., the old man's return to his friend, who in the German only informs the audience that he is famous. The statue scene is wholly my own. The great central scene in the German is where the hero, whose tragedy is damned, fancying a friend has written a bitter review, insults his friend's bride by embracing her, and is expelled in disgrace with a laurel-bush staff in his hand."

Was Mr. *Punch* altogether wrong?



"BY THE CARD."

Pedestrian. "HOW FAR IS IT TO SLUDGECOMBE, BOY?"

Boy. "WHY 'BOUT TWENTY 'UNDERD THEAUSAN' MILD 'F Y' GOO 'S Y'ARE AGOON' NOW, AN' 'BOUT HALF A MILD 'F YOU TURN RIGHT REAOUND AN' GOO T' OTHER WAY!!"

A COMPETITION WALLOW.

By inexact pronunciation a disagreeable idea is suggested in naming a Competition Wallah. Prize pigs in clean straw at the Fat Cattle Show are all very well, but such competitors have competed in nothing worse than obesity. A Competition Wallow is a sight which an extreme predilection for the grotesque alone could enable a man to tolerate. No woman, perhaps, but here and there a farmer's wife, would willingly endure the spectacle of a physical and regular Competition Wallow.

There is, however, a wallow of the competitive kind, to a nice moral sense perhaps even more repugnant than any such competition occurring in a sty can be to the most delicate physical perceptions. People may compete by wallowing in ignominy worse than any litter.

Is it possible to help feeling that in industrial rivalry, exhibited in a trial of practical skill in the art of breaking safes open and picking locks, there is somewhat partaking, morally considered, of the nature of a Competition Wallow? This question is suggested by an account in the *Times* of a contest which took place at the Great French Exhibition the other day between two exhibitors, strong-box manufacturers, an Englishman and an American. The latter had published a challenge, backing his "burglar-proof safe" for a sum of money against any other safe in the Exhibition; the safes to be respectively subjected "to a test by experts." His challenge was accepted by the Englishman, and the trial, of which the anticipation excited intense interest, came off on the appointed day. Three German "experts" were employed to attempt the English safe, and the same number of inexperienced Lancashire men "who represented brute force rather than intellect" had the job of trying to break open the American one. The German skilled operatives in burglary beat the English workmen rather than the American safe beat the English one, of whose superiority the *Times*' correspondent says "there can be no two opinions." He remarks that:—

"There was a strong international feeling excited. The Yankees were going to 'whip' the 'Britisher' again. In 1861 we were whipped in yachts, and didn't a

THE RITUALISTIC REPORT.

YOUR Majesty's faithful Commissioners, appointed to inquire into Ritualistic Practices, have the honour to inform your Majesty that they have not done so.

For reasons with which they need not trouble your Majesty, they abstained from making any report at all until Parliament had dispersed. They may, however, just mention, that they considered it would not tend to the peace of the Church to have disagreeable Parliamentary debates on the subjects in question.

They now beg to state that they have asked several persons what they thought of the new Vestments, and that the Commissioners have arrived at the important discovery that there are different opinions on the topic.

They are strongly of opinion that it is Expedient not to give offence.

They therefore unhesitatingly say, that where persons are aggrieved by the ritualistic Vestments, those persons should be enabled to obtain Redress.

The name of MR. WALFORD, subscribed to the report, will be a sufficient guarantee to your Majesty that no un-called-for joke is meant in the last word of the preceding paragraph.

The Commissioners are quite unable to offer the slightest hint as to the means whereby such redress should be obtained, but they beg to disclaim in the strongest manner the idea that the Bishops of the Church ought to be troubled to inquire into the doings of clergymen. If parishioners are aggrieved, they should take action for themselves, if able to afford it.

The Commissioners need not add, that where a minister can induce his flock to assent to Vestments, or any other novelty, interference would be objectionable, inasmuch as no principle is involved in church matters, and, as has been said, the question is one of Expediency.

They conclude by expressing to your Majesty their conviction of the great value of the Commission, and of the satisfaction with which all good persons will hail this conclusion of an important controversy.

Note on Reform.

THE Constituency, under the new Reform Act will include no Compound Householders at all, whilst, on the other hand, it will include a considerable number of simple ones.

Yankee pick the Bramah lock? And now they were going to do it again, 'as sure as your're alive.'

It is this sort of enthusiasm about burglarious expertness, and glorying in it, connected with testing the safes, that gives that trial the character of what leave is taken to call a Competition Wallow. No blame whatever, of course, can be imputed to competitors in the contrivance of securities so needful as SIXES and jenny proof-safes, for bringing their several inventions to the test, but does not a certain compunction of taste suggest that the operations needful for such a purpose had better, like those of anatomy for instance, be performed, if not in private, yet at least without very ostentatious publicity? Is there not something undignified to a ridiculously high or rather low degree in the scene which the visitors to the "World's Fair" at Paris are thus described as witnessing whilst the German "experts" were exercising their skill on the English safe?—

"In the meantime the Lancashire men were working on MR. HERRING's safe. They were separated from their rivals by a curtain, and the spectators could see both sets of operators at once."

The picture above presented reminds us of the double scene that sometimes, in the course of a criminal drama, delights the higher orders (that is to say, the audience in the gallery) of an inferior theatre. It exhibits an illustration of the World's Industry having very much the reverse of that noble and elevating character which such industry is commonly extolled for. Therefore must not the proceeding which it represents be regarded as a competition in a sort of struggle analogous in some measure to wallowing?

The French Army.

THERE are two baths in the Camp of Chalons, "for," says the Special of the *Times*, "the floating camp population." Which "floating" includes, we suppose, the swimming and diving population—the population which can neither float, swim, nor dive, has, of course, to put up with wash-hand basins.

THE CROPS AND HARVEST OF 1867.

To the Editor of Punch.



ra.—Having just concluded an agricultural ramble through Long Acre and the rest of the United Kingdom, I feel that I am in a condition to report to you upon the aspect of the crops, and the prospects of the harvest and of the young people who intend to get married, broadcast, when the busy time is over.

And first I will

speak of the cereals (the *Cornhill* pre-eminently). If you strike the average of the last quarter of a century—and you may do so with perfect safety, for it cannot return the blow—you will be satisfied that the wheat crops (white wheats especially) are not likely to prove so good as they were in 1844, but better than those of 1855: in some places they are heavier than in others, and in others they are lighter than in some, but much depends on the sowing machine, an assertion that must be taken *cum grano* in all quarters. The wheat-ears on the Brighton Downs I ascertained were remarkably fine, and may be expected to alight on the tops of the bathing-machines in dense flocks, enveloped in vine-leaves. In many of the districts which I traversed, sometimes on foot sometimes in a jaunty car, I found that rogues in grain still pursued their nefarious calling and chaffed strangers unmercifully. One buffoon who called me a wiseacre, I was compelled to knock down with the only weapon which was at hand—the staff of life. It goes against the grain for me to comment with severity on any class of my fellow-countrymen, but *rusticus expectat* a good dusting, and he shall not be disappointed. As some compensation, however, I will admit that the corned beef I had for luncheon at the “Haycock” at Wheathampstead was very much above the average of previous years.

In some counties I was made uneasy by constant references to a “strike” of corn, but I was assured that it had nothing to do with the measure adopted by the Tailors. So I resumed my journey happier, playing on my oaten pipe one of the Corn Law League Rhymes, with variations adapted to the present abundant epoch, and thinking the while of GOLDSMITH and his German flute. At intervals of ten minutes I went among the “stooks” and recited Hood’s *Ruth* to the farmer and his household, who were very affable and offered me refreshment, it might be table-beer, it might be slightly acidulous cider. Thrashing, I found, had not commenced, except in isolated cases of notoriously bad husbandry, calling for magisterial interference. Grinding operations are expected to be unusually energetic, particularly for the Civil Service and India. At the town of Mansfield (Notts) I inquired for the celebrated “Miller”: he was not known, but at an adjacent village the baker, who was loafing about, introduced me to the *Miller and his Men*, who expressed themselves as open to an engagement and reason; so I gave each of them a copy of *MILL’S LOGIC*, an instance, I submit, of admirable presents of mind. Near a place called Cropredy I made minute inquiries about the harvest, and was shown a crop ready, under a “sickle moon.”

“All among the Barley” I spent several days, and all my money, and I never passed a pleasanter solstice, in a suit of Tweed which I procured at Berwick. Constant mention of the “Chevalier” convinced me that the STUARTS still have their adherents in these Isles. I got a little confused in some well-meant attempts to distinguish between “bere” and “bigg” on the Sandy soils of Scotland where, and notably in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, the forthcoming crops are unusually promising, even more so than in the Caledonian Road. I had some intention of going into the brewing business, and went as a preliminary step to Malton, but as my friends and creditors prophesied, or rather vaticinated, that I should make a mash of it, I merely crossed over to Kent to look at a brewing “plant” which I had heard of in the hop districts there.

“Coming through the rye” I met a body of opulent farmers (no other “corpus,” I positively assure you) who made such wry faces when I asked them about the probable yield, that auguring unfavourably from their looks, I did not bore them with further painful questions. Generally, I was told that the clays were the best, and so I found—on smoking them.

As to Oats I felt great disappointment at not finding any at Oatlands (*lucus à non lucendo*, as we used to say at Whippingham), but in more oatlandish places they looked pretty well, indeed they said that they felt pretty well. But I heard sad complaints of the prevalence of the wild species, and the Tartarian Oats I myself saw growing in dissipated profusion did not remind me of Grains of Paradise. I regret to add that in Nottinghamshire the rural population were not so polite as I could have wished, insisting that I did not know “owt” about it, and not seeming to care a straw for what I said. But their hospitality in the matter of oat cake was lavish.

Some corn has been “lodged,” but the farmers are hopeful that this will not prevent them lodging something with their bankers after harvest. On the whole I am of opinion that Ceres (dressed in maize) may be expected this autumn with her Cornucopia fairly full.

A few words about the root crops. If politics were not rigorously excluded from this letter, radically speaking—and all parties agreed with me on this point—I should say that they—the root crops, not the politics—were above the average, and the ground. A celebrated Swedenborgian in cords and turnip tops, who was good enough to take me (in patent leather boots) over the whole of his farm of nine hundred acres (how I suffered on those arables! my brow is prematurely furrowed) showed me some of the finest Swedes I have ever met, but to Mangolds he betrayed a rooted aversion. Carrots may be going out in London, but they are certainly coming up again in the country. The prospects of pea-soup appear to be good, according to the latest despatches from Turin, kindly favoured by MR. PEABODY. Beans (with bacon) may be expected next summer as usual; and the potato flower will be fashionable this winter, worn both in bouquets and the hair. I intend to invest largely in potatoes, and believe they will not prove a bad spec.

Everybody I discovered had made hay while the sun shone, and the last load was carried on Hay Hill just before sunset. *Sweet Kitty Clover* had married young Meadows since I was last in the neighbourhood; the seed lands looked anything but seedy; and the cropping, particularly in the Millbank and Pentonville districts, was as close as ever. Lucerne I could not look at without visible emotion, reminding me as it did of Switzerland, where I ought now to be, instead of in Islington, negotiating for a Harvest Home on a scale of unexampled splendour at the Agricultural Hall; and trefoil I confounded in some inexplicable way with tinfoil and the graceful necks of Champagne bottles. By a parity of reasoning tares got mixed up, in my mind, with tare and tret. I have only ink enough to add, that there will be good stubbles for the 2nd of September. Yours, rurally,

Farm Street, Aug. 31.

ARTHUR YOUNGER.

P.S. If anything further crops up, I will write to you again.

ECCLIASTICAL NEWS.

More Bishops.—The next African Episcopos is to be a black man. This is the first concession to the cry of Moor Bishops.

Rural Deans.—The number is to be increased by ten who are to have the superintendence of our cathedral choirs. They are to be entitled *Tooral-Rooral Deans*.

Prebendaries.—It is a mistake to suppose that a Prebendary is bound by his office to carry the Bishop on his back to church whenever called upon so to do. A Prebendary (in answer to a correspondent we state this) has not necessarily two humps on his back. Our esteemed correspondent is thinking of a Dromedary.

Cathedral Stalls.—These are the Church’s rewards, and are always full. Early application is necessary. Ask at MR. MITCHELL’S, or any Librarian in London, where stalls are kept, and before taking one request to see a plan of the cathedral.

The Mongers of the Borough.

We had not been aware of the tendency among prosperous tradesmen to commit suicide. But in a clever letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, about Queen Elizabeth’s Grammar School in Southwark (reform much wanted), the writer says, “The Borough is not a pleasant place, and the first thing a shopkeeper does *who is getting on in the world* is to get out of it.”

With the first proposition we agree. The Borough is not a pleasant place. But we think a well-to-do tradesman had better live even there than make himself a subject for the coroner.

A LONG WAY REMOVED.

OLD SINGLETON is constantly congratulating himself that he has no near relatives. He has some distant Cousins, but they are all in New Zealand.

ICOLMKILL TO THE RESCUE!



It is not true that the Ionic order of architecture derived its name from Iona, an island, one of the Hebrides. This remark may be instructive to snobs such as those whose offences are recorded in the annexed paragraph:—

“‘PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS.’—IONA—A correspondent of the *Scotsman* thus writes

concerning the Iona monuments:—Having recently visited that hallowed spot, I was grieved to find many of the ancient inscribed tombstones worn with footmarks and otherwise defaced. Hordes of ragged children were clamouring up the ruins; naturalists (unnaturalists rather) were picking the cement for the sake of ferns, &c., and one visitor was chopping off a block of stone, doubtless to be carried away as a relic—another pounding with his umbrella at the features of a recumbent effigy, with the characteristic remark, ‘Rum old things, ain’t they?’ In the name of the great Founder of Icolmkill, and of his pious fellow-workers and successors, I plead for the better protection of the ruins of Iona.”

O DR. DONOVAN, that phrenology were as trustworthy, in its practical application as its extreme professors maintain! Then the Government might be induced to establish a coastguard of phrenological experts commissioned to prevent all excursionists from landing in Iona, unless endowed with a reasonably well developed organ of Veneration. “Rum old things, ain’t they?” ‘ARRY, who probably was the maker of this speech, knew not that he was perhaps insulting the effigy of MACBETH, or a better man than MACBETH, one of the heroes and kings—Scottish, Norwegian, or French—whose dust underlies

“Iona’s piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles”—

—as the Wizard of the North (not PROFESSOR ANDERSON, ‘ARRY) says in his Poem concerning the Lord thereof. As to the naturalists who picked away the cement of Columba’s Cathedral in culling cryptogams, every one of them must have been a wretch who would not scruple to “peep and botanise upon his mother’s grave,” and, if there was a mycophagist among them, no doubt he is quite ready to regale himself on an esculent fungus which has grown in that situation. The spoiler who chipped off a block of stone to serve for a relic, might, if that was what he wanted, have followed the example of the poet and archaeologist above quoted, as set forth in the letter wherein he tells JOANNA BAILLIE—fortunate JOANNA BAILLIE:—

“To ballast my letter I put in one of the hallowed green pebbles from the shore of St. Columba.”

A pebble from the shore of St. Columba sufficed the bard, but nothing less than a stone from the walls could content the blockhead. Could not the Archaeological Society manage to get a little statute enacted for the protection of Iona’s sacred ruins, carved and inscribed tombs and effigies, from mischievous brats, botanists, relic-hunters, and ‘ARRY. A Beadle, with a good whip would suffice to deal with the minor offenders: the others should all be made liable to a heavy fine, with the alternative of twenty-one days’ imprisonment and hard labour.

A VOICE FROM CLAPHAM.

SIR,

How did the following statement escape the notice of the *Record*? I copy it from the *Times*, August 27th:—

“CAPTAIN GORDON, Superintendent of the Military Stores, was on Sunday in consultation with SIR JOHN PAKINGTON and the various officials of the War Department in Pall Mall, &c.”

On Sunday when they ought all, of course, to have been at church. And what is the “War Department” in Pall Mall? is it a thin disguise for the smoking-room of the Rag and Famish, which, Sir, is I believe the name for the Army and Navy Club?

Why doesn’t the General Commander-in-Chief of the Church Militant in England (I allude to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY) put a stop to this sort of thing? He does not, and therefore I have seceded from the pew of my forefathers and have joined the Clapham-Junctionites. I am, Sir, Yours piously,

THOMAS HOWLER.

“COOKIE LABOUR.”—Fanning yourself.

“PAS POUR JOSEPH.”

Adapted from the at present popular English lyric by L’EMPEREUR FRANZ-JOSEPH, and sung by Himself to himself, with great success during the recent Imperial Meeting at Salzburg.

* * *Ladies and Gentlemen,—Your kind indulgence is requested for the Imperial French translation of the English argot.*

N.B. *The expressive dramatic business of the Chanson is, wherever it occurs, in brackets.*

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I’m very glad to see,
Aussi l’IMPERATRICE with smiles so charming!
And let all European Powers know that there won’t be
The slightest cause for drilling or for arming.

I’m thinking all the while,
Do I mistrust his smile?
There’s not a wink, a glance, a shrug, that shows if
He means to stick by me,
Or what’s his real policee,

Mere talk won’t wash
For FRANCIS-JOSEPH.

Lav’ra pas,

Lav’ra pas,

Non!

Pas pour JOSEPH!

We chat away the morning with our seltzer and cigar,
Our conversation light as is our claret.

We talk about the Exhibition in the *Champs de Mars*,
We’ve no reporter there—no paper Parrot.

He’s ordered in a lot
Of powder, guns, and shot,
He hasn’t told me yet, and Heaven knows if
He means to join with Russia
Or to go to war with Prussia,

Or else to fight with
FRANCIS-JOSEPH.

Va! Allez

Vous promener

Nez!

[Avec les doigts in extenso.

Pas pour JOSEPH!

We drive about, we ride about, and to the theatre go,
All which is very pleasant and amusing;

We dine, sit up to smoke and sup, returning from some show,
And talk on topics many and confusing.

And after this to bed,
Where to myself I’ve said,
As twixt the sheets I place my royal toes, “If
You think to humbug me,
On vous vous trompez, cher LOUIS.”

C’ne lavera pas

Non! pas pour JOSEPH.

Lav’ra pas,

Lav’ra pas,

Non!

Pas pour JOSEPH!

DECORATED CHEATS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I TRUST that under the circumstances I may be pardoned for obtruding my own concerns on your attention. It is not to my taste generally to court public attention, but I find that my modesty is really prejudicial to my interests. For instance, on looking over the awards given to wine merchants in the Paris Exposition of this year, I find that a bronze medal has been awarded to a certain wine firm in Cette, for “imitation wines,” and that in another instance, a gentleman from the same town engaged in a similar occupation has been awarded “an honourable mention.”

I, too, Sir, am interested in the fabrication of “imitations,” but my efforts are directed rather to money than to wine: in short, I have a great idea that a good business could be done in imitation Bank Notes. I can assure you they can be produced at twopence each in any quantities; but hitherto I have had the fear of the police before my eyes. Hearing, however, that “imitation wines” have received the favour of the great National Exposition under Government patronage in France, I am induced to believe that the art of falsification is not by any means criminal. Do you think, *Mr. Punch*, that if I were to send a few specimens of Bank of England fivers (imitation) that they would be too late to obtain the attention of the Jury on Specie? I may not aspire to a bronze medal, but perhaps a false bank-note may be as worthy of an “honourable mention” as an “imitation” of port or sherry.

Your obedient Servant,

Seven Dials.

A FORGER (*sub rosa*).



AN OBJECTIONABLE OLD MAN.

Young Ladies. "GOING TO MAKE A FLOWER-BED HERE, SMITHERS? WHY, IT 'LL QUITE SPOIL OUR CROQUET GROUND!"

Gardener. "WELL, THAT'S YER PA'S ORDERS, MISS! HE 'LL HEV' IT LAID OUT FOR 'ORTICULTURE', NOT FOR 'USBANDRY!!'"

A FAREWELL TO KATE TERRY.

SHALL they that have charmed us, beguiled us, bewitched us,
Pass hence with no guerdon of thanks and farewell,
For the mem'ries with which their true Art has enriched us,
The hours of delight we have owed to their spell?

No—let mole-eyed, hen-hearted, and snow-blooded scribblers,
Who write themselves "asses" in blame as in praise,
The vipers who still at the steel must be nibblers,
Who, blind to all good, call the sense of it "craze,—"

Fling the mud that soils *them*, and not those it is flung at,
The sneers that recoil on the pens whence they flow—
If their game please the slingers, it hurts not the slung at,
And envy and malice are wide in their blow.

Be ours the more manly and pleasanter duty
To offer our homage where homage is due,
At the fair shrine of Genius and Goodness and Beauty,
Of grace ever present, and Art ever true.

God-speed to KATE TERRY, who leaves all too early
A stage such as she are sore needed to grace;
It taxes philosophy not to feel surly
For the loss of that innocent sensitive face—

Where the ripples of feminine thought and emotion,
Of gladness's rapture, and sadness's shade,
Like sunshine and cloud o'er the surface of ocean,
With utterance and action in harmony played.

For the loss of that presence, still gentle and gracious,
And womanly ever, in act or repose;
The merriment chastened when most 'twas vivacious,
The grief that was rhythmic, to height though it rose.

In a time of coarse cravings and coarser purveying,
When the craft of the stage 'tis a task to sustain,
Her delicate influence seemed a gainsaying
Of those who despaired of true Art and its reign.

She has passed from us, just as the goal she had sighted
From the top of the ladder, reached fairly at last;
With her laurels still springing, no leaf of them blighted,
And a future—how bright, may be gauged by her past.

From childhood through girlhood to womanhood toiling,
Un-hasting, un-resting, she went on her way;
Neglect ne'er discouraged, nor praise led to spoiling,
Right instincts, sound teaching, she felt, to obey.

Nor of bounds of good taste deem the rhymester unwitting,
If of privacy's curtain so much he withdraw,
As to peep on a life such an artist befitting,
Pure, gen'rous, unselfish—a fame without flaw.

May this rhyme, kindly meant as it is, not offend her;
And fragrant with flowers be the paths of her life;
May the joy she has given, in blessings attend her,
And her happiest part be the part of "The Wife."

Truly Base.

THE Americans want to buy the Danish possessions in the West Indies. Advocating the sale, a Copenhagen paper says:—

"The cession might, perhaps, be disagreeable to England, but no cause at present exists to take that consideration into account."

Ungrateful Danes. When we forgave them for giving NELSON the trouble of destroying their fleet; when we gave them such good reasons for not helping them against Prussia; and when we hold *Hamlet* as our first favourite in tragedy. Some folks have no sense of favours.



WILBERFORCE SECUNDUS

Emancipating the Poor Little Whites.

S. OXON. "YOU HAVE BEEN VERY GOOD AT SCHOOL, MY DEARS. NOW GO INTO THE GREEN FIELDS, AND ENJOY YOURSELVES."

(BUMBLE relieves his mind by making "ugly faces.")

[Vide his Lordship's admirable Speech in behalf of "The Little Ones."

A FEW FRIENDS.

(IN SEVERAL TABLEAUX FROM MY PHOTOGRAPHIC BOOK.)

TABLEAU I. (CONTINUED.)

CERTAINLY, "too many friends spoil the Brighton." This, *by the way*. The key-note for my harping, and so I lay aside the tuning-fork, having reached the proper pitch. (*Pitching* into some one, as my Funny Friend would say, portrait further on.)

My Hearty Friend invites himself to supper at 10 30, and keeps his appointment. I hear him in the front hall, two or three flights of stairs down, and round several corners, asking, always heartily, for me. He knows the landlord, and addresses him heartily. He knows also what's the best thing to be had out of the cellar, and suggests it very heartily. His heartiness is infectious, that is with those who don't see him often; it takes with the landlord and the waiters, who almost cheer him as he goes up-stairs. He meets a natty chambermaid on the stairs, and there is a laugh and a titter, and in another moment he is bounding up the last flight to my room. He bursts in as if but a little more and he'd have had the door down. No obstacle invented by man shall keep him from his dear friend—me. He's so glad to see me again; as if he had expected me to quit the place for ever, after meeting him in the morning.

He is soon seated—with a bump. I ask him not to bump at eleven o'clock at night, because the quiet people in the hotel don't like it. He begs my pardon, old fellow, so heartily as to make me say, "Oh, never mind," which sounds like an encouragement to bump again—which he does, by the way, after rising for the pickles. I point out that he needn't have risen for the pickles, as they are by his side. He says he is hungry, and the waiter, who has evidently been suborned by His Heartiness, ignoring me, the giver of the feast, asks *him* if he'd like anything beyond what there is on the table? Heavens! there is beef enough to support twenty infant schools for a week. There's chicken, ham, bread, butter, cheese, parsley (wish he'd limit himself to parsley), and a tart. (Hope he'll take tart, and I shan't see him again for some days, probably: knew a man once who took pastry late at night, and—I forget what happened to him—awful: his hair never curled again, I believe.)

"You couldn't get us some ox-tail?" he suggests slyly to the waiter. I am on the point of saying, "Oh, no, he couldn't," and adding something about "the bar being closed," only I don't think they keep ox-tail in the bar. Before I can come out with my answer the waiter replies that "he thinks he could," this also slyly, as if he was going to perform a conjuring trick. The waiter quits us, briskly. In his absence I try to depress His Heartiness (I give him His Heartiness as a title, you see; I think my Funny Friend, picture further on, would have said that), by hinting the great improbability of ox-tail being forthcoming. "Well, then, old boy," says he, as heartily as ever, "we'll have something else hot." However, in a whisk of a napkin, so to speak, returns the waiter with the soup: conjuring trick finished, no deception, no false bottom, no mechanism, no *spring* soup (as my Funny Friend, picture further on, would say. *By the way*, try all my indifferent and doubtful jokes as if perpetrated by my "Funny Friend") but genuine ox-tail!

"Might manage a cutlet, hey?" says my Hearty Friend to me.

We might: but I don't care for cutlets—at night.

"What do you say to a *filet de bœuf*?" he goes on, as if this was a brilliant notion. "That's your style, eh?"

I tell him that it is not my style, and, generally, that that is what I say to *filet de bœuf*.

The waiter, however, has (conjuring again! quite an entertainment by the waiter; dare say he'll do ventriloquism soon) produced cutlets from somewhere in a dish. My Hearty Friend supposes I won't take any, having just now expressed my dislike for them.

"As they're here," I say, "I'll take one." Meaning, not that if they weren't here I would take one, but privately that as they have been served up at *my* expense, I may as well get what benefit I can out of them (by being dyspeptic all night and worse in the morning), and attack them voraciously, finishing by winning the supper stakes (as my Funny Friend would say) easily, by one cutlet and a half ahead.

"Now then," cries His Heartiness, wiping his mouth, "for the Champagne."

The waiter is ready with a wine-card. I explain, that as I always myself drink *vin ordinaire* at ls. 6d. per bottle, I don't care for Champagne myself. "But of course I add, if he likes, why—"

He *does* like; oh *doesn't* he! What's a bottle to my Hearty Friend? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Pints he scorns. A good dry Champagne he wants.

I suggest the *Crown* Champagne, a cheap wine, good for cups and evening parties, or something at 4s. 6d. per pint. I try to keep the wine list to myself, so that he may not see the names and the prices; but he is behind me in a second, so is the waiter. They're both in a plot. It ends in the driest and dearest, half-a-guinea a bottle. It appears. He invites me (He! invites me! ha! ha!) to join him.

"Well," I say, yielding in this matter, as in the cutlets aforesaid, "I will take a glass, as it is here."

It was a strong wine; a *very* strong wine. It *must* have been a *very* powerful wine. My bill presented to me lately mentions three bottles and one pint of the same. I do not recollect the last bottle and a half, but on the other hand feel some delicacy in disputing it.

As to having whiskey hot after this (as my bill asserts we did) I couldn't have done such an absurd thing, I'm sure I couldn't. I don't know what my Hearty Friend had; I do *not* know, I say, what *he* had. Perhaps *he* went in for whiskey-and-water, or he for whiskey and I for water.

There is also "glass broken and one chair mended" in my bill. My Hearty Friend danced and did gymnastics, imitating the strong man (I have a faint recollection of it) at three in the morning, or some other hour in the morning. I believe he wanted to bathe in the sea with his clothes on. Did I?

What I *do* recollect (because the next day brought it with my Hearty Friend to my recollection, is that I promised him I would go and have a dip in the sea at *seven o'clock in the morning*. Seven o'clock!!! Two hours before my usual time of rising! He said, "that was the hour for bathing; so fresh, do me good, wake me up, strengthen me, give new life," and so forth, until I became as hearty as he, and promised to accompany him *if he'd wake me at a quarter to seven*. What an idiot I was. Why did I put a strong Champagne in my mouth to steal away my brains?

Well—

CONVERSION BY BARLEY.

It happened, when last I to market did go,
I met in the High Street w' Temperance Joe,
By which means I axed un to come over here,
And said if 'a wood that I'd gie un some beer.

He come, and had dinner, but never a drop.
Sez he, "I drinks no beer beyond ginger-pop,
Or quenches my thirst w' a swig o' cold tea;
If thee 'st do the same t'ood be better for thee."

"Good beer, drunk in reason, don't do us no harm.
Come, Joe," I sez, "have a look over the Farm."
"I'm willun," sez Joe, and w' that out we struts.
I show'd un the rye, and the whate, and the wuts.

"Now look at that grain crop—what is it, dost know?
That there, ripe for harvest." "'Tis barley," sez JOE.
"Four acres," I said, "fine as ever you see,
And well you med fancy wuth zummum to me.

"'Tis barley, of all sarts and speeches o' grain,
As brings to the farmer most profit and gain,
There's moor land put under 't than ever before,
Of so much advantage it is to the grower.

"Yo' see, JOE, that barley's a sart of a thing,
Don't need be no wuss for wet autumn or spring.
'Twill do if 'tis sowed at beginnun o' May,
For whate at laste two months too late in the day.

"A rather wet harvust don't do it no ill—
A little rain 's wanted the corns for to fill.
A mellow free pickle the malsters desires—
Dost know, now, JOE, what for they barley requires?

"Of barley, friend JOSEPH, like that in full ear,
Malt's made in the fust place, and next is made beer.
If beer wusn't meant for a Christian to drain,
What barley was made for I wish thee'd explain."

Sez JOE, "There's sitch sense in that sayun o' thine,
Thee well nigh persuad'st me the pledge to resign,"
I furdur praised barley in that sart o' way,
'Till we at the Barley-Mow finished the day!

Heathen Mythology in a Christian Church.

(Communicated.)

"THERE is a *Precentaur*," I hear, "who sits in a stall in Gloucester Cathedral. I suppose he is the chief of the Centaurs, who, I always thought were fabulous half-bred people. That's why they have stalls there, and why the desk hides the lower half of the Reverend Gentle-men. Sometimes they're *quite hoarse* in winter."



"INCIDIT IN SCYLLAM," &c.

Ensign Muffles (alluding to his Moustache). "YOU SEE, SOME SAY, 'WEAR IT,' YOU KNOW; AND SOME SAY, 'CUT IT OFF,' YOU KNOW; BUT IF I TOOK EVERYBODY'S ADVICE I SHOULD BE LIKE THE OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY."

Sergeant O'Rourke. "YOUR HON'RR WOULD—(BUT NOT WISHING TO BE PERSONAL ABOUT HIS OFFICER'S AGE) THAT IS—LASTE-WAYS,—BARRIN THE OULD MAN, YOUR HON-R-R-R!!!"

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SIR,

BEING your Dramatic Critic, you expect something from me wherever I am. Holding as I do the free and enlightened opinion, that personal presence is not an essential to criticism, I send you my notices of what I imagine must be going on in Town judging, that is, from the daily papers which arrive at Shwngll on the Rhrlmr (a Welsh river) twice a week.

Let me begin then with Covent Garden, under the sole direction of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, I mean Mr. J. R. Natural mistake, seeing that LORD JOHN has so often "made overtures." There's a band of 100 performers, headed by SIGNOR BOTTESINI, who used to play on the Violoncello.

A wonderful fellow
For Violoncello.

I cannot give you a strictly scientific account of the Programme, but suffice it to say, that JOHANN STRAUSS's overture to *La Gazza Ladra* is nightly encored; *The Courtis Union* (a workhouse madrigal) is redemanded by everyone. That CHERUBINI's *La Danse d'Amour*, written expressly for MESSRS. WINTERBOTTOM, MASTER BONNAR, and MLLR. SAROLTA, is in every way worthy of the Composer's reputation. It is pleasant to see JOHN STRAUSS when he waltzes and polkas, and is greeted with acclamations. He must find it very hot work.

London is out of Town, and therefore no wonder that *The Great City* has gone to Liverpool.

People are roaring with laughter at MONSIEUR BUCKSTONE in *To Paris and Back for Five Pounds*. MR. SOTHERN will re-appear here in a new piece entitled the *American Cousin*.

MISS AMY SEDGWICK (so fresh and unchanged she ought to be MISS SAME-Y SEDGWICK) has filled the Haymarket. I mean the people have filled it: she attracting.

MISS KATE TERRY has been making her adieux. Parting is such

CRIMINAL POPULARITY.

MR. WILLIAM BROADHEAD, ex-publican (and sinner), appears to be a great attraction still at Sheffield. The Magistrates most properly have closed his public-house, but they have not annulled his liberty by refusing him his licence. MR. BROADHEAD is at large, with other unconvicted criminals, and has not left his pothouse bar for the bar of an Assize Court. As a proof of his exceeding popularity at Sheffield, the other day a placard was posted in the neighbourhood, stating that a "fête" was going to be held, and that the famous MR. BROADHEAD was "expected on the ground."

We wonder how much MR. BROADHEAD was paid for his attendance, and whether he did anything to entertain the company, more than simply walking round to show himself to their delighted eyes. Perhaps he sang a comic song, introducing the old street cry of "Flare up and join the Union," and told some funny stories of the way in which poor saw-grinders who would not join the Union had been fired at or burnt out. No longer having his own pot-house at which he can exhibit himself, MR. BROADHEAD may be heard of soon as starring in the provinces, and giving public entertainments, in company perhaps with his accomplice, MR. CROOKES. The latter villain will exhibit "the identical air-gun" with which he shot his victims; and, as a climax, the two worthies may parody the last scene in *The Miller and his Men*, and end their entertainment with a Sheffield "blowing up."

Among the "interesting additions" to the Chamber of Horrors, the public surely would delight to see "The Famous MR. BROADHEAD, as he appeared when planning a Murderous Trade Outrage;" and they would doubtless flock in crowds to look at MR. CROOKES's air-gun, as their fathers of old crowded to see MR. THURTELL's gig.

Continental Gossip.

BARON BEUST is taking warm baths at Gastein. It is hard that a politician who has managed to keep on amicable terms with everyone during the session should in the vacation have got himself into hot water. We hope he will come well out of it.

FORENSIC FASHION.

MISS FLANAGAN says, that if she were a man she should like to be a Queen's Counsel, because then she would have a silk gown.

sweet sorrow that we could say good bye for five hundred nights more.

The Adelphi is "to be let" during September; why not let it out, and make a little more room in the stalls?

The Olympic.—*The Grasshopper* is going on hopping. The Sisters WEBB should have made a Pastoral Lyrical drama of it, and called it the *Grass-Hoppera*.

Strand Theatre.—When the Strand Company is away the PAULS will play. By the way, if all our entertainers would unite together, we might get something like an *Opéra Bouffe*.

New Royalty.—I have a vague idea of its being the 100,000th night of everything and everybody at this little House. Generations will come and go, and still will *Pretty Scousan* say No, and *Captain Crosstree* will be the Veteran DEWAR's name. *Meg's Diversion* is, as heretofore, the name of the first piece, but it should be called *Meg's never-say-Diversion*.

The Circus in High Holborn.—I like to see the epithet "High," as the West-end clubbers until lately considered everything in that part as Low Holborn. But the *Théâtre de Parry*, with the first horse, Scud, cleared away that impression. The second horses at the Amphitheatre are now doing their best. There is a "Vanishing Act," which, of course, every one stops to see. There is a daring balloon flight, which as I haven't seen it, I will forthwith describe. The grooms bring in a large balloon. They inflate it with gas. Then enter MADAME GÉRARD on horseback. She dares the grooms to let the balloon fly. They, maddened by her taunts, let it go. It ascends, breaks through the roof, and disappears. Whereupon MADAME GÉRARD canters round the ring, bows gracefully to the spectators, and retires. Thus ends the "Daring Balloon Flight," according to my ideas of how I should have it done. MR. RYDER, the tragedian, does not appear here.

Let me compliment the *Britannia* upon its appropriate Bill. BRITANNIA rules the waves, and commences with the drama of *The Sea*. This is suggestive of summer, of excursion trains, Brighton, Ramsgate,

Margate, &c., and hot broiling sun everywhere. So, to relieve you from the heat, this play is followed by *The Champion Skaters*. This reminds you deliciously of the top of Mont Blanc, GUNTER'S, Serpentine in December, and TORTONI'S in Paris. To conclude, says *Mrs. Britannia* in her programme, with *The Last Man*. The last man in town, all others having gone to the first piece, *The Sea*. Again let me compliment the Britannic management, Hoxton, (where is Hoxton? on the Coast anywhere?) on its admirably chosen amusements for the people.

Adieu, Sir, I go to bathe in the Consonantic Welsh River.

A SCANDAL FOR THE SULTAN.



O doubt it is well, for one reason, that the SULTAN has gone. If he had remained here, he might possibly have had explained to him a certain letter addressed to the Editor of the *Times*, on the subject of "Oakum Picking." For those who are acquainted with the details of prison discipline, it will suffice to quote the bare statement subjoined:—

"Sir,—I read, two or three days ago, that some paupers, who had received temporary relief, were sent to gaol for fourteen days, with hard labour, because they had not picked 2 lb. of oakum in the day."

But other people may need the following information:—

"Now I am certain that those who imposed the task, and punished the wretches for its non-performance, have not even the smallest notion of what they were doing. I know, from my occupation, something about oakum picking, and I venture to assert that if a thousand persons who have never picked oakum before, nor been taught how to do it, for it is almost an art, were given the task, it would be found that, exert themselves as anxiously as they might, the average of them could not properly pick more than 1 lb., unless the oakum were very soft and favourable, and that not one in the thousand persons would be able to pick 2 lb. in a day."

Had the SULTAN become cognisant of the foregoing remarks, they would doubtless have dissipated a belief which he has perhaps taken away with him. What is the Turkish for "Walker!" "Gammon!" and "All my eye!" Have we not borrowed a term nearly their equivalent from that language in the word "Bosh!" Because one or another of those incredulous exclamations would, had the SULTAN been acquainted with England's treatment of England's poor, as above exemplified, escape instantly from his mouth if anybody were to observe in his presence that England was a Christian nation. The SULTAN knows enough of Christianity to enable him, had he known the case in question, to know better than that.

There is something else that the Grand Turk would probably have said, if his interpreter had read him the preceding extracts, with this in addition:—

"I am aware that promised hardships, such as able young men with hard hands, and who have had months of imprisonment, probably, can pick double the 2 lb.; but these are very exceptional instances, and I know that 1 lb. would be found to leave the unpractised hands very little, if any, time to spare in a day, now that daylight has become so materially shortened."

The SULTAN'S observation would naturally have been that the Justices who doomed the paupers to imprisonment and hard labour in their ignorance of what oakum-picking is, ought to be sent to prison, and have a fortnight of it themselves, in order to be furnished with the necessary enlightenment on that subject.

The Pan-Anglican Synod.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S Pastoral played to the Bishops on the Pan-Anglican Pipe.

It is an excellent thing for the in'ard
Man to attend our Pan-Anglican Synod.

Chorus of Ecclesiastics. It is an excellent, &c., &c.

THE PROGRESS OF CRUELTY.

A PERSON who last week suffered the extreme penalty of the law is stated to have been a Guardian of the Poor, and to have received a Testimonial for his conduct in that incapacity. Knowing these facts, it is difficult to be surprised at the rest.

How TO WORK ON A WOMAN'S FEELINGS.—Give her a Sewing Machine.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

BORN: 1794. DIED: 1867.

STATESMEN and soldiers, authors, artists,—still
The top-most leaves fall off our English oak:
Some in green summer's prime, some in the chill
Of autumn-tide, some by late winter's stroke.

Another leaf has dropped on that sere heap—
One that hung highest; earliest to invite
The golden kiss of morn, and last to keep
The fire of eve—but still turned to the light.

No soldier's, statesman's, poet's, painter's name
Was this, through which is drawn Death's last black line;
But one of rarer, if not loftier fame—
A Priest of Truth, who lived within her shrine.

A Priest of Truth: his office to expound
Earth's mysteries to all who willed to hear—
Who in the book of Science sought and found,
With love, that knew all reverence, but no fear.

A Priest, who prayed as well as ministered:
Who grasped the faith he preached, and held it fast:
Knowing the light he followed never stirred,
How'er might drive the clouds through which it past.

And if Truth's priest, servant of Science too,
Whose work was wrought for love and not for gain:
Not one of those who serve but to ensue
Their private profit: lordship to attain

Over their lord, and bind him in green withes,
For grinding at the mill 'neath rod and cord;
Of the large grist that they may take their tithes—
So some serve Science that call Science Lord.

One rule his life was fashioned to fulfil:
That he who tends Truth's shrine, and does the best
Of Science, with a humble, faithful will,
The God of Truth and Knowledge serveth best.

And from his humbleness what heights he won!
By slow march of induction, pace on pace,
Scaling the peaks that seem to strike the sun,
Whence few can look, unblinded, in his face.

Until he reached the stand which they that win
A bird's-eye glance o'er Nature's realm may throw:
Whence the mind's ken by larger sweeps takes in
What seems confusion, looked at from below.

Till out of seeming Chaos Order grows,
In ever-widening orbs of Law restrained,
And the Creation's mighty music flows
In perfect harmony, serene, sustained;

And from varieties of force and power,
A larger unity and larger still,
Broadens to view, till in some breathless hour,
All force is known grasped in a central Will,

Thunder and light revealed as one same strength—
Modes of the force that works at Nature's heart—
And through the Universe's veined length
Bids, wave on wave, mysterious pulses dart.

That cosmic heart-beat it was his to list,
To trace those pulses in their ebb and flow
Towards the fountain-head, where they subside
In form as yet not given e'en him to know.

Yet, living face to face with these great laws,
Great truths, great myst'ries, all who saw him near
Knew him for child-like, simple, free from flaws
Of temper, full of love that casts out fear:

Untired in charity, of cheer serene;
Not caring world's wealth or good word to earn;
Childhood's or manhood's ear content to win;
And still as glad to teach as meek to learn.

Such lives are precious; not so much for all!
Of wider insight won where they have striven,
As for the still small voice with which they call
Along the beamy way from earth to heaven.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Nurse. "OH! MISS NELLY! WHATEVER ARE YOU ABOUT?"

Miss Nelly. "I'M ONLY DIPPING DOLLY, LIKE THE BATHING WOMAN DIPS ME!"

HOLIDAY EXERCISES.

FOR YOUNG LADIES AT THE SEA-SIDE, WHEN THEY HAVE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

HISTORY.

1. What other reasons have you for calling CHARLES THE FIRST the finest king that ever lived, besides his having been so handsome?
2. On account of what instances of wisdom, piety, morality, and self-command in the history of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS do you always write her down as your "Favourite Queen"?
3. Should the proved fact that WILLIAM WALLACE burned a school with all the children in it, prevent your calling him a darling?
4. Having seen MR. FRITH'S picture of CLAUDE DUVAL, do you think the latter ought to have been hanged?
5. Should you have liked to call on KING RICHARD THE FIRST, your "Favourite King," after he had lunched on the Saracen's head?
6. Show the true mirthfulness of the Merry Monarch, in taking a pension from France, and letting our ships be burned in the river?
7. For what other reasons than that he was ugly and religious would you have hanged that monster OLIVER CROMWELL?
8. State the national humiliations and atrocious legislation endured by us under WILLIAM THE THIRD, which induce you to regard him as a hateful hook-nosed wretch?

THEOLOGY.

1. Do you think that curates are sufficiently awake to their duties as croquet players?
2. For what reason would you have the sermon omitted?
3. You regard the High Church as aristocratic. Give a second reason for this view, in addition to the fact that Patristic means Patrician theology.
4. Distinguish between a moveable feast and a pic-nic.
5. Why would you not be married on a Friday?
6. State whether you are a Ritualist, and if so, whether the persons who educated you have since been removed to an asylum.

7. Are you aware that when in Scotland you are a Dissenter?
8. Do you not think that a bishop's wife ought to have a title?
9. If you were a parochial clergyman's wife, should you think it wiser to insult your Dissenters, or to treat them with silent contempt?
10. Show that though there is no objection to complaining loudly if a preacher gives you an extra ten minutes, it would be vulgar to express impatience at being detained at the Opera until 1.30.

POETRY.

1. Do you see any good in poetry except as words for music?
2. Is not *Paradise Lost* a bore?
3. Who was DANTE, and do you not think that he will live chiefly through M. GUSTAVE DORÉ'S engravings?
4. Is not a great fuss made about BYRON, and does not your cousin CHARLES, in the Artillery, write every bit as good poetry?
5. Should not rhythm be pronounced as if spelt rhyme, as the two words mean the same thing.
6. Is not English poetry far inferior to French?
7. Do the following words convey any ideas to your mind: HERBERT, SPENSER, COWLEY, HERRICK, COLLINS, GRAY, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, BROWNING? Have you noticed any such words on the backs of books in your papa's library?

From the East.

THE SULTAN has had his first ride behind his new locomotive, inaugurating a new line of policy in Conservative Islam. The Turkish ladies are also about to adopt Parisian fashions, and, in this age of steam, are going to take to long trains.

FROM OUR PARISIAN YOUNG MAN.

THE French newspapers talk about the expense of the New Grand Opera here. Cost what it will, it will be opened after all, for a mere song. And it has beaten the New Grand Hospital in the race for the finish, SIRE.



Cabby (disputes the fare, and insists on having FITZBELGRAVE'S name and address—the latter has not his Card-case). "WH' THERE'S WRITIN! WHY DIDN'T YER SAY 'S Y'VOS A ONEDICATED MAN! IF YER'D A'ARST ME, I'D A' DONE IT FOR YER!!"

THE FREE KIRK RAMPANT.

AULD PIRIE, Sabbatarian chiel,
An' DOCTOR BEGG, for Scotia's weal,
Sair dread frae Sunday steamers feel:
'Tis varra wrang!
They fear the kintra to the deil
Is like to gang.

Morality will stan' or fa'
As folk observe the Sabbath law:
They wi' the Free Kirk doctors a'
That point maintain,
Wi' logic that a fule wad ca'
Baith sound and plain.

Spain, Dutchland, Italy, and France,
Where sinners on a Sunday dance,
Are—could a mon wi' truth advance?—
Of a' lands sunk
In vice beyond redemption's chance;
Of a' maist drunk.

Hech BEGG, ye Sabbath's champion stork,
Ye're nae dumb dog that winna bark,
Ye say as bad as Sabbath wark
Is recreation.
BEGG, ye'll become a man of mark,
For admiration.

An', BEGG, ye said ae ither thing,
Wilk far and wide is like to ring,
While tune-fu' bards your praises sing,
An end, about,
For servants ye proposed to bring
Of "Sabbaths out."

O BEGG, and sae ye fain wad blot
That ae wee pleasant weekly spot
Whilk brightens the puir slavie's lot,
Ye babe o' grace!
To stay hoo mony hae ye got
In sic a place?

A SHOCKING THING TO THINK OF!—A Galvanic Battery.

THREATENED STRIKE OF CURATES.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Times*, signing himself "AN OLD INCUMBENT," measures are in course of being taken to institute a Curates' Union, likely to be followed, in the natural course of things, by a Curates' Strike. These are striking times. There seems to be a contagious principle in operation among working-men, which impels them to strike. It has now attacked the working-clergymen. The strike of the journeymen tailors will perhaps be succeeded by a strike of the journeymen parsons.

For the contemplated strike of the curates there is that to be said, which is more than any one can truly say in justification of some strikes on the part of workmen—the demands of the curates are not altogether unreasonable. They are thus stated in a document, quoted by the "OLD INCUMBENT:"

"Curacies are to become permanent; curates to have a proper independence; to be protected from arbitrary and despotic treatment, whether episcopal or other; curates to be on equal footing in spiritual matters with the incumbent; to be the incumbent's assessor in things spiritual; the equality of priests; the right to celebrate at certain times; a system of promotion by seniority; the equalisation (according to population) of the stipends of incumbents; the moneys of the various charities to be thrown into a common fund."

But whether a strike is an expedient likely to enable the curates to obtain their ends, is what may be doubted. It is true that the clerical employers would be unable to combine on their part, and have recourse to a general lock-out. No rector or other incumbent could possibly shut up church, unless, indeed, the bishops joined in the combination of the master-parsons, and unless also the lock-out were permitted by public feeling. The former of these two conditions would, to be sure, be probable enough under the latter. As regards the adequate remuneration of the curates, it is against the episcopal body more particularly, that the strike would, if it prevailed, take effect. The curates' increase of stipend would have to come out of prelatial profits. Then, too, incumbents would be unable to import curates from abroad, where, besides popish and Greek priests, there are, according to established church law, no ordained clergy. And, if there were any, they would

mostly labour under the disadvantage of being unable to speak English.

On the other hand, the Curates' Union would find it a hard matter to enforce its decrees on its own members; still more to coerce non-unionist curates. What steps do they meditate taking for those purposes? Do they think to ratten a refractory or contumacious associate by abstracting his surplice, or secreting his set of lithographed sermons? Have they any idea of stationing pickets at church-doors, with a commission to taunt, abuse, intimidate, annoy, or thrash reverend knobsticks? Are they prepared to go any farther in the way of assailing offenders against their union rules than by peppering them with the pop-guns of paper warfare, and blowing them up in print?

On the whole, the prospects of a Curates' Strike do not appear to be very hopeful. If it were so general as to create any serious amount of spiritual destitution, the bishops would have it in their power to ordain agricultural labourers, able to read and write, and, in the last resort, constitute them labourers in the vineyard. They could, indeed, consecrate their own footmen, and those of other people, if the footmen were willing to become servants of the church; but very few of them would be—well aware that they should, by so doing, better themselves in nowise.

"Six to One and Half-a-dozen to the Other."

THE famous Cretan blockade-runner *Arkadi* has been burnt by the Turkish cruiser *Izeddin*. One feels tempted to apply to the ships, captains, crews, and indeed all parties to the great Candian quarrel, Greeks and Turks alike, BYRON'S famous line from *Don Juan*,

"ARCADES AMBO,—*id est*, blackguards both."

NOTE BY A SPIRITUALIST.

UNBELIEVERS jeer at our tables dancing and chairs talking in action, yet no one has ever yet cast a doubt upon the annual "Speech from the Throne."

A FEW FRIENDS.

(IN SEVERAL TABLEAUX FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU I. (CONTINUED.)



IN a weak moment, after supper, during the smallest hours of the night I agreed to bathe in the sea, early, provided that my Hearty Friend would call me. This I said relying either upon his being too tired to get up, or upon his forgetfulness.

The Morning. At some hour I awake; suddenly, as if I'd been jerked into a state of supernatural wakefulness. Wonder what the time is? Will look at my watch. I postpone looking at my watch. Feel one moment as if I could get up and walk, or ride, or take some violent exercise. Somehow I shut my eyes. On opening them again, with difficulty this time, and not at all as if jerked into any state of wakefulness, I feel too tired to do anything. Look at my watch—8.15. Shall get up at 9.15, that gives me an hour more—second sleep always the best. Thank Goodness (think to myself as I turn on my side for a snooze) my Hearty Friend has forgotten all about his confounded bathing. I can't get up. If he had come when I first woke I could have jumped out of bed and into the water (so to speak) at once. But now—here I drop off to sleep.

A thumping at my door—a shouting—a halloaing. My Hearty Friend has burst into the room.

By the way, in hotels always lock your door, not so much for protection of goods as against being called in the morning by a boisterous friend: you can defy him, from under the bed-clothes, when the door is locked.

I pretend to be more drowsy than I am, in order to excite his compassion. I have a vague notion of appealing to him that he wouldn't rouse a man when he's down. I say, dreamily, "Hallo, it's you, is it?" as if I'd forgotten all about him.

He thumps the bed. (Hate a fellow thumping the bed when I want to go to sleep.) "Now, then," he bawls, "get up!" I would give him sixpence to go away. "Hallo! hallo! hi! hi! hi!" He is heartiness itself this morning. I ask him "Not to make a row," and call him "old fellow," under the impression that this will conciliate him. He won't be conciliated by anything less than my getting up and bathing. "What sort of a morning is it?" I want to know, as if my decision to stop in or go out depended upon the state of the weather.

"Lovely," he returns, striding to the window and tearing the curtains open. A great part of his heartiness is violence—mere violence. I hate having the sun let in before you're prepared for it: result, biliousness. I say, "Do shut the curtains." He won't, so I silently appeal to him by closing my eyes, and disappearing under the counterpane, where I feign sleep.

"Poof!" he snorts, pretending to be overcome by the closeness of the atmosphere. "How the deuce you can sleep without the window open, I don't know." Whereupon he opens the window.

"Now then," says he, impatiently, "come along." In five minutes, I tell him, I'll be with him. (I think to myself, that if he once gets outside the room I'll whip out of bed, lock the door, and have another hour's doze.) He bothers five minutes. I pay no attention, thinking to disarm him by feigning sleep. Not a bit; he will, he says, pull the clothes off. I remonstrate, clinging to the sheets. He tugs at them—so do I. (If I ever again ask my Hearty Friend to call me in the morning, I'm—but never mind.)

I beg him to leave me, and I'll get up—not he. He expresses his opinion that "I'm not half a chap." With only a sheet remaining (he has pulled all the other things off, anyhow) I try to snuggle into the pillow again, and show him how really sleepy I am, and how very cruel and unfriendly it is on his part to tear me away from my bed, and perhaps make me ill for the day.

He says he won't stand it any longer, and barbarously drags the sheet off. I clutch at it—it has gone. At this moment I hate him, and if there were guards with halberds and arquebusses outside, I would clap my hands, and order my Hearty Friend to be taken to the deepest dungeon. Or, I could now (even in this costume) commence an action at law against him, and carry my appeal (still in this costume) to the Lords, if necessary—I get up grumbling. Being up, I have doubts as to whether I'll bathe or not. My Hearty Friend is practical, and says, "Get on your boots." I drag myself through my trousers and into my boots. I am becoming more drowsy. If he would only retire now I'd go to bed again, though I know the sheets and blankets would be most horribly uncomfortable.

"We won't bathe in the sea," I say. He replies that we will, and

that any other bathing is unhealthy and bosh. He is so dreadfully hearty this morning, and I am so feeble. He points out to me that I am wasting all the morning. I submit that BRILL's is the place to bathe. [A Brilliant idea, as my Funny Friend, whose picture is further on, would say.]

"BRILL's be blowed," replies my Hearty Friend; "all vapouring, and only five feet of water in the deepest part." He adds that I'd better bring my towels, comb, and come along (or Comb along, as my Funny Friend would say—dreary time to make a joke, when you're half awake and going to bathe against your will). As he knows all about it, I take on his recommendation my towels and comb; though, as I call to mind former days, the machines used to be provided with such necessities.

I want to dress for the day. He won't give me time for anything but slippers, trousers, and coat. I am to dress when I come back. I don't know what I look like—I feel like a beggar. I protest, suppose we meet anybody? "They won't notice you," he says—this is unsatisfactory. "Come along!" says he—and we come along accordingly.

I point out to him that the machines are on the left, while we are going towards the right. This is ruin to slippers, I've had to cross a watered, muddy road, gravelly, gritty pavement, down hard burning stone steps on to a shingly beach.) He despises machines; a boat, he says, is the only thing to bathe out of. That's why he told me to bring towels. I can swim, he supposes, as a matter of course. Oh yes, of course, but not having bathed in the sea for years I am not quite certain of how I might get on in deep water. Oh, all right, he says. The boat is ready. The command given by the boatman (a blue gentleman in enormous boots) is to go to the seat near the 'starn' and hold on. I did get near the starn, my Hearty Friend was safely seated in the starn; but I didn't hold on, at least not at the right time. The boatman, who had been waiting for a wave, which arrived sooner than the wave which I was watching, suddenly launched the *Maria* into the sea, and sent me against my Hearty Friend's knees. [It was, I think, at this moment that I gave the first blow to my foot, alluded to in number one of this series, which has caused me to lie up and look over my photograph book of friends.] My Hearty Friend laughed; had I fallen over, he would, I believe, have laughed more. We are rowed out.

"Good bathing, here?" asks His Heartiness. "About sixteen foot o' water," answers the grumpy mariner. He was very grumpy. He only spoke when spoken to; except once, when a mate of his passed in a fishing-boat; and he smiled once, it was almost a grin, when I *did* get into the boat again after finishing bathing.

By the way, he was a man of no information. I don't mean that he wasn't well up in *Buckle's History of Civilisation*, *Montaigne's Western Monks*, *Macaulay's Essays*, and such like works, but that on matters connected with his own profession, he was singularly uncertain, to say the least of it. I like obtaining information from these sort of men, and asked him, while drying myself, "If it was deeper out there by the new pier, than here?" He didn't know. "How deep was it there?" He couldn't say. "Was there a band to-day on the pier?" It wasn't, in his opinion, unlikely. "At what time?" Didn't know. Made use of the opportunity, and asked him, "what the sailors called 'the offing'." The what, sir? "The offing." Ah! he didn't know. "He's heard of the offing?" He evidently thought he was being chaffed, as he became more grumpy than ever, and shook his head.

Our Bathe. My Hearty Friend plunged in boisterously, head-foremost; splash, bash, whish, wetting me, and all the clothes I've taken off. He is up again shaking his head, blowing, and expressing his opinion that "it (*puff*) is (*puff*) first (*po—po—*blowing out salt water like a Triton without a conch horn) rate. Come in!" this invitation is to me. Will my things be all right? won't blow away? Boatman returns, "All right."

Can he steady the boat while I jump in. He can, he says, but he doesn't. I think my swimming is all right; I feel it coming back to me. In order to prevent disappointment, I announce my intention of not going in head-foremost. "Come along!" shouts His Heartiness from the sea. I am standing on the stern seat holding on to the bulwarks or gunwale (I mean the side of the boat) in the attitude of the Greek slave tying his shoe, or some statue of that sort, only I haven't got a shoe on to tie. The boat lurches, and how I go in I don't know; it seems to me as if my knees touched the water first, and my nose last; but I can't be certain. Underneath with bright green all about me, except for a few floating things like red fungi, which I remember are jelly-fishes. My swimming is all right, gradually, but I am painfully aware of being flustered at first. I feel I shall never get to the boat again. I am exhausted and inclined to throw up my hands and go down among the jelly-fishes. "Hi!" this to the boatman. My breath is going. A minute more and the jelly-fishes will gloat over me. I grasp his oar; nearly upsetting him and his boat too. I don't care: I must breathe. "I haven't," I explain to the boatman, clinging to the blade of the oar, "bathed (*gasp*) in the (*gasp*) sea (*gasp*) for years (*gasp, gasp, gasp*)." I let go the oar, and announce my intention of coming in. "How?" "Steps," says the boatman. My

Hearty Friend is in over the steps, quickly, laughing, jumping, shouting, and rubbing himself with towels.

Getting out of a boat is difficult enough to any one unaccustomed to it, but the difficulty subsides into nothing when compared with getting in.

I lay hold of the steps naturally enough. They swing against the boat and my fingers are pinched. Hearty Friend laughing above. Boatman with indication of smile on his face. Neither offer any assistance. "Come up," shouts His Heartiness. My legs won't go up the steps; it seems as if they would not come near me at all. They are dragged forcibly under the boat. I think of the jelly-fishes; they are expecting me. Thoughts flash across me of people sucked under paddle-wheels, of sharks, conger-eels, and jelly-fish again; the ends of the steps catch my waist. A few seconds more I must give it up and disappear, perhaps, for ever; food for the jelly-fish. "I say," I cry, "do bear a hand."

The boatman puts out his hand over the side, I grasp it in the clutch of agony; if I go he shall come too. Now then for a death struggle with the steps. The boatman tugs at me. I tug at the boatman. Either he comes over, or I come in. My legs move from under the boat, I somehow grapple with the rowlock (I could hold on with my teeth to anything now, so desperate have I become), and find myself on the first bar of the steps. "Don't upset the boat," cries my Hearty Friend, who has had to hold on to the opposite side during my gymnastics. The last difficulty is getting my legs over the side. Another clutch at the boatman with one hand (don't let him go in a hurry) at the seat with the other, and I tumble over on my knees,—anyhow, no matter how. I am, thank goodness, in the boat. All the power has gone out of my legs. I can't stand upright. Every quarter of a minute I am in danger of suddenly disappearing over the side into the sea. I sit, quite wet, on my clothes. My Hearty Friend has used nearly all the towels, and has made all the seats damp. I like having a comfortable room to dry oneself in, washhand-stand, soap, clean linen and so forth.

"Don't I feel fresh?" inquires my Hearty Friend. "No; I am tired. I have hurt my toe, it is all red; I have bruised myself all over, and I feel sleepy, hot and uncomfortable. "Lor!" says my Hearty Friend, "you ought to do this every morning. Pick you up in no time. Now, I say, dry yourself quickly and dress. Don't be all day." I can't get myself dry quickly, or, for the matter of that, at all; so give it up, and tear my socks in pulling them on; everything seems to stick and be dragged on with difficulty. My hat on the top of my wet head is very uncomfortable. My slippers are full of sand and are wet. On reaching the shore, the boatman waits for a wave to take us in. When it comes it takes me in who had been watching it on "the starn," wetting me through. At this I detect the second smile on the boatman's face. We disembark. I am quite lame. Will we want a boat to-morrow morning? inquires the man. His Heartiness says, "Yes; same time." I say "yes," too, to put my Hearty Friend on the wrong scent. Not again, if I know it. He eats a hearty breakfast; everything he does is hearty, except this making me bathe, and that's heartless.

I have lost my appetite. My foot is swollen. The doctor calls. When he hears of my bathing among the jelly-fishes he says that's it; they're poisonous sometimes, that's the danger of bathing out of a boat, except you make it a rule never to go among the jelly-fishes. Must lay up for two or three days, and this is how I have commenced my sea-side holiday with my Hearty Friend, whom I here anathematise, and all jelly-fishes.

He has left, so I now turn over to photograph number two, my Gloomy Friend.

SOMETHING TO SEE.

EVERYBODY knows that there is nobody in town now, excepting some two millions and a half of miserable people, who either have had their holiday, or else have to do without one. It is a sad fate to be confined in London in the middle of September, when one's relatives and friends are nearly all of them away, and one hardly has so much as a theatre to go to. Prisoners in town when every one is out of it should have some rational recreation provided by the Government. They might be suffered to amuse themselves by pulling down the Monster Statue which disgraces Hyde Park Corner, or blowing up the Pepper-boxes which make Trafalgar Square so hideous.

Some such fun as this may be supplied to London captives, in the dull days of September, by the enlightened wisdom of our newly reformed Parliament. Meanwhile, as only some three theatres are open now, and there is nothing new at any of them, we really should be thankful to Mr. HOWARD PAUL for opening the Strand with a "Novel Entertainment." For this well-timed act of charity to our poor prisoners in town, he may fairly claim the title of HOWARD, the Philanthropist. Having seen the *Streets of London* for the eleventh time at least, and smiled their twenty-second smile at Mrs. ROSALIND SCOTT-SIDDONS, and roared their sixty-seventh roar at the burlesque of *Black-eyed Susan*, they can go and see the opera of *Faust*, performed by Mr. PAUL in some four minutes and three-quarters, and they may hear how

his wife imitates the vocal Mr. REEVES, which, in one respect, she fails to do, seeing that she never disappoints the public.

THINGS NEW AT THE "ZOO."

Go, people, and pay all
To see the she-Gayal

That BARTLETT has brought from the Indies;
And the wolves from Thibet,
Which mammals we bet
Will raise in their den fearful shindies.

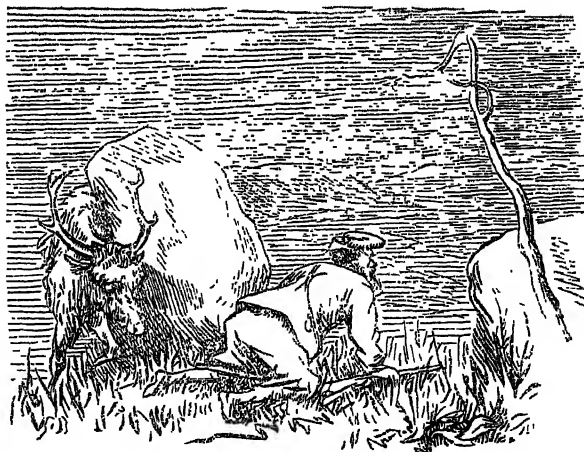
The Arctonyx snout
Is the newest thing out,
The first ever heard of in London;
A Panolia deer,
Fresh to this hemisphere,
Awaits you, your beer and your bun done.

There's a Pigeon that sings,
And one with bronze wings,
Polyplectrons and likewise a Loris;
A Monkey—men tell us
To call it Entellus—
The charge but a bob at the door is.

There are Demoiselle Cranes
To be seen for your pains,
With six or eight more of the Tortoise;
And a Hemipode ends
This list of new friends
The Marian Moore lately brought us:—

No, stay, there are Pelicans—
Rhyme to them Helicon's
Verse-helping fount might supply us;
But a New River draught,
Teetotally quaffed,
Is all the *liqueur* we have by us.

So then Floreat "Zoo,"
Both old beasts and new;
And when you have seen all its treasures,
Take an ice or a tartlet,
And thank Mr. BARTLETT
For adding so much to your pleasures.



HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

(Query in Advertisements, as thus:)

TO BE SOLD, a bargain, a most disagreeable and undesirable DETACHED COTTAGE, in the charming neighbourhood of Piddinghoe, Sussex. There are three excellent reception rooms, damp and mouldy in summer and flooded in winter, seven bed-rooms, two with fire-places, three smelling of mice, but all low and inconveniently small, with little windows, Good Kitchen, swarming with black-beetles, scullery ditto, out-house and wash house filled with rats who come out even in the day-time, a Paddock of no use, all broken down, Three Acres of Garden, limey soil, River near, and the village sewerage also. The present tenant will be glad to get out of it on any terms. He believes the Landlord would part with the lease for a fair consideration.

THE WEATHER.—A "close morning." To-morrow morning is the closest at present.



WHAT NEXT!

Mistress. "FOR GOODNESS GRACIOUS SAKE, MARTHA, GO AND TAKE THAT RIDICULOUS THING OFF, DO!"

Martha ("which I were well aware it were my New Bonnet she were eluding to"). "WELL, THERE, MUM, I DECLARE, MUM, I GIVE MY MILLINER ORDERS TO MAKE IT PERCISELY SIMILAR TO YOURN, MUM!"

AN UNREPORTED SITTING AT DUNDEE.

A SUBJECT of national importance occupied the time and digestion of the Section of Economic Science and Statistics, during the meeting of the British Association this last week at "Bonnie" Dundee. For the first time in culinary history the world-renowned Dundee Marmalade attracted, from philosophers and *savans*, the attention it so richly deserves. After a protracted debate on the topic of game preserves, the Section (whose President was a Duff, but anything *but* a duffer) investigated this, perhaps the most fascinating of fruit preserves, and spent several hours in discussing the choicest samples that the local manufacturers could supply, served up on toast, on the ordinary household bread alone, and relieved with butter, on shortbread and every species of Scotch cake, in pastry, as the basis and ground-work of an admirable pudding (encored twice), and in forty-three other different ways*. Papers were read full of interesting details and figures, showing the increasing popularity of what may be looked upon as one of the staple manufactures of Dundee, particularly amongst the studious undergraduates at our Universities; its adulteration by unprincipled traders, carrots and turnips meeting with the severest censure; its enormous consumption (far exceeding that of Butter-Scotch) a calculation being made that if all the pots emptied in 1866 were placed end to end, they would extend from Dundee to London, and back again; its influence on Vegetarianism, its chemical analysis (ozone being largely present), its sanitary properties as a dietetic, and lastly, the gross ignorance which leads many even of its warmest admirers to speak of the fruit from which the golden dainty is prepared as "civil," instead of Seville, oranges. Many interesting facts were related by the lady members present. All the most celebrated receipts were duly weighed and compared, and the fullest particulars as to rind, and juice, and the proper proportion of sugar copied into capacious notebooks. It may be a comfort to MR. WHALLEY, in his lonely hours, to hear that all the mem-

bers of the Section, after they had done full justice to the agreeable confection, were candid enough to avow themselves Orangemen to a man, with the exception of one Associate, who owned that, having in early youth, had powders administered to him in this luscious disguise, he was unable to overcome his aversion to it—his antipathy being so great that the mere sight of orange blossom obliged him to have recourse to medical advice.

Privately it was noticed that on the evening after the Section had dealt with this fruitful topic, the consumption of whiskey exceeded the average, and from this circumstance the inference was drawn that marmalade has a tendency to produce dyspeptic derangement; but it is right to add that this deduction was made by certain malcontents in the India trade, deeply interested in the importation of what may perhaps be considered marmalade's most formidable rival—preserved ginger.

A SHARP INFLICTION.

NEWSPAPERS announce, for the information of those whom it may concern, namely, persons accustomed to transmit explosive goods by rail, that, for sending lucifer matches thereby from Ludlow to Brecon, contrary to bye-laws, a fine of £20 has been imposed on MR. THOMAS ARTER, of the first of the above-named places, and of Kingston, Herefordshire. Manufacturers and others had better, in future, mind what they are about, lest they, by committing THOMAS ARTER's indiscretion, become partakers of TOM ARTER sauce.

Military Query.

By a Simple Cymon Civilian.

I HEAR, Sir, of a General of Division; is there a General of Multiplication, or a Colonel of Subtraction? What does a Generalissimo equal? Twenty Generals?

A MAN OF LOW EXTRACTION.—A Cheap Dentist.

* See an excellent little treatise by the Bishop of the Orange River, entitled *Fifty Ways of Eating Marmalade*.



CAVE CANEM, OR DOG(BERRY) LAW.

CANINE VAGABOND. "SHALL BITE IF I PLEASURES. CAN'T CONVICIT FOR A FUST OFFENCE, YER KNOW."

A VERY BAD JOB.

(See the "Times," of Wednesday, September 4.)

OH, cruel *Times*, to go and grope
In a Blue Book as cruel,
For your hard-up dead-season fire
By way of finding fuel!

To drag thereout a cosy nest
Of harmless sinecurists,
And offer it a holocaust
To prating, prudish, purists!

Why leave the beaten path, thick strewn
With the dead season's traces,
To brand three lucky men whose lines
Have fall'n in pleasant places?

With centenarians to record,
Toads-in-coal, piscine showers,—
*The viper that bolts weasels whole,
The pike that "browns" devours:—

With all that for quotation yearns,
In proud provincial journals—
With all the Yankee nuts to crack,
Rich in dead-season kernels:—

With fruit, crops, tourists' grievances,
And social ills to howl of,—
Two harmless sinecurist swells,
And a Lord, why fall foul of?

What had LORD TRURO, or LE BLANC,
Or VILLARS MEYNELL done,
That thou, oh, *Times*, should'st show them up—
Three job-masters in one?

Was't that some briefless barrister,
Flat leaders doomed to brew,
When fain peak, pass, and glacier,
He had been free to "do,"

Felt savage, thinking of these three
Paid but to take their pleasure,—
Seven thousand pounds per annum shared,
To feed their lucky leisure?

Was't private wrath or public zeal
Most served to make him sore?
Was't that he loved the jobbed-for less,
Or the job hated more?

Boots not to ask: the job is there,
The show-up true and telling,
And TRURO, MEYNELL, and LE BLANC,
Stand like trees marked for felling!

"MIDDLESEX REGISTRY OF DEEDS,"
A pleasant place art thou—
Nay more, three pleasant places rolled
In one great job, I trow.

Five clerks, four under, one their chief,
And ten for copying paid—
Of Middlesex's registry
For lands bought, leased, conveyed,

Do all the work, and take in fees,
Twelve thousand pounds and more;
Whereof three thousand they retain,
And pay seven thousand o'er

To the three blessed Registrars,
Who sit, serene, on high,
Like gods of Epicurus, perched
Above our workday sky:

Who toil not, but take toll of men,
Hard-labouring men below,
And smile as murmurs and complaints
From their inferiors flow.

So sit LORD TRURO and LE BLANC,
And MEYNELL, each a god,
Their work, to pocket quarterly
Five hundred pounds and odd.

While Deputy, Clerks, Clients, all
Earn and pay fees below,
To feed the unseen and mystic three,
That take, nor earning know!

Those mystic three nor Deputy,
Client, nor Clerk hath seen;
But through the valet of my Lord
Revealed they have been.

For once a quarter he appears,
And for the unseen three,
Three cheques receives, their quittance leaves,
And that is all men see!

Oh, favoured office! happy state,
Where grow from deeds and docketts
Three sinecures, such as of old
Supplied birth-favoured pockets,

Ere JOSEPH HUME arose to save
Candle-ends and cheese-parings,
To cut down pensions, places, jobs,
And triumph in small sparings.

Oh, cruel *Times*, thy hand forbear,
Nor this unique example
Of a job like our fathers' jobs,
Out of existence trample!

The Mammoth's frame and Mastodon's
We in museums cherish;
Then shall this Mammoth-sinecure
Unwept, unpitied, perish?

This Mammoth, that like Mammoths found
In bergs Siberian sticking,
Still shows, complete, hair, teeth and claws,
And bones well worth the picking!

THE WEATHER, THE CROPS, AND THE COUNTRY.

THERE has been a good deal of weather about lately.
There was some very bad wethers in Sussex, but the Inspector had them killed at once.

A lady, who has taken to farming, has separated the beans from the other vegetables, on account of their being "so broad."

A French Bean has been hired by an agriculturist in the neighbourhood of Colwell-Hatchney, to give lessons in his native language.

A labourer in the north, who began his iniquitous career by robbing his master of pig-iron, has now been transported for pig-stealing.

Farmers are saving up their money to buy sewing-machines for next year. Women are to be employed on the work, who will chiefly be engaged in sewing tares.

A Kentish agriculturist has composed a new harvest song, with an appropriate chorus; the burden is—

"Hop light Loo,

And sow your pretty wheat."

Chorus. "Rye fol de riddle."

A gentleman farmer, who is something of a logician, writes to us to say that he considers the due springing up of the corn after the sowing of the seed, to be a clear illustration of the "Doctrine of Consequences."

FUNERAL FINERY.

AMONG the "*toilettes ravissantes*" to be seen at a French watering-place, a Paris newspaper describes this sweetly pretty novelty:—

"Le bas de la jupe orné de têtes de morts, imprimées sur la mousseline."

"*Cette fantaisie funèbre*," as the writer nicely terms it, might be thought somewhat appropriate, if the wearer were in mourning: and, as novelty is charming, we may see death's heads embroidered, not on the skirt merely, but all over the dress. Crossbones might be also used by way of decoration, and coffins might be deemed a fitting kind of ornament for a funeral costume. As a check upon their gaiety, the Egyptians used to set up a skeleton in their banquet rooms: but if we chanced to sit at dinner by a lady in a dress with a *tête de mort* embroidery, we doubt if our politeness would be able to prevent a laugh at her bad taste.

A Pottle of Poetry.

It is said that an Italian poet has written a poem of nine hundred lines on strawberries. Could not portions of it be sung to a hautbois accompaniment?

* See VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE's and D. F. CHERNISIIDE's letters to the *Field*.



WHAT A MISTAKE!

Aunt. "HAVE YOU BROUGHT MY GLOVES, POLLY?"

Polly. "YES, AUNTY, AND YOUR LONG CURL, TOO, WHICH WAS LYING ON THE TABLE."

THE EISTEDDFOD.

SIR,
I APPEAL to you. Why did not they give *me* the prize for *my* poem? Here it is: I call it simply

MY WALES!

Land of my birth All Hails!
My own, my lovely Wales!
The morning sun is rising
The Larks are on the wing,
Then hear me, O Ancient Country, the enterprising
Bard who now sings—
Gentle Zitella, list!
My charms thou canst not resist.

Land of Hills and Vales,
My own, my own Wales!
Upon the sea there sails
Ships which come often to Wales.
Blow, blow, ye gentle gales,
And wait me to the shores of Wales.

Strike harps! the Saxon shudders
Down in his craven heart.
For us in the land of sheep and udders,
Steering by means of rudders,
Where shrubs and flowers are budders,
Never more to part!
List to the Muse's tales,
Heroic rhymes of Wales.

Sweet Muse, empty tearful pails,
When on metheglin she regales,
Laugh while the Saxon rails,
My own, my ancient Wales.

Mermaids comb your tails!
Wardens unlock your gaols!
Victory! never fails,
My own, my beloved Wales!

Clang then the cymbals!
Dance all ye nimbles!
Discard for this day your thimbles
Maidens of sunny Wales!
Cast away your bales
Ye merchants drop your sales,
And one cheer more
Now and before
We seek the climes of Wales.

Take from me my pen
My ink and then
Leave my hands and nails
I'll write and sing of Wales.

I remain, Sir, Yours,
THE CHIEF BARD MORGAN.
Who plays on the Organ.

N.B. If the above isn't rhyme, I don't know what is. M.

New Bishopric.

WE read that an ecclesiastical society is "taking measures" for a new bishopric in the North of Europe. Of course they are measuring how "high" his Lordship will be.

A DEEP THOUGHT (BY A TIDY PERSON).

WHY is the Tide called the Tide? Is it, *Tidus à non tiedendo*, because it is never still.

FIFTY NIMRODS WANTED.



RACKSHOT, OLD BOY,

WHILE I am lounging away life as passively as possible, having no more active occupation for my holiday than smoking a cigar the while I sprawl upon the beach, and "putting" now and then a two-ounce stone into the sea, you are stalking along, sunk up to your middle in the heather, and blazing at the grouse from breakfast till near bedtime.

I am fond of grouse myself, when they are nicely cooked, but I don't much envy men the privilege of killing them. I hardly see the fun of taking a long journey, and walking oneself daily well-nigh off one's legs, in order to bag things which you can buy as well in Bond Street. If I had any

taste for shooting, I should content myself with killing cock-sparrows from a trap, which would entail less labour than having to walk after them.

But you have sporting tastes, and yearly go to Scotland for a rattle at the grouse, before you settle down to slaughter your tame partridges in Stubbleshire. Then, when the birds get wild, you have your pheasants to destroy, and thus are kept amused until the 1st of February. After that, your gun lies idle for nearly seven months, and hardly a day passes without your being bored by having nothing you can hang at. You will surely, then, feel grateful if I hand to you an invitation I received the other day, to join a shooting party who are promised two months' sport in the beginning of next spring. *Tiens, mon brave, la viols.*

"CHASSE DU LION.—Appel aux courageux chasseurs de toutes nations pour chasser de pied ferme, en Algérie, le Lion, la Panthère, et autres animaux, sous la direction de M. PERTUISSET, Tueur de Lions."

There, my noble sportsman, there's some noble sport for you! Although your heart is in the Highlands, it must beat a little faster at the prospect thus held out to you. Fancy your delight in "affronting" in broad daylight His Majesty the King of Beasts! And see, you are to have that privilege positively twice a week:

"Deux grandes battues spéciales pour le Lion auront lieu chaque semaine, avec le concours de 100 à 200 rabatteurs indigènes: il sera expressément défendu de tirer sur tout autre animal que le Lion. Les chasseurs amateurs seront réunis par groupes de trois; plus ou moins, suivant les circonstances, à l'exception de M. PERTUISSET, qui se fera toujours un plaisir d'occuper seul le poste le plus dangereux."

A battue of tame pheasants will seem a tame affair compared to one of lions, where it is specially "defended" to kill any smaller game. By the way, it would be awkward to "affront" a brace of panthers, or a couple of hyenas, on one of these same special lion-bagging days. Rather trying to the nerves it would be to see them near you, and to know it was "expressément défendu" to let fly at them. If I were M. PERTUISSET, and had the "pleasure" to be placed in a remarkably "warm corner," I should run away as soon as I thought nobody was looking at me. So there might be some advantage in being left quite "seul." One could not well get out of it, if one were in a "groupe de trois;" at least, it might tax one's invention to explain one's absence creditably on sixteen "special" days. Of course, *aux courageux chasseurs* such fears may seem ridiculous. But not being used myself to shoot at lions *en plein jour*, instead of doing so "de pied ferme," I am afraid I should feel rather shaky in my shoes.

To timid men like me, and my old friend *Bully Bottom*, "there is not a more fearful wildfowl living than your lion." Yet, if I joined this little shooting party, it would not be by lions merely that my nerves would be upset:

"Une chasse aux sangliers, hyènes, panthères, porcs-épics, linx, chats-tigres, chacals, etc. etc., aura lieu deux fois par semaine, avec le concours d'une nombreuse troupe de rabatteurs; ces jours-là, les chasseurs auront le droit de tirer sur les animaux indistinctement."

There seems a charming air of certainty in M. PERTUISSET's arrangements, as though he kept his lions, panthers, boars, and other wild beasts caged in separate preserves, and had them ready at a moment's notice to be taken out and shot. Every Monday, say, and Thursday, a few lions will be flushed; and on Wednesday and Saturday the keepers will put up a brace or two of panthers, with half a dozen porcupines, some lynxes and hyenas, and a score or so of tiger-cats, to make up a good bag. Fifty chasseurs are invited to invade these happy hunting grounds, and as each is to be armed with two guns and a revolver, the preserves must be well stocked to provide sufficient sport. Each chasseur is to bring "un habillement complet de chasse, d'après le modèle qui sera donné." So I picture you, *mon ami*, in a pea-green velvet tunic, tightly belted at the waist, dragoon's boots, spurs, red jockey cap, gloves reaching to the elbow, with a game-bag three feet square slung dangling at your back, and a hunting-horn

encircling you from shoulder to hip. In this delightful dress you will be handed to posterity, in "un volume illustré contenant le récit de ces chasses," which M. PERTUISSET will publish when he returns to France. Moreover, further to induce you to join his little party, and included in the paltry sum (£180) which you must pay for doing so:

"Une médaille en bronze, rappelant ces exploits cynégétiques, sera distribuée à tout souscripteur faisant partie de l'expédition, au revers de la médaille seront gravés les noms de chaque chasseur. Un journal de Paris, disposant d'une grande publicité, insérera chaque semaine un compte-rendu détaillé des chasses, d'après les notes envoyées par un historiographe attaché à l'expédition."

Living after AGAMEMNON, the heroes who are brave enough to shoot with M. PERTUISSET will need no *vates sacer* to record their valiant deeds. They will see their names paraded and bepudded in a cheap paper, and will each get a brass medal to testify their pluck. Is not this enough to tempt a man to seek a sporting reputation, even at the lion's mouth? Nervous as I am by nature, I yet sigh to see myself *décoré* with the new Order of Valour conferred by M. PERTUISSET. Besides this, he is promised in big letters, "BONNE NOURRITURE ET MATÉRIEL CONFORTABLE;" for Frenchmen like good feeding, even in the field. Moreover, listen to this:

"M. PERTUISSET, afin d'assurer un grand succès à cette première expédition, dans les chasses au Lion seulement, fournira aux chasseurs des balles explosibles foudroyantes."

Does not that brave chasseur, the renowned *Baron Munchausen*, tell a truthful little tale of how he once contrived to blow up a wild beast? Having fired his final bullet, I think he threw his powderflask straight down the animal's wide opened throat; then, cleverly injecting his flint and steel and tinderbox, he struck a spark, and caused such a terrible explosion, that the beast gave up the ghost. Doubtless M. PERTUISSET's "*balles explosibles foudroyantes*" will cause a similar effect; and the "*volume illustré*" which he intends to publish will contain some faithful pictures of exploded lions, quite as marvellous as any that *Munchausen* could invent.

Wishing you success if you accept his invitation, and daily a good appetite for the *bonne nourriture* supplied, believe me, yours serenely,

BENJAMIN BROWN.

P.S. If the newspapers record the feats of these French lion-killers, I presume that the reports will be penned by penny-a-lioners.

BEALES OUT OF PLACE.

THE great Celtic Easter festival was called "Beltane," properly "Beal-tan," the fire of Beal or Baal,—a Celtic eponym of the Sun-god. The object of the present Irish tour of the Reform League leader seems to be an autumnal anticipation of this Easter ceremonial in the slightly altered shape of "BEALES-tan," or a whip for the BEALES subscription in Dublin. But that cock won't fight, not even when backed by the O'DONOGHUE. The Green Isle is not so green as to take BEALES for its guide or its hero. What the "boys" who filled the Rotunda, and didn't listen to BEALES, want, is not "Reform" but "Revolution;" and they are honest, if foolish, enough to say so, "clane out."

The only "Reform" of Parliament they are likely to combine or subscribe for, is one that should "Reform it off the face of the earth," and *Their League* is not the Bealesian, but the Fenian.

BEALES had better keep to Trafalgar Square, and the Sussex Hotel, and be content with his Hyde Park laurels. He isn't at all of the calibre fit for "the Phaynix,"—either the Park, or the Bird.

SISTER CONFESSORS.

CONTRADICTION will probably be given to the statement contained in a newspaper paragraph, according to which:—

"A correspondent says that some stir has been caused by the fact becoming public that the patients in St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital at Clower are asked, if not required, by the Sisters who attend upon them, to practise confession."

It is probable that ladies devoted to a work of charity would mind their own business and not the parson's—if the confession of any of their patients were the parson's business and not solely that of the Roman Catholic priest. Nobody can for a moment suppose that they ever take upon themselves to confess anyone, although very likely they are often the unwilling hearers of confessions which the combination of enthusiastic piety and benevolence with personal attraction cannot but frequently cause to be made to the young lady in whom it occurs.

The Two Greatest Bores of the Day.

THE Metropolitan Underground Railway and the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

WHAT RUTH FOUND THE CRITICS AT THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—Ruth-less.

"HERE'S SPORT INDEED!"



MR. GRIFFIN, OF THE C.C.S., AND FNSIGN GREEN OF THE C.R.R., HAVING COME TO CEYLON IN THE SAME VESSEL, ARRANGE THAT WHEN THEY CAN GET LEAVE OF ABSENCE, THEY WILL GO TOGETHER "TO HAVE A POT AT THE ELEPHANTS." IN DUE TIME THEY GO, AND FOLLOWING THEIR TRACKER, AT LENGTH DISCOVER THE ANIMAL.



THE ANIMAL DISCOVERS THEM.



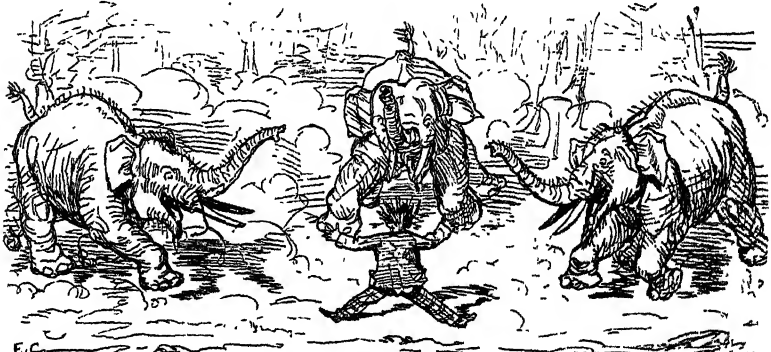
THEY ESCAPE UNCATTERED, BUT A LITTLE REFRESHMENT BECOMES NECESSARY.



COMING IN SIGHT OF A HERD IN OPEN GROUND, THEY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF OBSERVING "THE YOUNG RUNNING PLAYFULLY AMONG THE HERD, THE EMBLEMS OF INNOCENCE."—*Vide* SIR EMERSON TENNENT.



HAVING ARRIVED WITHOUT DISCOVERY IN THE MIDST OF A HERD, MR. GRIFFIN FIRES, AND TURNING ROUND TO TAKE ANOTHER GUN SEES NOTHING OF THE GUNBEARERS BUT THEIR HEELS.



HE IS PURSUED, AND KNOWING THAT THE BEST THING UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, IS TO TURN SHARP ROUND, DOES SO, AND FINDS HIMSELF IN THE ABOVE POSITION. *In melio tutissimus ibis (!)*



MR. GREEN TURNS UP IN THE NICK OF TIME, SHOOTS ONE, AND THE REST RUN AWAY. *Extract from Mr. GREEN'S Diary:—"GRIFFIN EXECUTED A PAS SEUL, WHICH FOR ORIGINALITY OF CONCEPTION, COMBINED WITH BRILLIANCY OF EXECUTION, HAS PERHAPS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED."*



"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

Thirsty Soul (after several gyrations round the Letter-box.) "I SH 'LIKE T' KNOW WHA'-SH-'E GOOD 'F GEN'LEM'-N-SH TURN'N TEA-TOT'LLER 'F GOV'M'NT (Hic.) GOES-H AN' CUT-SH TH' SHPOUTS-H O' TH PUMPSH OFF!"

THE CONFESSIONAL UNCONTROLLED.

THE following extract from the evidence of the REV. EDMUND CLAY, M.A., incumbent of St. Margaret's, Brighton, before the Ritualist Commission, is commended to the attention of parents and guardians:—

"I was requested to visit a person in great distress. She was a widow lady who had come down to Brighton. . . . She told me that she was very much alarmed for her general condition; that she was in the habit of undergoing severe penances, which had been imposed by a clergyman, but not a clergyman in Brighton. He was a clergyman then officiating in London. She gave me one instance: the night before she spoke to me she had kneeled on a marble slab bare-kneed for four hours repeating certain penitential psalms and prayers, which were imposed as a penance in consequence of her having confessed to some sins of temper or infirmity of that sort."

There is a certain article of apparel, which, though generally supposed to be distinctive of Ritualist parsons, has not even once been referred to by any one of either the examiners, or the witnesses in the Commission on Ritualism. It is not, indeed, a vestment of the ceremonial kind; but tailors are wont to call it a vest. They call it, however, something more. To the word vest, tailorish for waistcoat, they prefix the initials "M.B." The species of vest, or waistcoat, denoted by those letters, and with a peculiar and personal significance by the second of them, is worn, or would be worn, by the sham confessor who had the brutality to impose on his poor humbugged penitent the cruel penance above described.

Taking, however, the "M.B." waistcoat as simply the badge of a party, and not as the token of an individual, and regarding it as an "M.B." in the sense of an "M.R.," or Mock Romish waistcoat, every sensible man must see that it is high time the bishops, or the legislature, should look after its wearers. This is no suggestion that the Mock-Romanists had better be placed under restraint, and confined in waistcoats of a closer kind than the "M.B." It means that if they are permitted to play the part of Father Confessors, they should be subjected to the same regulations as those which govern the priests whom they imitate. Even genuine Romish Confessors are not necessarily to be trusted; must, some of them, have now and then done such things

A FASHIONABLE REFORM.

Now Reason in a measure reigns
O'er female dress; some girls, with feet
And ankles gifted, and with brains,
Wear skirts that do not sweep the street.

The wearer thus her brains doth show,
Exhibits feet and ankles too:
Without her dress held up, as though
On purpose to afford the view.

Now you can see a form of grace,
Whose outlines were before concealed;
Draped, simply, and, besides the face,
With judgment other charms revealed.

Old times return, emotions old
Back with sweet recollections bring;
The dull blood feels, in winter's cold,
As though revisited by spring.

Our very youth, serene through smoke
And self-sufficient as are they,
With some sensation may be woke
By damsels clad in meet array.

Ye fair ones, blest with minds and souls,
Effect just one amendment more;
Discard those chignons from your polls,
And you'll be objects to adore!

MANSLAUGHTER À-LA-MODE.

WE learn by a contemporary, more enlightened than ourselves in fashionable matters, that among some other striking novelties of costume:—

"A steel dagger is sometimes worn stuck in the belt, and a small sword is thrust transversely through the chignon."

So to carry on the war against poor bachelors and widowers, Venus now is borrowing her armaments from Mars. What with daggers at the waist and small swords in the chignon, our *élégantes* must surely be able to look killing.

"LETTERS OF CREDIT."—I.O.U.

as those of which DR. NEWMAN's witnesses accused DR. ACHILLI. What may not possibly be perpetrated by some of their unsupervised apes, allowed, like the one above referred to, but unfortunately not named, to practise, in secret, on the weakness and impulsiveness of penitents of the softer sex?

A BLACK BUT BRIGHT FUTURE FOR IRELAND.

THE *Mechanics' Magazine* says that it is certain that various mineral substances are now in process of formation or development—that the formation of stone, for instance, is as apparent as its disintegration; and that:—

"So, also, we know that coal is being formed from peat. The intermediate stage is lignite or 'brown coal,' which in turn becomes coal."

By the time, then, that all our coal is exhausted, if that time is distant enough, perhaps Irish peat will have turned into Irish coal. Irish peat-bogs are possibly inchoate coal-mines, and the Emerald Island may be destined to become the Isle of Black Diamonds. Then, when the speciality of Newcastle shall have sunk into oblivion, the proverbial phrase for a superfluous presentation will very likely have passed into that of "carrying coals to Donegal." Set to work, therefore, you Ministers and Statesmen, as hard as you are able, to devise some means of conciliating Paddy Whack; since consideration for Posterity, in particular as to coal, suggests justice to Ireland.

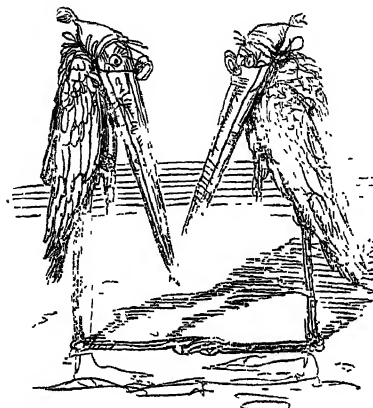
The Worst Horse Winning.

GREAT scandal has been caused at Paris by the rapid progress of the new Opera in comparison with that of the new Hospital. Considering the orgies enacted in the *Salle d'Opéra* at the Carnival balls, one might call it a race in which *Hôtel Dieu* is being beaten by *Hôtel Diable*.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(IN SEVERAL TABLEAUX FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU II.—MY GLOOMY FRIEND.



after him. He has the air of the *Ghost in Hamlet*, regarding the world generally more in sorrow than in anger. His tones are measured and musical, inducing sleep in the listener.

I can't rise to receive him, having my leg on a chair, and my foot swaddled.

I address him as cheerfully as possible—for one can't help being slightly overcome by his height, and depth of voice,—making light of this attack of jelly-fish. He stands in the door-way and says (that is, the man in the cellar says), that he's sorry to see me like this? (I should like to butt him in the middle of his waistcoat and make him speak quicker.)

I tell him "It's nothing," but somehow begin to realise its importance. "Gout?" he inquires. No, not gout, I inform him, feeling partially sorry at being obliged to disclaim any tendency to gout. I have a sort of hazy idea that only Dukes have gout.

"Erysipelas?" he supposes, with the air of one who's right this time, and won't guess again. I am a little indignant with him for this supposition. Such a drop from gout to erysipelas: from the palace to the hospital. So I explain to him that "It's a curious thing; the sting of a jelly-fish;" and I continue my lecture on the subject, as if the foot didn't belong to me, but was a surgical model, illustrating the effect of jelly-fish on the human toe. He is not astonished at all: it is not "a curious thing" to him: in fact, it's far from uncommon, he says, and wonders why you don't oftener hear of fatal cases, as the jelly-fish sting is most dangerous. I say, "I don't think it can be very dangerous." He begs my pardon, but it *is*, very. (The bass voice from the cellar says this impressively.) I force a smile, and tell him cheerily, "I will all be right in a day or two." He "hopes so," (that is the man in the cellar, or under the chair when he's seated, "hopes so") but he adds, with great deliberation, that I ought to be very careful. *By the way*, his gloominess arises mainly from a mistaken notion of expressing sympathy with misfortune.

I enforce the fact on him that "I am taking care;" and determine in my own mind to take more care than ever. In order to prove my own solicitude for myself, I tell him that I am in the Doctor's hands. This doesn't cheer him up at all: he only wants to know (lowest note in the bass clef) "What Doctor?" I tell him defiantly, as daring him to name a better; which however he does at once. "Oughtn't to have gone to TIPKIN," says he, naming my man, "you wanted BUNBURY for this sort of thing." The thought of my mistake in consulting TIPKIN instead of BUNBURY makes him more gloomy than ever. I have half a mind to apologise to TIPKIN when he comes again, and say, "I'm very sorry to have troubled you, but I want BUNBURY." Before, however, getting rid (mentally) of TIPKIN, I ask, "Why BUNBURY?" Just to give TIPKIN a chance.

"Well," says a sepulchral voice from somewhere, "TIPKIN's a humbug." This is unsatisfactory. I say, for my own comfort, that all Doctors are alike. I feel I'm wrong there. My Gloomy Friend points to BUNBURY as a brilliant exception. BUNBURY, it appears, would have had me all right in a day. (TIPKIN's been two days already). BUNBURY wouldn't have poulticed, not he, being apparently above such treatment. (TIPKIN is, so to speak, all poultice.) BUNBURY goes upon the dieting plan. So does TIPKIN, I exclaim, scoring one, as it were, for poor TIPKIN. "Not the *right* dieting system," says my Gloomy Friend: "his system," he goes on to explain, "does more harm than good." He calls me to witness my own condition, how I'm lowered in two days. [I give TIPKIN up: I wish I could shake him off and call in BUNBURY. *By the way*, I might be "not at home"

when TIPKIN calls, and give his medicines to the boots to do what he likes with. They may be useful to him: for his children, if any.] "TIPKIN," my Gloomy Friend, more *basso profundo* than usual, supposes, "has sent you lots of draughts." "He has," I admit, beginning to look upon TIPKIN as nothing better than a swindler. "And he'll send a lot more, of course," says His Gloominess, as if communing with himself over a melancholy future. I admit again that TIPKIN has expressed his intention of so doing. [I am getting savage with TIPKIN, and when the medicine *does* come, hang me if I don't think I'll send it back again to him with my compliments, and ask him to take it himself.] *By the way*, I needn't take it. "But," the voice from the tomb reminds me, "you'll have to pay for it." He dares say, merely to prevent utter despondency on my part, that it will be all right in time: only he advises me if I "find myself getting worse to send for BUNBURY," which I promise to do.

He now returns to his first theme, and expresses his opinion that what I've got is incipient gout, aggravated by the poison of the jelly-fish. Is the jelly-fish poisonous? I ask, for I own I am startled by that word. He looks up at me with calm, pitying surprise. "Poison?" says he, smiling gloomily, "of course." He commences an explanation of the different kinds of jelly-fish. Did I fall among red ones, or white ones? or green ones? Were they long and filmy, or wide and almost opaque bodies? Red I think and filmy, is my answer; though I don't like admitting they were "filmy." I feel somehow that all their sting lies in their being "filmy." "Bad," he says, in his lowest tone; my knell. I follow my own coffin, in imagination, to the nearest churchyard. Epitaph, "Killed by Jelly-fish." During my meditation he is silent. Then he rises as it to go, and the voice of the man in the cellar comes up a step or two, as he rises towards the ceiling (he must be six feet three) and hopes he'll see me better soon. I apologise for not getting up and he replies, "No; not on any account; you *must* be careful." But he doesn't leave me. He stands silently at the window regarding the passers-by. He sees excursionists packed into a sailing-boat and foretells some accident. He is of opinion that many things "oughtn't to be allowed." Pleasure-boats for excursion parties being one of them. A nurse with a child passes, and he points out to me how the little boy (or girl) is tending towards being bandy-legged. To make him lively, I attract his attention towards some more children toddling about, with their shoes off, in the sea. "How happy, how careless!" I exclaim, sentimentally. He is sadly indignant with their attendants, or parents. This is also a thing which "should not be allowed." Why? I ask. "Do you not know," he returns (bass cadence in a minor key), "that it is in this way the seeds of rheumatism are sown?" I am aghast. It was only the other day I was encouraging some little nephews and nieces to run for halfpence into the waves. When they are old and rheumatic they will curse my memory and turn my picture to the wall. Street-niggers, bands, organs, beggars, all "oughtn't to be allowed." Here I agree with him. I suggest that we may soon see all such nuisances rigidly prohibited by an Act. This prospect does not satisfy him. He is very gloomy over it in fact. "Break up these bands of niggers," he says, "disperse the organmen, stop fiddlers, and men with dogs, ponies and monkeys, and what then? Why you cast on the streets a swarm of idlers, and feed a revolution." His views of literature, the stage, art, society are all of the same colour. Everything wrong everywhere. Hotel charges "shouldn't be allowed," he thinks, and thence, arguing from the price of a glass of soda-water and sherry at a large hotel, he prophesies the gradual commercial decline and fall of the British Empire. After all this I feel inclined to pity everybody, pay my hotel bill if possible, draw my money out of the bank, sell most of my valuables, pack up a bag and go to some elevated spot on the Continent, where I can watch the decay of my mother country, and spend a shilling a day at the most.

By the way I have heard of some place in Switzerland near a snow mountain and a lake, where you can live like a prince at a hotel for two francs a day, and ride on a donkey. The latter included in the charge. Shall go there. Wine of the country two pence a bottle.

He has not gone when luncheon is brought in by the waiter. My Gloomy Friend reminds me that I ought to be very careful in my diet. He will not, he says, take anything himself, luncheon being an unwholesome meal. On the waiter's laying him a plate, however, he sits and helps himself freely to pressed beef, rolled tongue and pickles, observing, after looking at his watch, that it was later than he expected, and therefore he shall make this his dinner. This is overheard by the waiter, and I find "one dinner" entered in my bill, as taking place at my luncheon time. *By the way* he is very anxious to know if it isn't my hour for taking medicine, and begs me not to defer that ceremony on his account. I assure him that the prescribed moment has not yet arrived.

He becomes dreadfully gloomy on the subject of pickles, which leads him to speak of the adulteration of food. This of course is "a thing which shouldn't be allowed." After eating and drinking for three-quarters of an hour, he settles himself in an arm-chair, and a solemn voice, now from the deepest dungeon below the castle-moat, requests a cigar. It is brought. He surveys it mournfully. He doubts its goodness, inveighs against the price of all tobacco, and smokes it down

to a mere stump. "Isn't it my time for medicine?" he inquires. No, it is not. He is making me irritable. As if I couldn't take care of myself. I get him to talk of mutual friends. "What's become of TWYRTLE?" I ask. He gives a gloomy smile, and it being cheerful for him, I look forward to some amusing intelligence of TWYRTLE. "Ah, poor TWYRTLE," he says, "married two years ago (*slow puff from cigar*); sad thing (*puff and watching the smoke*); took to drinking (*puff*); wife gone!" This is his news of TWYRTLE. I am shocked. I try SAM HENNIDGE. What became of OLD SAM? Haven't seen him for years. "Ah!" he replies. "Poor OLD SAM [*long puff for silent consideration of OLD SAM's life. At last he remembers it*]. Fishing-hook gave him a slight scratch a few months since (*puff*); dead now" (*smoke out of his nostrils*).

We are both silent. I suppose he'll go and slowly gossip of me to some other acquaintance as "Poor So-and-So; sad thing; been among the jelly-fish; can't last long," and so forth. I am depressed: wish he'd go. *By the way*, in future not at home to Gloomy Friend.

He departs at last, having been with me four hours. He has not laughed once, I think, in his attempts to be sympathetic. [Not very *simper*-thetic, as my Funny Friend would say—picture further on.] His last words (at the door, but voice down several steps) are, "See BUNBURY—he'll put you all right." His final recommendation decides me. I began with TIPKIN, and I'll stick to TIPKIN: and the sooner he cures me, and gets me out of the place where my Gloomy Friend is stopping, the better for my general health and spirits.

Note.—Next morning. TIPKIN is a trump. Have a photograph of myself done, "Cured in an Instant!" And in good time too, having received an official communication (I hold, as you know, a Government situation, and have a character to keep up) which compels my personal attendance in the North.

By the way. In the North I shall be all alone. Ask some one to stay with me. To whom do I owe a dinner? or any civilities? Refer to Photograph Book. Ha! there's my man—lively, not hearty (thank goodness), full of anecdote, witty, seen life. Capital companion in the North. So I write to THOMAS GRIGG [name under portrait of my Funny Friend.]

Ah! if I had but known—but—

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE PILLORY.

THERE are not a few reflecting persons who lament the abolition of the Pillory. They think, if that structure were still in being, it would form an admirable frame for the face of the small tradesman, but great rogue, who is addicted to the use of false weights and measures. It is their opinion that such a face, so framed, would form an excellent subject for a photograph to be distributed amongst the rogue's neighbours, and that it would also present a suitable target for volleys of eggs, constituting a merited ovation.

That the moral exposure, at least, of every such rogue is extremely desirable, nobody will deny or doubt except himself and his fellows. Towards this no good at all is done by the mere enumeration, with respect only to their several callings, of a lot of rogues who were brought to justice and fined. Nobody derives much gratification, or any advantage, from the simple announcement of a list of anonymous rogues. In every case of convictions for cheating of any sort, a nominal catalogue of the offenders ought to be made public, and moreover their addresses should be given as well as their names, for the information of those who, without it, might deal with them, and perhaps not take the precaution of looking very sharp after them.

Mr. Punch has much pleasure in recommending to journalists in general for imitation, the excellent example furnished by the *Morning Post* in publishing, on Thursday, September 12, a full, true, and particular Return, made to the vestry of St. Pancras, by MR. GEORGE COLLINS, foreman to the Weights and Measures Committee, of persons amerced in penalties incurred by them for using false weights and scales in that parish. It will be found in Page 2 of our fashionable and serviceable contemporary, column 4, at the bottom. Note these points. The addresses as well as the names of all the cozeners, together with the particulars of their several frauds, are carefully specified, so as to enable their neighbours and all other persons in any danger of becoming their customers, to know whom they have got to trust to—which, of course, they will do no farther than you could throw a bull by the tail.

This for That.

What a ludicrous change the alteration of a single word would sometimes make! An evening paper remarks that "They (the upper classes) must, at whatever cost, and with whatever labour, inoculate the constituencies with their own ideas," &c. Try the substitution of vaccinate (the more modern practice too) for "inoculate."

NEW MEANING.—The Art of Model Farming should now be classed under *Mechanism*.

BY THE SEA.

(A Grumble of September.)



ELL! London may be dull,
With the dullness of Sep-
tember;
Or dark and suicidal
With the fog-wreaths of
November.
But the dullness of her
autumn,
And her winter's miserie,
Are lively to the dullness
And suffering—by the sea!

With the snobs on the
parade
I'm not inclined to mingle:
I can't get up Platonics
With the nurse-maids on
the shingle.
I'm sick of the hot cliff-
walk,
I'm tired of shrimps at
tea;

Bored to death with barrel-organs
And brass-bands—by the sea!

And if such out-door pastimes
And pleasures leave me weary,
Indoors, at Sea-View Cottage
Existence is more dreary.
Where the only thing that's living,
Is the sharp F or flat B,
About the flabby pillow
At our lodging—by the sea!

They tell me sea-air's tonic;
They bid me seek the briny;
Dip my head till I am stifled,
Rub my body, till I'm shiny.
But I've no taste for sewage,
Diluted though it be,
And that's the sort of brewage
Supplied us—by the sea!

The papers come in late,
And the letters go out early:
The butcher is extortionate,
The poulterer is surly.
The fish comes down from London,
And stale is apt to be;
The fishers they hook human flats—
Not flat-fish—by the sea.

'Gainst the cheating of the natives
My day is one long struggle:
They've ta'en to highway robbery,
Since they have ceased to smuggle;
And their harvest is the season—
And the crop they clear is me;
And I'm grist between the mill-stones
Of the millers—by the sea.

If longer here I linger,
WINSLOW knows what I may be!
I may mope into an idiot,
Or maunder to a baby:
Become a human jelly-fish,
Or sea anemone,—
As soon in an aquarium
Exist, as by the sea!

My wife may call me selfish,
And read me Caudle-lectures,
On my private grounds for bolting
Indulge in harsh conjectures:
Blest if I stand it longer—
In town to-night I'll be,
Better London in September,
Than a week more by the sea.

THE LATE RISING IN SPAIN.

SPAIN is asleep in more ways than one. We have heard enough of her "late rising." When shall we hear of her "early rising?"



RAMSGATE SANDS.—No. 1.

IT IS LOW WATER—THE WEATHER IS MOST INVITING. THE TITWILLOW NURSEMAIDS HAVE GONE TO BATHE. THE TITWILLOW TWINS, WHO ARE OF AN INVENTIVE TURN, HAVE DISCOVERED THE ART OF MAKING CHEESES IN THE WATER, AND MUCH PREFER THE ARTICLE TO CHEESES ON DRY LAND. MRS. T. FEELS LIKE A HEN WHO HAS HATCHED A BROOD OF DUCKLINGS.

N.B. THE FIENDISH-LOOKING, BLACK-BEARDED INDIVIDUAL WHO IS RUSHING TO THE RESCUE OF THE NEAREST TWIN IS ONE OF MR. T.'S MANY BOSOM FRIENDS. HIS NAME IS MR. PIP. THE OTHER RUSHER TO THE RESCUE IS, OF COURSE, MR. TITWILLOW HIMSELF. (Vide page 120.)

THE DAY OF CONGRESSES.

'Tis a wonderful world, and more wondrous will be,
Now liberty everywhere loosens each tether,
Solidaire, if not solid, now men boast to be,
Their heads—if too oft, by the ears—laid together.
The chaff out of fallacies ought to be threshed,
And the back-bone of truth be made notably stiffer,
Now theories of all sorts are fearlessly clashed,
Creeds and crafts, all in Congress, agreeing to differ.

In Dundee the philosophers, cosmic and collegy,
Have swept through all nature, from *od* to *ozone*,
Electro-, Zoo-, Meteor-, Ge-, and Bi-ology,
Flint knives, koeken-middens, and breccia of bone.
Pro DARWIN or *contra*, for man or for monkey,
Each school 'gainst the other loud sounding the charge,
While LUBBOCK to man makes induction the *one* key,
And takes all the orthodox points in his targe.

And if seekers of truth have to loggerheads gotten,
On the past and the future of nature and man,
No wonder the workers for bread should not cotton
Exactly, in Congress when met at Lausanne.
If in French, German, English, a Babel have grown
Round amalgamate logs and humanity's right,
'Twixt ideas and tongues each to other unknown,
Till the gath'ring of brothers dissolved in a fight.

Nor, if toilers for wages and searchers for reason,
Find Congress means meetings to differ all round,
Need it cause *Punch* amaze, if, considering the breeze on,
The Pan-Anglican Synod should stormy be found.

For the Bishops' whole Bench if NATAL prove too many,
If CLOSE clinch S. OXON, and GLOUCESTER MCNEILE,
If *Record* and *Guardian*, like cats of Kilkenny,
To the tail eat each other, in proof of their zeal.

'Twill be but to follow the striking example
The Genevan Peace Congress the Church has just set,
Where each on his neighbour's toes made free to trample,
And his neighbour with interest paid off the debt.
Till the preachers of peace, in a general quarrel,
Broke up, after choosing Italia's Mars,
GARIBALDI, for chairman, to point peace's moral,
As, the leisure to make preparation for wars.

MUSIC OF THE VERY FUTURE.

THE *New York Times* (cited by the *Era*) supports a good cause by an argument of which we fail to see the overwhelming force. The cause is the right of a dramatic author to be protected from theft. In proof that such theft is easy, the *New York Times* says,

"MOZART is said to have written out the whole of one of MENDELSSOHN'S overtures after a single hearing."

There may be concealed and latent power in this statement, and we simply own our ignorance of its value. We scorn to adduce against it so Philistine and churchwardenly an answer as is implied in mentioning the received belief that MOZART died in 1791, whereas the composer whose overtures he wrote out was not born until 1809. Let Art be discussed on higher grounds. Will the *N. Y. Times* explain?

THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT ON RECORD.—COLONEL PEARSON'S.



A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

MOTHER CHURCH. "AH! NOW YOU ARE MY OWN DEAR PROTESTANT BOY AGAIN!"

A PLEA FOR VERMIN.



swarmed with game. By extirpating from their doors birds of prey, they had engendered disease among game."

Here, Sir, is something in support of a plea that has been advanced in your own columns on behalf of the majestic eagles, the noble falcons, the gallant hawks, the venerable owls and ravens, the queer badgers, and the humble but interesting hedgehogs, polecats, stoats, and weazels. Hear the REVEREND TRISTRAM out:—

"When he was young falcons used to be seen on the Cheviots, and had no they been driven from their mountains and moors, he was quite certain that these birds would simply, by the operation of natural laws, have destroyed those birds in which the disease commenced, and might have prevented the grouse disease in the epidemic and destructive form it had now assumed. It was well known that birds of prey always attacked the birds which rose last, and were the weakest, and therefore the spread of the disease was prevented."

All this looks very much like proof of the wisdom evinced by our ancestors in fining people heavily for stealing hawks'-eggs. Would it not be desirable to revive the old English laws in so far, and farther, to punish any one for shooting a hawk as severely as for shooting a partridge?

Reference to the wisdom of our ancestors reminds one, by the rule of contrary, of their descendants' folly. That, doubtless, is instanced in the existence of sparrow-clubs, notwithstanding your repeated demonstration that the destruction of sparrows is the preservation of caterpillars.

Sometimes, Sir, I am inclined to question whether the argument for cherishing sparrows, and birds and beasts of prey, might not be pushed to greater lengths than most people would imagine. Servants are usually expected to destroy spiders. But spiders destroy flies, and I, for my own peculiar part, think them very pretty creatures; thus ornamental as well as useful. Then flies, in their turn, doubtless eat up much dirt, in the shape of refuse organic matter. So I doubt if it is judicious to set *papier moure*, or syrup, to kill flies. One kind of creatures that are in some degree mischievous serves to keep the other under; and whilst they all do more or less harm, they all, or nearly all, do more or less good. All, or nearly all, I say, because I have not as yet been able to discover any good that fleas do; not to mention other parasitic insects. But the saint of old that refused to rid himself of any of those guests, because the present life was the only one they could enjoy, had probably another reason for affording them cover and food. Very likely he thought that in causing the irritation with which they must have continually vexed him, they were performing the office of subjecting him to a merited, and (spiritually) wholesome penance. On this point you can consult FATHER IGNATIUS, who, as I perceive by his photographs, has not entirely shaved his head—or had it shaved. But what physical benefit such things as the inhabitants of chignons, and our minute occasional bed-fellows, can confer on man or womankind, I am at a loss to conceive. Therefore I am not at present prepared to go quite so far as to uphold the adoption of *laissez-faire* with all manner of vermin. On the contrary, only the other day, having awoke with tingling sensations about my wrists, and having, when daylight came, discovered the causes of them, I had my bed taken to pieces, and sprinkled plentifully with insecticide powder. Hawks are called vermin in these days, and there is a hawk named a hobby; but, loving hawks as I do, I would not ride a hobby to death, by pushing a theory to extreme consequences. I shall therefore persist in the use of insect-powder as often as it may be required, which I hope will be very seldom. To deprecate, however, the employment of powder and shot, for the purpose of

MR. PUNCH.—You noticed, no doubt, some remarks made at one of the late sittings of the British Association by the REV. H. B. TRISTRAM, on the indiscriminate destruction, with a view to the extermination, of that part of our fauna commonly stigmatised as vermin. According to the report of the reverend naturalist's observations:—

"He said he had no good opinion of the gamekeepers, for he thought they were the most destructive of all vermin, so far as regarded the game of this country (*Laughter, and hear, hear.*) He stated that he had travelled in Tunis, Sahara, and America, and in all these countries birds of prey abounded to a degree of which they had no conception in this country. He one day counted not less than sixty-seven birds of prey in Tunis, and it really

extirpating birds of prey, proved as they are by the truly reverend naturalist, MR. TRISTRAM, to be game-preservers, will be the constant endeavour of

Yours truly,
WHITTYBROWN DE SELBORNE.

BLACK AND WHITE.

HAVE our excellent friends of the "Black Country," who found so many crows to pluck with *Mr. Punch*, when he ventured to call attention to the state of education and culture in that dark realm of coal and iron, weighed, marked and digested the Report of M. SCHNEIDER, on the institutions for the advancement, education and comfort of the working-men and their families employed in the great works at Creusot, of which M. SCHNEIDER is the guiding heart and head?

If not, *Mr. Punch* earnestly begs to commend to their serious reading that noble evidence how the masters of the works at Creusot understand the great law that "Property has its duties as well as its rights." Where shall we look for a Creusot in England?

M. SCHNEIDER's report has left *Mr. Punch* blushing. What the Creusot firm have done to develop and encourage the good elements of man, woman and childhood amongst their workers in coal and iron, shows that Black need not be so very Black, if only intelligent and far-sighted men will apply their energies to making the best of their workpeople, as well as making the most of their money; if they will recognise that besides "hands" there are such things as "heads" and "hearts" to be thought of, and provided for, in great centres of industry, and that a due and practical recognition of this truth will go far to wash the Black Country white.

A DOUBLE-EDGED SAW.

MR. PUNCH,

THERE is, I grant you, partial force in the argument, alleged as a reason why men, even though not opulent, may venture to marry, of the proverb which says that what is enough for one is enough for two. In general, no doubt, if a man eats and drinks enough to satisfy him, he eats and drinks at least twice as much as will do him good. There are, indeed, many men in whose cases it might truly be said that what is enough for one is enough for half-a-dozen. In so far, this might be urged as a plea for polygamy; but, eschewing Mormonism, let us rather say that it would be a justification for marriage with a prospect of a family.

But, Sir, surely your penetration has enabled you to see that the saying that what is enough for one is enough for two cuts both ways. The fact is not only that the quantity of food and drink which is enough to content one man, is, as a rule, enough to maintain a man and wife, and, in some instances a family of six children to boot. It is also, nowadays, true that the drapery which is not more than extensive enough to enable one woman to follow the fashion, is more than extensive enough to clothe two, or perhaps three women comfortably, and as amply as good taste would require. Is this a consideration, *Mr. Punch*, much calculated to encourage men in moderate circumstances to undertake the pecuniary liabilities which, in these times, they must necessarily incur by contracting matrimony, unless with an heiress or a relict in possession of an adequate jointure. I have, Sir, the speciality of being your old friend,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

An Appropriate Present.

THE Licensed Victuallers have given a lifeboat (called "The Licensed Victualler") to the National Lifeboat Association. They could not do less, considering the number of persons they have caused to be half-seas over.

IF "IFS" AND "ANDS" WERE POTS AND PANS.

Pan-Anglican Synod,
Let's hope thou art not,
A sign the Church Anglican's
Going to Pot!

The New Monthly.

THE forthcoming magazine, *Saint Paul's*, is not, as its title might imply, what is usually styled a religious periodical, but it will be well adapted for family reading from its close connection with VIRTUE.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

THE writer of the letters in the *Times*, advocating "The cordon training of fruit trees" as adopted in France, is to be decorated for his pains—he is to receive the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.



RAMSGATE SANDS.—No. 2.

IT IS HIGH WATER. BY THIS TIME MR. PIP HAS GOT SLIGHTLY TIRED OF THE TWINS. THE NURSEMAIDS ARE STILL BATHING. MR. PIP TO MR. T., IN A FIENDISH WHISPER, "I SAY, T., WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A WEEK IN PARIS, YOU AND I, YOU KNOW?" TITWILLOW ANSWERS, — (*La suite au prochain numéro.*)

SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT DUNDEE.

MR. PUNCH,

CRADLED in the lap of physical science, and nursed in the arms of natural philosophy, I, ISAAC NEWTON BACON, to whom in buoyant youth soap-bubbles suggested prismatic colours and the soaring kite told the story of FRANKLIN and electricity, I, whose unofficial hours in methodical manhood are passed in the society of *Diatoms*, and the investigation of the Fauna of Rutlandshire (cold as a glacier to the FLORAS of Belgravia), and who look forward to an age of *Algae* and fresh-water snails, have day by day and *Times* by *Times* watched, in my enforced confinement in a Public Department in London, the proceedings of the British Association in congress at Dundee, and ask leave now to dwell briefly on one or two points which seem to require further elucidation in the pages of your scientific periodical.

* In Section A (Mathematics), "the proceedings opened with the reading of the report of the Lunar Committee." How are we to understand this announcement? As meaning that a Report was made by a deputation of learned men, sent by the Royal Society of the Moon (including our old friend the Man in the Moon), to ascertain the truth of the rumours that have reached our luminous neighbour as to the almost universal acquaintance with the wonders of nature and discoveries of science displayed by the upper and middle classes in this planet, to the exclusion of such useful studies as the Grecian Mythology, the composition of Latin Hexameters, and the functions of the Amphictyonic Council? Or have some of our rising philosophers been mixing with the best circles in the Moon (at the modest outlay of only £120 I was delighted to perceive) and learning something of the Penny Readings, Patent Laws, Album Portraits, Coloured Fountains, and general scientific progress of that distant and little known nation, with whom we hope to have in the course of a few years, at least bi-monthly communication by means of balloons and aerial transports? Or is it all moonshine? I was sorry to find that the "behaviour" of the Aneroid Barometer had formed the subject of a paper (but not at present of an interview

with the stipendiary magistrate), as I had always considered it a well-conducted instrument, not exhibiting the mercurial temperament of its brethren, and to be thoroughly depended on at a "pressure." My confidence in an esteemed philosophical friend being thus rudely shaken, possibly never again to be restored, the shock that I felt was all the greater when I read that "PROFESSOR HERSCHEL said it was too bold to say that every shooting star was a comet—they were more likely the dissipated parts of comets." Eccentric I may have thought these "luminous meteors" to be, but "dissipated"—I hope nobody will encourage them by watching anxiously for their appearance next November. For my part I intend to keep all my daughters in the drawing-room the nights these fast young sparks are expected to arrive, and shall not allow them to go out even on the balcony.

Shooting stars remind me that "in Section D a discussion took place on the grouse disease,"—a natural topic in Scotland, but the connection between the Advancement of Science and the mortality amongst grouse I have failed to discover, after a restless night of anxious thought, mingled with dreams of crumbs and bread sauce—"and on the desirability of arresting the destruction of native birds of prey." If the Section will devise some sure means of "arresting" the plunderers of boxes and hampers of "native birds," they will by so doing confer more happiness on mankind than by any amount of figures showing the comparative sums spent on gin-and-water and whiskey-toddy by the peoples of England and Caledonia; and they shall never want "an elegant luncheon" wherever they go.

And as luncheon has some connection with excursions, I am not, I think, out of order in informing you that "on arriving at Errol the excursionists found machines waiting to convey them to Fingask." What machines? I can think of nothing but bathing-machines, unless as the party was scientific, they made an experimental trip with some of MR. BABBAGE'S Calculating Machines?

Here is a useful hint to workhouse officials. "PROFESSOR ROGERS stated that at Oxford the guardians of the poor reduced the number of paupers from 3,000 to 300 by simply enforcing that all persons received

into the workhouse should be thoroughly washed." Nothing like the union of soap and water for paupers!

From a paper which treated of the manufactures of Dundee (the omission of all mention of marmalade was unpardonable), I derived the bewildering information that there "are also many persons engaged in the public calendars." Does the Master of the Rolls or the Deputy Keeper of the Records know anything of these industrious Northerners, or of the works upon which they are engaged? Are they early historical notices of *Juteland*?

Finally, it may interest your multitude of fair (and brown) readers to know that amongst the votes of thanks passed at the close of the Dundee Meeting was one from the grateful milliners of the place to the Committee for selecting their town as the scene this year of the operations of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, "the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" having all been new for the occasion.

ISAAC NEWTON BACON.

N.B. (North Britain, of course). Grants of money were made for various scientific objects; amongst them one of £25 for "Fossil Flora." Was she a stony-hearted beauty, and where can this lovely petrification be seen?

*Leibnitz Villas, Humphry Davy Road,
Lower Bankside.*

THE BIRD AND THE BABY.

Let the Baby squall, Ma'am,
Cruel? Not at all, Ma'am.
Musical I call, Ma'am,
Children's shrieks and cries.
Little chest expand, Ma'am,
Give what lungs demand, Ma'am,
Don't you understand, Ma'am?
Proper exercise.

But the other day, Ma'am,
While I was away, Ma'am,
Late in bed I lay, Ma'am,
As I sometimes do.
To my great delight, Ma'am,
Down-stairs—out of sight—Ma'am,
Scream with all their might, Ma'am,
Fancied I heard two.

"One against the other,
Crying for their mother,
Sister strives with brother;
Twins," I thought, "are those."
But, when I descended,
And the row had ended,
They were, who contended,
What do you suppose?

Of the two I heard, Ma'am,
One turned out a bird, Ma'am,
'Tis a fact absurd, Ma'am;
But the truth I tell.
Parrot, green and yellow,
Like an infant fellow,
Trying to outbellow
Other baby's yell.

BROWN should have been there, Ma'am,
Babies he can't bear, Ma'am,
Parrot's neck he'd swear, Ma'am,
Ought to have been wrung.
"Baby," with a curse, Ma'am,
To all pets averse, Ma'am,
"Gag," he'd tell the Nurse, Ma'am,
"Make it hold its tongue."

He, now, he's a bear, Ma'am,
No, we've not a pair, Ma'am,
I don't, I declare, Ma'am,
Hate small girls and boys;
Would not children shoot, Ma'am,
That they might be mute, Ma'am,
Am not such a brute, Ma'am;
Partial to their noise.

ANSWER TO A QUERY.

No. SIR ISAAC NEWTON was not called "The Laughing Philosopher," until he discovered gravity.

RITUALIST THEATRICALS AT SHOREDITCH.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Report of the Ritual Commission, a full-dress fancy service was held on a Friday evening lately, in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Shoreditch; a locality in which it may be supposed that peculiar facilities for the display of taste and judgment in ecclesiastical costume were afforded by an abundance of establishments for the sale of antique vestments, sometimes irreverently termed old clo'.
The altar was handsomely lighted up with no less than fifty wax candles, besides two large candelabra, one north the other south, in addition to a long row of tapers on the rood-screen, and a profusion of gas jets into the bargain. It was also tastefully decorated with flowers, exhibiting a scene, at least, fully equal in brilliancy to anything of the kind ever witnessed at the Horticultural Gardens. The occasion of these embellishments, and the devotions which they graced, was a sermon to be preached by DR. GRAY, Bishop of Cape-Town, within the Octave of the Dedication *fête* of the sacred edifice.

Romanising commenced at eight o'clock with a procession, accompanied by a processional hymn. Precisely as the first note thereof resounded, there issued from the vestry, at the north-east corner of the church, a youthful figure, arrayed in what might by the uninformed spectator have been taken for female attire; a bright red robe, having over it two slips of cambric, one in front and the other behind. This smart dress, however, proved to be not that of a girl, but of a young gentleman. It was, in fact, a gown and surplice. The wearer bore on high a large golden cross, and after him marched a band of surpliced choristers, two and two, in gay apparel; several of the younger ones being like the cross-bearer, clad in red and cambric. The procession included three clergymen, one of them a D.C.L., who wore a crimson and scarlet hood, which was greatly admired. The Bishop, in full episcopal robes, came last but one; and a deacon, shouldering a large white flag, figured with a cross, brought up the rear. The procession moved from east to west along the north aisle, and then from west to east up the nave to the altar; thus not exactly down the middle and up again. Arrived at their destination they all took places according to their rank, and a musical performance commenced with full chorus, wherein the leading parts were sustained by the REV. D. B. F. LITTLEDALE and the REV. H. D. NICHILL. "Nothing," an attendant, was subsequently heard to remark, "couldn't be no finer than NICHILL."

The evening's festivities were brought to a close with a discourse, delivered, according to announcement, by the Colonial Bishop. It was preceded by an invocation, whereat the whole of the reverend gentlemen and chorus, together with most of the company, crossed themselves *à la Romaine*. Before its commencement a dramatic incident occurred. Who should make his appearance but FATHER IGNATIUS, *alias* the REV. MR. LYNE, with above two hundred members of his congregation, men, women, and children, walking in procession at his heels! They had come to demonstrate their gratitude to BISHOP GRAY for the short way which he endeavoured to take with BISHOP COLSENSO. At the same time the theologians of Shoreditch made a demonstration of their controversial knowledge, which is probably not exceeded by that of IGNATIUS himself. They also came to beg the Bishop's blessing; and went, to receive it, down upon their knees. The effect was excellent. Roman Catholics were never better acted.

After a few minutes' silence, IGNATIUS and his followers made their exit. Having finished preaching, the Bishop gave a separate benediction to the party present; and the whole concluded with a recessional canticle. It was not over till past ten o'clock.

CELTICANA.

At the Welsh Eisteddfod (all the faculties, including the medical faculty, required for the right spelling of this word) there were "ninety-seven competitors for the best *Englyn* (stanza) on the 'Weathercock.'" The fact is not generally known, but will now be universally notorious, that The Right Honourable B——N D——r, and several of his colleagues were amongst those who were vain enough to think themselves competent to write on the Weathercock. LORDS CARNARVON and CRANBORNE, and GENERAL PEELE declined the competition.

Some surprise has been expressed that in the swarm of prizes given at the Festival not one was offered for the best Welsh rabbit. The head-waiter at EVANS'S informs us that he would have been proud to act as judge.

Bill Sykes in Velvet.

A SWINDLER who adopts an *alias* may be politely described as "a gentleman who changes his name for property."

FROM NEWINGTON BUTTS.—Of all gatherings an archery meeting is the most fashionable, for there you are sure to meet the whole of the bow monde.



COUNTRY STUDIES.

BEWILDERING POSITION FOR SHY YOUNG CURATE (IN LAVENDER GLOVES) AT HIS FIRST SCHOOL FÊTE!

A SINGULAR USE OF SOAP.

WHAT very curious discoveries are made—in the newspapers at any rate—during the dull season! Here is one for instance:—

" Californian papers state that there is dug out of the mountains of the Sierra Nevada Range a better material for beds than has been hitherto available in the markets of the world. It is the soap-root, which grows enveloped in a very tough and supple fibre, resembling somewhat the husk of cocoa-nut in colour and appearance, but nearly as tough as whalebone. The first work is to put the roots through a picker similar to a thrashing-machine, which is run by horse-power. This separates the fibre into a hair of eight or ten inches long, which is placed in a large vat or steamer till it becomes flexible, and is free from all gummy or glutinous matter. The natural colour is brown, but it is often coloured black, and an expert would find it hard to tell it from curled hair."

If this discovery be genuine, the phrase of "How are you off for hair?" will soon be an equivalent for, "How are you off for soap?" Vegetable hair-dyes have been commonly in vogue, and now they will be followed by vegetable hair. Heads of soap-root hair will soon be found in use, as well as beds of it. Made as it is to curl, it will doubtless look becoming, and we expect that soap-root chignons will soon be quite the fashion. Cleanliness at least will be secured by the invention: for with regard to soap-hair we need hardly ask the question, "Will it wash?" We would, however, warn the ladies who make use of it, that they be careful not to wear it when they go to bathe. Soap-hair, dipped in water, might, perhaps, melt into lather, and rude persons might laugh to see a nymph emerge like Venus from the sea, with no chignon but a quantity of soap-suds on her head.

Your Attention is Requested.

It is surprising that in all the various and conflicting communications made to the papers respecting the Abyssinian Expedition (LORD LONGFORD is not to be envied) no reference has been made to a work which ought to be a leading authority on the subject. It was published last century by a writer of the name of JOHNSON, and is entitled *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. It may be consulted in the British Museum.

ROOTS AND FRUITS.

AMONG the current news is a paragraph announcing that:—

" Pine-apples made from turnips in Paris are said to be delicious; the turnips are saturated with an appropriate syrup, which confectioners know very well how to manufacture: the pine-apple is destined to become a success."

Turnips converted into pine-apples may be mentioned with a particular exactness, as some of the fruits of chemistry. The root is converted by chemistry into a fruit. Other roots will, perhaps, with the help of that science, be made to undergo a similar transformation. The tuber of the *Solanum tuberosum* will thus, possibly, be turned into an apple, of a quality far exceeding that of the potato-apple; so that *pommes de terre* will be almost indistinguishable from the produce of orchards, and walnut-leaf and ash-leaf kidneys, for example, will be metamorphosed into nonpareils and ribstone-pippins. At dessert we shall be presented with orleans or magnum-bonum plums apparently, which are, in truth, Jerusalem artichokes in a chemical disguise. Bananas will very likely be produced, by the same means, from parsnips, and pumpkins still more easily changed into melons. Nature finds the vegetable cells, and chemistry has only to fill them with the syrup. All these factitious fruits will, no doubt, be the very best that can be had for love or money, next to the originals. It is probable that turnips turned into pine-apples retain a turnipy flavour, and that chemistry does not entirely subdue the Swedish nature of the Swedes. The turnip made into a pine-apple is, however, a great improvement on the monster turnip that generally turns up about this time.

Epitaph by a Lady.

ENCUMBRANCE sore long time I bore,
Derision was in vain;
But when short skirts became the mode,
They eased me of my train.

RITUALISTIC CHURCH WHERE THE BANNES OF MARRIAGE OUGHT ALWAYS TO BE PROCLAIMED.—St. All-banns.



HARD UP ON THE MOORS.

Anxious Wife. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BRING SOMETHING HOME TO-DAY, DEAR! THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FOR SECOND COURSE!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU III.—A RELATIVE.—NECESSARY PREPARATIONS FOR EXHIBITING TABLEAU OF "MY FUNNY FRIEND."

I HAVE a character to keep up: I intimated that much in my last. Government required inspectors under the new Olfactory Act for the Better Regulation of Registers (Chimneys), and Prevention of Infantile Overworking. The first part of this Act affects the consumption of smoke, the second the consumption in children. [I said *this*, not my Funny Friend—portrait coming.] Thus I am placed by a wise and enlightened Government in the position of a superior chimney-sweep, with a travelling commission to look up all the factory chimneys in my district, combined with the office of a doctor with powers to make little boys put out their tongues (not rudely, but salubriously and politely), extend their arms to have their pulses felt, and to ask questions of them to which their answers must be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, or else they'll catch it.

I mention these particulars in corroboration of my assertion that "I have a character to keep up." I only have to keep it up in the North, when I come South I am another creature. In the North I am practical, severe, yet affable: in the South I obtain the name of a genial trifler. I come South, like a swallow, for my holidays. Hence my stay at Brighton, hence my Hearty Friend, hence my being laid up, hence my Gloomy Friend, and after play comes my work.

How I obtained my present position as Olfactory Inspector has considerably puzzled my friends, but so has the policy of MR. DISRAELI. I have heard good-natured people remark on my incapacity for business in general, and this in particular. What do I know of chimney-registers, of the law of patents, of measles in little boys, and of the amount of smoke required to be consumed at a pressure of so much on the square inch, and the lubrication of wheels within wheels as an economical process in manual labour? That is what my friends (all photographed) ask? What is my reply when questioned point blank?

I say, "Never mind," simply *that*, like EDGAR POE's Raven over and over again—

"Quoth th' Inspector,
'Never mind.'"

(The Raven said "Never more" on a door.)

Still I was nettled by these insinuations. It was not nepotism that put me where I am, as I am nobody's nephew.

By the way. What a first-rate title for a novel, *Nobody's Nephew*, by the author of—what?

As I was saying, no nepotism directed my individual case. There was an examination to be passed, and I passed it; passed it well too, leaving it (so to speak) several miles behind me on the road, and staggering the Examiners. There were several competitors, they may be going on at it now for all I know, so cleanly did I walk away from them. A regular *Achievement* or *Hermit* among the Examiners. The subjects were French (including a conversation *vivâ voce* with an Examiner whom I was obliged to correct several times), Latin (CICERO, with questions as to what his præ-nomen was, where he lived, when he lived, how he liked it, and so forth); Greek, in which I gave them my theory on the particles, and History of England, from JAMES THE FIRST to WILLIAM THE THIRD, which I had at my fingers' ends, with dates on my nails in ink. We topped up with Arithmetic up to Compound Fractions, and that finished it. After this I was selected as duly qualified to inspect and report upon the Chimneys of the Northern Factories, under the new Act. "Ending in smoke," as my Funny Friend observed, to whom we shall soon come, after I've shown you one interesting picture in my collection.

In order that my situation as regards my Funny Friend may be thoroughly appreciated (I have been obliged to drop his acquaintance—let the reader decide between us) I must add that I am a bachelor. It is almost superfluous to say that I was born a bachelor. I was: and am.

I have, however, by me (so to speak) a Great Aunt. She is not greater than other people's aunts, only she had the advantage to be born some time before them, at least, before most aunts whom I've met. If it hadn't been for the fact of her being alive now, I should have always thought that great aunts existed only in portraits at

the South Kensington Museum, and were, in a general way, historical.

She is more hysterical than historical, a joke made by my Funny Friend,—only if you think it *very* good I don't mind telling you in confidence that I *did* make it myself, some time ago, all alone, originally.

My Great Aunt (of course I have her portrait in my photograph book) always ferrets me out, and comes to stop with me wherever I am. The great disadvantage of being a Government Official is the publicity it gives to my whereabouts, with reference I mean to my Great Aunt. I can't say to her, "I'm going to Kamschatka" when she has only to call at the Head Local Olfactory Act Office, Whitehall, to ascertain that I am looking after a Chimney at Stoke-ton-on-Twees. And if I do put her off with an uncertainty as to my next movements, she *does* call at the office, and when I arrive at Stoketon or Cokingham or wherever my duty calls me, there is my Great Relative sitting among her boxes, with her maid, (a middle-aged domestic in training to be a Great Aunt herself in another sphere) waiting for me at the station. [One more, and 'twould be *Macbeth* and *The Witches*. *Macbeth*, me.] She insists upon taking rooms for me: she won't go to a hotel: she comes professedly to take care of *me*, and on my word, I don't like to turn round on her, savagely, and say—Never mind what I *would* say; if ever I *do* say it, it will be awful. My Great Aunt will wither under it. I can only writhe, alone, in the dining-room of the lodging-house, or growl, after my bath, in the bed-room.

It was through her (I may say so *now*) that I hit upon the expedient of having a friend down with me, as a sort of defence. As I said before, "THOMAS GRIGG is my man. Capital Companion for the North!" Yes, by the side of my Great Aunt I shall place a Companion Picture.

Here I am in the North at Cokingham.

My Aunt is there. At the station. She has got lodgings for me. Clean and inexpensive. Dinner is at five o'clock. A fly will take me down there. I surrender myself and am taken prisoner, between my Great Aunt and her elderly maid, placed in a fly, Great Aunt sitting bolt upright as guard by my side, Maid on the box to look after the coachman and put a pistol to his head if he doesn't go straight (I mean it's that sort of idea) and myself helpless, as if fettered, lying back in the vehicle resigned to my fate. General notion, CHARLES THE FIRST going to the Tower: no populace outside hooting, and no public feeling. A thought occurs to me *à propos* of fly windows, didn't RICH the Harlequin astonish a flyman by leaping head-foremost out of his hackney-coach into a public-house window, and then calling to him from the room? I think so. How I should like to astonish my Great Aunt by doing so now. One, two, three, bang through the window, and then have the blind to shoot up suddenly with, written on it,—well I don't know what should be written on it, something epigrammatic, like "Gone away," or "Out," or—but my Great Aunt says, "29, Bingham Street," Cokingham, here we are at our goal (a flash of melancholy humour suggests "Gaol"). I descend, handcuffed (morally), and am marched into the house, having of course had to pay the fly.

By the way. I often think, is my Great Aunt going to leave me anything in her will? Of course I don't wish her any harm; but sometimes she hints that I am her favourite nephew, and that what little she *can* leave (don't like the qualifications of "little" and "can," she—) but here I am in duty bound to interrupt and say, "Oh, no no, Aunt, don't talk of that," though I *should* like to make her produce all her legal documents, make her bind herself by dreadful oaths to give nothing to any one except me; and then just show me in black and white, how much I *am* to have, and no more nonsense about it. Then I can see whether it is worth while being civil to her any longer. For she is really an awful nuisance, and I strongly dislike a state of uncertainty. Besides I should like her so much better if I only saw her now and then; as it is I see her always *now*.

The landlady (she has since given me her portrait) says, "There's a letter for *you*, Sir," meaning me. I've stopped at her house before when inspecting the Cokingham Chimneys, and my letters are sent here generally.

It is from TOMMY GRIGG. He will come! to-morrow. My Funny Friend will come and free me from my Grand Auntuncular chains.

By the way. I must break it to my Aunt. Time for breaking it, after dinner.

I break it—gently. "GRIGG is coming," I say. She doesn't know GRIGG, and apparently doesn't want to. I describe him as a very dear friend, a very clever fellow, a most amusing man, in fact she, (my Great Aunt) I tell her will like GRIGG. She hopes so, and adds that I had better ask MISTER GRIGG (I correct her—"GRIGG, Aunt") GRIGG to dinner. "He's coming," I say, as if I hadn't asked him, but had just gathered it from his note, "he's coming to stay." My Great Aunt receives the intelligence unmoved: either the blow has paralysed her, or she doesn't understand. Being "in for it," I go on. "He will stay here, Aunt." My Aunt immediately sees a difficulty with regard to beds. I try to show GRIGG in the most amiable light. GRIGG, I tell her, can sleep anywhere—he doesn't mind. (I have no foundation for this character of GRIGG—it is purely romance.)

"GRIGG needn't disturb *you*, Aunt," I say, though when I come to think of it, considering the subject, I don't exactly know what I meant.

"MISTER—MISTER," she begins, and I help her to his name, "MR. GRIGG can sleep out." He can—I give up GRIGG so far. "You had better take a bed for MISTER—for MISTER—" I won't help her to the name again, and she substitutes, "Your friend—for your friend, at the New Inn." Agreed: GRIGG to sleep at the New Inn, and be fed here. "You will tell him our hour for breakfast," says my Great Aunt, "and he will not stay late at night, because," she explains, "of the door." She leaves the dining-room: I am angry. Am I a child? Is GRIGG a child? Confound it, can't I do as I like? What'll GRIGG think? How will he like sleeping at the New Inn? I've got a great mind to write and put him off. Can't: he'll be here before the post would reach him.

By the way. Might telegraph—perhaps he's already started. No, it's too bad of my Aunt. Hang it, I'll go out and inspect a factory chimney, and see if they're working overtime, and if they are, by Jingo, I'll—I'll—

By the way. I *did* go out. After a short walk I recollected that I had a character to keep up in Cokingham, and that if I went knocking up a factory at an absurd hour of the night to know if the chimney smoked, they might think I'd taken to drinking. Sleep on it—GRIGG to-morrow.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AT HOME.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1867.

Oh, all among the barley,
How happy I can be!
With farming men to parley,
Exactly suits B. D.
I'll caper o'er the stubble,
I'll roll among the sheaves,
Forgetting toil and trouble
Among the rustic EYES.

(*Con expressione.*)

Forgetting toil and trouble
Among the rustic EYES.

My dolly* does remind me,
Of TENNET's cut engraved;
When I chucked babes behind me,
And DERBY cried, "Saved! saved!"

Oh, fill me up a rummer,
The best that barley yields—
Drink, "Commons in the summer!"
Drink, "Autumn in the fields!"
I see the harvest treasures,
I join in grateful rite,
Yet think of some past measures,
When everything looks Bright.
One toast I still have *for* you,
"The Lab'ers!" *verbum sat*.
So do not rise before you
Have all seen "my old HATT."†

He'll make a speech, he's got one,
His time if he may take;
Among my men there's not one
Than HATT more wide awake.
HATT hopes we'll all endeavour
To meet in realms of Love.
He's safe: a good HATT ever
Is carried up above.
So all among the barley,
As I sang recently,
With farming men to parley,
Exactly suits B. D.

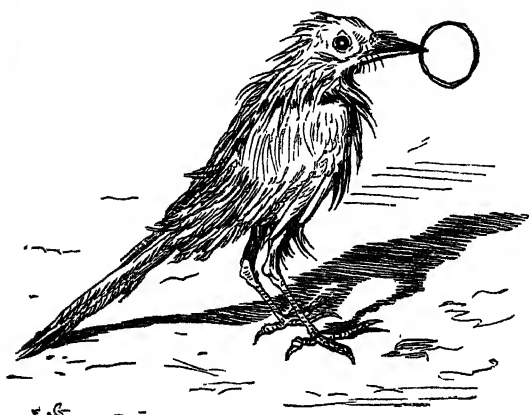
* "A little girl here advanced and presented to the Right Hon. Gentleman a doll."—*Newspapers of Friday, September 20.*

† "The health of the Labourers of Hughenden, coupled with the name of HATT, who has been long on the estate," &c.—*Reported Speech of MR. DISRAELI, September 20.*

A Good Work for the Office of Works.

THERE is scaffolding about the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's statue at Hyde Park Corner. But alas! they say that it is only there to enable workmen to replace the plumes in the Duke's hat. Good MANNERS, here is a great opportunity for you. Have the *Cheval de Bronze* and its rider taken down, and agreeably surprise London when it returns to London. Do this, and it will be something on which you may with reason plume yourself, and be a feather in your cap.

CROWN FOR CROWN.



NE good turn, they say, deserves another: so, let us say, does one bad joke. A joke of that description, a practical joke, was played the other day at Dinan, in Brittany, by one of our youth, an Oxford undergraduate. It was a very bad joke indeed, but still it was only a joke. It broke no bones, was played upon a statue, and did not the slightest injury even to that statue—offended sentiment merely, and outraged taste. On its perpetrator, however, brought before the

Tribunal of Correctional Police, it drew down from the President of that Court an indignant reprimand of the profoundest gravity, the preface to a sentence of a fortnight's imprisonment. Surely the memory of DU GUESCLIN would have been sufficiently avenged, the honour of France amply redeemed, and the public fury of Dinan would possibly have been appeased, if the irreverent but puerile offender had been visited with a milder penalty, and one at the same time more suitable to the misdemeanour of subjecting a statue to an ignominious coronation. To have been punished in exact proportion to the enormity of his misconduct, he ought simply to have been served as he served the statue.

A NURSERY SAW.

(New set for MR. PUNCH's Grown Children.)

LET LOWE delight to tackle BRIGHT,
'Tis what he's born to do:
Let BEALES and POTTER growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But saw-grinders, and brickmakers,
Let not your passions rise:
Your Unions were never meant
For blacking knob-sticks' eyes.

Still less for "needling," "rattening,"
And cracking "blacksheep's" skulls,
And flinging powder-cannisters
Into each other's "hulls."

Thus to raise Union arrears,
And enforce Union laws,
Brings penal servitude on you,
And shame upon your cause.

Eating and Eating.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a Conservative Banquet to be given at Edinburgh, in honour of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and in celebration of the passing of the Reform Bill. The partakers of this feast will enjoy a fare somewhat more substantial than the principles and professions which their leaders have just eaten.

A DAWDLE AT DIEPPE.

DEAR PUNCH,

"Did you ever send your wife to Camberwell," or any other quiet suburb, to visit her Mamma, and then selfishly yourself slope off and spend a week at a French watering-place? Don't say I recommended you to such a brutal act, but, if you feel tempted next season to commit it, let me hint that at Dieppe a man may spend a week without much being bored by it.

There are few sights to be seen, which I think is a great comfort; for I rather admire the tourist who stayed a month in Egypt without seeing the Pyramids. Indeed, except to bathe and breakfast, to dawdle and to dine, to dance and go to bed, and next day to get up again, there is nothing to be done that can be viewed as worth the doing. But Dieppe is for a dawdler a pleasurable place. Unlike most English sea-sides, it gives you a breeze blowing almost daily from the sea, with a larger share of sunshine than is common on our coasts. When you are tired of basking in it, and of sprawling on the pebbles, you can lounge along the harbour, and reflect upon your chance of getting any smelts for dinner. You will see them caught by hundreds by the fishers, who, like Hindoos, are the devotees of cast-e; but if you see them at the *table d'hôte* you will be luckier than I was. Then you may go to a French play, or at least, what is as good as one, may watch the squabbles of the women who tug vessels into port, or hear the farces which are played every morning in the fish-market, and laugh to see the white caps waggle to and fro, while their wearers wave their hands in horror at the offer they are really glad to grab at. Then you can saunter up the street, where the bathing-dresses swing, like scarecrows, overhead; and you can stand and feast your eyes at the ivory-shop windows, which, unless you leave your purse at home, are dangerous to stop at. Or you may stroll along the Plage, and see men of five-and-forty gravely flying kites—for who shall say the French are frivolous in their sports?—or you may go to the Casino, and hear a half-franc concert, which is really not so bad as many a half-guinea one you have been forced to sit through.

Here, while your ears are charmed with GOUNOD, AUBER and MOZART, your eyes will be enchanted with fashionable costumes. High-heeled shoes, short dresses and Chinese-shaped straw hats are chiefly now conspicuous for their presence at Dieppe, and good taste and simplicity are conspicuously absent. The costumes are as fanciful as at a fancy ball, and every lady seems to try to make herself as hideously vulgar as she can. Like a brute you may feel glad that you sent your wife to Camberwell, for in that slow-going suburb she will never learn to imitate the swelleesses of France. At the sea-side they now change their dress at least six times a day, and I should think a fortnight's costumes for a fashionable lady would cover half-a-dozen acres, or be equal, if inflated, to the dome of St. Paul's.

There was a steeple-chace one Sunday while I was at Dieppe, and French ladies went in shoals to it, and English, too, in sprinklings. At present here in England the only sort of steeple-chace permissible on Sundays is hunting for a church where one may hear some new pet

parson. But observance of the Sunday is a mere matter of latitude; and though many English ladies said they thought it a great shame to make poor wretched horses race in such hot sunshine, there were none who looked ashamed to see them made to do so. I noticed that the French folk cared but little for the sport, and I fancy the few betting-men who bawled out, "*Jer parie*," did not pocket many winnings by leaving their backslums in Birmingham or Brighton.

Besides dawdling, Dieppe is a good place, too, for dancing. After doing nothing busily for half-a-dozen hours, it refreshes one to go and do a little at a dancing place; and as this exercise has not yet lost its fascination for my legs, I often went to have five-pennyworth of waltzing. Lest my wife should hear of this, I had better say, perhaps, that a live princess was present at this half-franc hop, and that I plunged through my first polka with the daughter of a parson. Conceive the horror of a Claphamite at hearing that a clergyman had been seen at a Casino, and, moreover, even was attended by his wife and family! The sight is frequent at Dieppe, and it pleased me much to see it. A clergyman does good by "assisting," as the French say, at all harmless recreations, and excepting for the fact that it makes you very hot, the dancing at Dieppe is certainly quite harmless.

French boys like a dance as much as English mostly hate it; and a French girl at eleven is most thoroughly mature in all the manners of the ball-room. So a *bal d'enfants* is held each Tuesday afternoon, and it entertained me hugely to watch their small flirtations. Tastes nationally differ, and I had rather see my children dirty and digging on the beach, than decked out in their finery and dancing in broad daylight. A children's ball is doubtless a vastly pretty sight, but I think that bat-and-ball is a far preferable pastime for them.

Having expended a good deal in the course of my short absence from you,* I shall be very glad indeed to see your handwriting again—at the bottom of a cheque. Meanwhile, receive the most distinguished assurance of my welfare, and believe me, Your (in guide-books) extremely well

READ ROVER.

* As a rule Dieppe hotels are not remarkable for cleanliness, but they contrive to clean you out in a manner quite remarkable. At the *Hôtel de la Charge*, as my friend FUNNIMAN re-christened it, we had to pay four francs for five-and-twenty bigish shrimps; and at the Grand Otel day Bang, as I heard some Cockneys call it, the charge which was imposed (in every meaning of that word) for supplying us with "*lumières*" you will not think a light one—the price for half-a-dozen candles being four-and-thirty francs.

The Broad Anglican Rule.

(Settled by the great English Pope.)

"On Sundays preach and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays—if he will."

A GRAVAMEN.—The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP OF NATAL (according to the Denisonian view.) His Grace and His Dis-Grace.

MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS. (*Vide Page 131.*)

"ABOARD THE ANGLICAN."

(*A Nautical Ballad for the Times.*)

'Twas a driving bark on an ocean dark,
Blue Peter at the fore,
And she hailed another driving bark,
That, like her, laboured sore.

"Aboard the *Anglican*, a-hoy!"—

"Ay, ay! what ship are you?"—

"The *Roman Bark*, the Church's ark,"—

"What cheer?"—"Bad. Yours?"—"Bad, too!

"We've lost our course: our binnacle,
Compass and light, is floored—
Our sails out of the bolt-ropes blown,
And no spare suit aboard.

"There's shoals that hide beneath the tide,
And rocks above that show:
The Ritual reefs, on our lee-beam,
Rational sands below.

"We've stuck like Britons to our pumps—
Stuck to them, p'rhaps, too long:
We've put our trust in lead and log—
A trust, perhaps, too strong.

"For pumps—though with the mitre marked
(The Anglican Broad-arrow)—
And lead and log,—whate'er their Church,
High or Low, Broad or Narrow—

"Are scarce the means to face the storm
Which sets us both careering:
More use, they say, in well-set sails,
Stout tackle and bold steering.

"But half our crew says, '*here's* the course'—
And t'other half says '*there*,'"

And mates and captain, half by one,
And half by t'other, swear—

"And so we've signalled far and wide,
'*Pan-Anglicans*, a-hoy!'—
Not to say how to work the ship,
Or show shoal-light, or buoy—

"But to decide what coat of paint
She'll look the bravest in,
To help to gild her figure-head,
And scrape her rudder-pin:

"And then we'll fall to saying prayers,
And nail the dead-lights to:
And if that doesn't save the ship,
We know not what we'll do!"

CONVEYANCE BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

At Homburg, according to a letter in the *Post*, there has lately been going on a sale at the Château of all the porcelain, glass, miniatures, and dressing-room ornaments of the late Landgravine—the English PRINCESS ELIZABETH. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was one of the purchasers, and:—

"The KING OF PRUSSIA has also requested some to be put aside for him, and signified his intention of not paying for his lots, although all these things were left to the PRINCESS ALICE."

His Majesty, the KING OF PRUSSIA, in signifying his intention of not paying for the lots which he intended to take, took superfluous trouble. Who upon Earth would ever suppose that his most rapacious Majesty would ever think of paying for anything whatever which he could seize upon?

WANTED, A FATHER.

WHY is the Reform Bill like the new melodrama at the Surrey?
Because it is *Nobody's Child*.



DECLINED WITH THANKS;

OR, THE RIVAL TOUTS.

FENIANISM AND HEMP.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

It is too probable that the Fenians will find that they have provided MR. CALCRAFT with a job at Manchester. Otherwise, that officer will have only to sigh and say "CALCRAFT'S occupation's gone!" No murderer, however atrocious, can hereafter be hanged, if traitors convicted of murdering a policeman in the discharge of his duty escape the gallows. MR. CALCRAFT had, some time ago, to exonerate this world of a whole batch of murderous pirates. There must be henceforth an end to such exoneration, unless the world is in like manner to be exonerated of equally murderous Fenians, without limitation as to number; so that MR. CALCRAFT, unless he is going to be pensioned off without a successor, may confidently reckon on a job which will be tolerably extensive.

Treason, unattended with the circumstance of murder, in these dominions, will never, perhaps, bring a neck within a noose. Perhaps, I say, for there is no knowing what may not result from repeated provocation. It may be true that the Fenian convicts now undergoing penal servitude for their own part wish that they had been hanged. It may be satisfactory to some loyal but vindictive minds to reflect that if those rascals had suffered death, they would not at present be suffering something worse. But the sufferings of penal servitude are in a great measure inoperative, because unseen. When a villain is disposed of by MR. CALCRAFT, there he is, aloft, visibly in an unpleasant position. A Fenian in such a position would be a caution to Fenians, because they could see him. Imagination is requisite to enable them to apprehend the unpleasantness, which they do not see, endured by a Fenian experiencing prison discipline and convict labour. It may, therefore, possibly become a necessity, until Fenianism shall have been effectually discouraged, to put every Fenian we can catch to the purpose of a scarecrow.

Well, Sir; but then you make the brute a martyr, and so you would, to some extent, literally hang Fenians to encourage the others. Now then, *Mr. Punch*, for the suppression of Fenianism, suppose you employ hemp in its secondary form as I may say, otherwise than in that of a slip-knot, and than in the place of a cravat. What if you made it into whipcord, ninefold and knotted, and got CALCRAFT, or in preference a younger and a stronger man, to apply it to a region somewhat below the nape, in such wise as it is wont to be applied for the remuneration of garotters?

Dogged treasonable ruffianism, equally with dogged felonious ruffianism, would receive its deserts in the infliction usually allotted to bad dogs. In the presence of reporters, up to their business, a Fenian traitor, demonstrative of sensations excited by the 'cat-o'-nine-tails, would serve to afford a sufficiently intelligible warning to his confederates at large. The Irish-American Fenian, under those circumstances, would utter a most exemplary, and also a most musical, if most melancholy, Irish-American howl.

I am, Sir, playfully yours,

TICKLETOBY.

GOOD NEWS FOR BAD WRITERS.

It is surprising what discoveries are made in the dead season. Here is one for instance, the account of which has recently been snipped out by the scissors of many a sub-editor:—

"WRITING SUPERSEDED.—MR. PRATT, of Alabama, is the inventor of a type-writing machine, lately exhibited to the London Society of Arts, which is said to print a man's thoughts twice as fast as he can write them with the present process. By a sort of piano arrangement the letters are brought in contact with carbonised paper, which is moved by the same manipulation."

Every author his own printer! What a happy state of things! No more struggles to write legibly with nibless tavern-pens: no more labour in deciphering the hieroglyphs of hasty writers. Literary work will be in future merely play—on the piano. The future LOCKE may write his essays by a touch upon the keys.

In this inventive age there really is no saying where discovery will stop. Now that authors are to put their thoughts in print with twice the pace that they can write them, perhaps ere long they will be able to put their works in type without so much as taking the trouble to compose them. A thought-hatching easy chair may very likely be invented, by the help of which an author may sit down at his ease before his thought-printing piano, and play away *ad libitum* whatever may occur to him. Different cushions may be used for different kinds of composition, some stuffed with serious thoughts, fit for sermons or reviews, and others with light fancies, fit for works of fiction, poetry, or fun. By a judicious choice of cushions an author will be able to sit down to his piano, and play a novel in three volumes twice or thrice a week, besides knocking off a leader every morning for a newspaper, and issuing every fortnight a bulky epic poem, or a whole encyclopædia complete within a month.

"DID NEWTON DISCOVER GRAVITY?"

(I QUOTE, in sorrow, the heading of an article in an Evening Journal.) Did he, *Mr. Punch*? If so, then am I no longer proud of the prefixes to my surname, for generations the distinction of our scientific family, a collateral ancestor having met SIR ISAAC at dinner, and helped him to marrow pudding. Nay, I regret the feeling of reverential awe, as of a pilgrim who has travelled far to worship some saintly tibia, with which I stole into the gallery at South Kensington, and beheld the effigies of the great philosopher (as I then deemed him); and thought of the manorhouse at Woolsthorpe, and the schoolboy's name cut in Grantham Grammar School, and the apple-tree, and dog Diamond, and the tobacco-stopper, and the pebbles on the sea-shore, and POPE's couplet, and everything else I could recollect about my illustrious namesake to tell to that incomparable FANNY THOROTON, then under my charge and escort in the Exhibition. "Discover gravity" forsooth! Why was he not content with his *Principia*, and his Fluxions, and his Knighthood, and his Royal Society, and Mastership of the Mint, without being the cause to an anxious posterity of long faces, and serious looks, and excellent advice, and Income-Tax assessments, and cold dinners, and early hours, and accounts rendered twice a year, and domestic servants changed once a quarter, and everything else that is disagreeable, and synonymous with GRAVITY? Imagine what a cheery world it must have been to live in before this much over-rated Mathematician (as I am now constrained to think him) patented his disastrous discovery! "A mad world, my masters;" "Cakes and ale;" "Sport that wrinkled care derides, and laughter holding both its sides;" High Jinks; the conversion of night into day; no National Debt, no Congresses, no Reform Banquets, no cheap Sherries, no Vestries, no sitting for your photograph, no Comic Periodicals, nothing but Punch and long whist, and hot suppers, and top-boots, and post-chaises, and Gretna Green, and breakfast in bed, and general jollity and unlimited credit. He deserve statues, and monuments, and epitaphs, and new editions, and treasurings-up of leaves from the conceited apple-tree, and sentimental pictures about the destructive spaniel and the delicate tobacco-stopper! He, the man who discovered—GRAVITY! Rather let these honours be paid to the founders and inventors of pantomimes, and double acrostics, and meerschaums, and croquet, and matches that ignite only on the box, and a thousand other accessories to the due enjoyment of life. But I will not believe that it was NEWTON who brought this misery on his species. I will comfort myself with thinking that it was PASCAL, or WILLIAM THE SILENT, or ARISTIDES THE JUST, or BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, or ZIMMERMANN, or the founders of the sect called Quakers, or perhaps the Middlesex Registrars; and until I am convinced to the contrary by evidence such only as a Court of Justice would accept, I shall forbear advertising that I have abandoned the name of which I am still so proud, and continue to subscribe myself, ISAAC NEWTON BACON.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING IN THE CITY.

SIGH no more, dealers, sigh no more,
Shares were unstable ever,
They often have been down before,
At high rates constant never.
Then sigh not so,
Soon up they'll go,
And you'll be blithe and funny,
Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey, money, money.

Write no more letters, write no mo
On stocks so dull and heavy.
At times on 'Change 'tis always so,
When bears a tribute levy.
Then sigh not so,
And don't be low,
In sunshine you'll make honey,
Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey, money, money.

The Rule of the River.

(As Deduced from a late Collision.)

THE rule of the river's a mystery quite,
Other craft when you're steering among,
If you starboard your helm, you ain't sure you are right,
If you port, you may prove to be wrong.

A CLASHING OF PANS.

It is said that some ten Bishops of the Established Church will be absent from the Pan-Anglican Synod. Perhaps they are occupied with private pans of their own. Peradventure they have other fish to fry.



SERIOUS.

Cousin George. "LOOK HERE, COUSIN GRACE, IT'S MY LAST HALF AT SCHOOL, AND IF YOU'LL ONLY THROW OVER THAT MAJOR PENDRAGON, I'LL MARRY YOU AT CHRISTMAS!"

THE SEA-SIDE LIFE.

(In Humble Imitation of MR. POPE.)

HAPPY the man who pays his fare,
For Ramsgate or Llandudno bound,
Content a tourist suit to wear,
With felt hat crowned.

Whose work is done, whose bills are paid,
Who leaves behind him Town attire,
And gets new milk and eggs fresh laid
In Devon-shire.

Blest, who the fair crisp notes can find
A month at Scarbro' to defray;
Enjoying with a tranquil mind
Long sails by day,

Short whist at night, pastime with prawns
Combined, Fictions at will to read,
Strolls on the shore, and Croquet lawns,
With one (sea) weed.

Thus let me live, and lounge, and lunch,
Thus let me take my annual dram,
Steal from the Strand, and not e'en *Punch*
Know where I am.

A SUMPTUARY IDEA.

DURING the vacation Ministers will have time to consider and determine whether, in the ensuing Session of Parliament, they will bring forward any legislative measure for the abatement of Ritualism, and, if any, what. In the event of their resolving to propose an anti-Ritualistic enactment, perhaps they may think it advisable to discourage rather than absolutely to prohibit indulgence in excess of ecclesiastical apparel. For this purpose could they not, with advantage if not to the Church yet at least to the State, have recourse to the expedient of imposing a heavy tax on albs, copes, chasubles, stoles, and all other articles of Romanesque millinery?

"There is thy gold—worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayest not sell."
Romeo and Juliet.

A PLAGUE not confined to Abyssinia.—The Guinea-worm.

RECEIVERS OF STOLEN GOODS BY PRESCRIPTION.

IN the Court of Common Council the other day MR. GOVER, the Chairman of the Law and Parliamentary Committee, brought up a report touching property found in the possession of convicted felons, and concluding with the recommendation that "A certain sum of money should be handed to some of the applicants, and that the remainder should be left in the hands of the sheriffs, who had claimed it as the right of the corporation under an ancient custom." It appears to have been the opinion of some of the more respectable Common Councilmen that this custom would be more honoured in the abolition than the maintenance; for according to newspaper:—

"Considerable discussion took place upon this report, and in the course of the argument MR. MEDWIN, MR. RUDKIN, and MR. COX, urged their opinion that, inasmuch as the money and other property found in the possession of the convicted parties was clearly the produce of the robberies that had been committed, the just course to have taken was to divide it among the persons who had been robbed, and they argued that the system of allowing the sheriffs to take possession of the property of convicted felons, and in some way to apply it to the benefit of the corporation, was a disgrace to the City of London and also to the administration of justice, and ought to be put an end to."

The majority of the Common Council did not seem to see the cogency of the argument urged, as above, on the grounds of common honesty. At least they refused to acknowledge it; and an amendment, moved by MR. COX to the effect that the report be referred back to the committee for further consideration, was negatived accordingly. Perhaps, if some of the gentlemen who voted against MR. COX's amendment ever come to be robbed themselves, they will lament that they did not vote for it, so as to have protected their property from the Corporation of London by depriving that body of its precious "right under ancient custom" to receive stolen goods. No less aggrieved by those who withhold their property than they were by the thieves who originally stole it, they will be too likely to say, in their indignation and the bitterness of their hearts, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

A TERRIBLE INVENTION.

MANY horrible inventions have been made in warlike weapons, but here is an invention which, although it is not meant for any warlike purpose, seems to us extremely horrible and threatening the peace:—

"The *Ent'acte* has an elaborate paragraph to the effect that two English inventors in the Rue François Ier, Paris, have constructed a locomotive which is at the same time a steam-organ, and emits, while running on the rails and steaming vigorously, the March from *Tannhäuser*. This musical steam-engine, according to the same journal, was exhibited the other day to a select number of friends, and acted with perfect success."

What with all their puffing and panting and screaming and screeching, we have always looked on railway engines as extremely noisy nuisances, but they will be really quite intolerable when they add to these annoyances the nuisance of a barrel-organ. A locomotive playing the music of *Tannhäuser* must be as infernal a machine as that invented by FIESCHL. *Tannhäuser* in itself is a most horrible infliction, but what must be *Tannhäuser* when whistled by a steam-engine? Such an engine should be classed among the engines of destruction, for it would certainly destroy the peace of mind of all who listened to it. Surely the invention might be turned to military use. Any enemy that had the slightest ear for music would run away in terror from *Tannhäuser* on a steam engine! The Chinese try to terrify their foes by showing horrid monsters painted on their shields, but surely horrid sounds are equally alarming. Mortal engines whose rude throats do counterfeit Jove's thunder can hardly be more deadly than an engine which steams out the raucous music of *Tannhäuser*.

Nota Bene.

THAT the Pan-Anglican Sermons of the day were preached by one Bishop after another, cannot be used by High Churchmen as an argument in favour of the existence of Apostolical Succession in the Anglican Church.

MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS.

(Vide Page 126, Woodcut).



N affair of honour!" What a world of hidden satire, almost too deep even for tears, lies imbedded in these perennially significant words! It is with unfeigned sadness that we inaugurate the tale of Mr. TITWILLOW's adventures in Paris by so tragic a scene as that which our artist has depicted on page 126; and we deeply regret to add that our next illustration may possibly be more tragic, more terrible even than this.

It appears that MR. TITWILLOW, and his friend MR. PIP, who perhaps is more familiarly known in the TITWILLOW household as UNCLE PIP, or even U.P., arrived in Paris on the forenoon of Saturday, and breakfasted, as is customary abroad, on several courses, and wine of an ordinary

sort. They then walked through the Tuileries to the tramway omnibus that leads to the Exposition. MR. T. was in a highly excited state, treading as he did again the *pavé* of his dear familiar Paris (where he had once spent a fortnight five years ago). While waiting for the conveyance, they found themselves in company with three cavalry soldiers, full grown, perfectly shaped, all of different sizes, and all shorter than MR. T. by several inches. This was but adding fuel to the flame. To touch his hat, bend low his form, and ask the tallest of the three for a light was with MR. T. the work of a second, for he is fluent in French, and quick at repartee.



Foreign tramways are peculiarly conducive to the rapid formation of acquaintance, and its subsequent development into familiarity, and even friendship, or love; but who shall say whether for good or for evil?

MR. T. found that his new friends were the COUNT DE CARAMEL, the VISCOUNT MASCHIN D'OSEILLE, and the BARON BOUCHETROU, all highly-educated men, although not of exalted rank in the army; the Viscount was a *brigadier*, and the two others but one step beneath him in the profession of their choice, namely, privates. They, on the other hand, discovered through the medium of UNCLE PIP, that they had made the acquaintance of MR. DE TITVILLEAU, *gentilhomme anglais*, of Norman descent and principles.

They entered the Exposition together. The intelligent remarks of the three polished warriors and their modest assurance, seem to have exerted much fascination over MR. T. UNCLE PIP, however, who is if possible still more familiar with the Parisian dialect than his friend, appears to have formed a lower estimate of their mental attainments and worldly position: he even went so far as to suggest to MR. T. that "they should give the little beggars a glass of cognac apiece, and send them about their business." MR. T. replied, with pointed indignation, that it had never been his habit to treat *English* noblemen in that way, and muttered something about the tendency of his countrymen to make themselves unpopular abroad by their ungenial demeanour towards the aborigines, a line of conduct he, for one, should ever

deprecate. UNCLE PIP then suggested another line of conduct, much more in accordance with T.'s liberal nature: namely, "to treat the little beggars to every possible spirituous liquor human ingenuity could invent, and make them as dr—: I mean intoxicated."

They found out the "*Buffet Américain*"—need we say more?—and returned to it again and again; moreover, in the intervals of their visits there, MR. T. treated his friends to the Tunisian *café*, where the Arab maiden sings, "*I would I were a Bird*," to her own accompaniment on her native concertina; and to the Neapolitan Tea buffet, where a picturesque damsel answered, "*Fes, Mynheer*," with a lurid flash of her dark Italian eyes, to MR. T.'s question: "*Parlate Italiano?*" They then did *chang* and *chungmow*, and *sallot dit casque de fer*, the dentist (who turned out to be a friend of the Viscount's), and BLONDIN, and the two-headed calf, and the winking virgin, and the pig-faced lady from Saletta—autographs, and all. In short, all the attractions that have made the success of the "Universal Imposition;" and all of them at the expense of MR. T. and his friend, for neither of the three musketeers had any small change, only notes and gold, which it would have been unwise to produce in so promiscuously crowded a gathering.

It was now getting late. MR. T. begged his friends would waive all further ceremony, and dine with him at the *Diner Européen*: they cordially assented. The dinner was pleasant, piquant and witty, as only dinners in Paris can be. Much wine was drunk, and Latin freely quoted on both sides. U. P. was the life of the party, and advised the three Frenchmen to come over to London, where each would be sure, he said, to marry an English Miss of wealth, rank, and beauty; confidences were made; it turned out each had already been passionately beloved by an English Miss of surpassing loveliness; what brilliant young French soldier has not! Original poems were recited, and all would have been perfect if MR. T. had not insisted on spouting a French Ballad of his own writing, called "*L'Onglay à Parry*," some lines of which stirred up the latent incompatibility of temper which has ever existed between the two countries. The Count emptied his wine glass in MR. T.'s face. The Brigadier Viscount cried, "*A bas les Anglais!*" The Baron, who was very drunk, said, "*Brigadier, vous avez raison!*" In a moment MR. T. had the Count by the ears, the only part of his person in sufficient relief for prehensile purposes, and rolled under him on the floor. Waiters interfered. UNCLE P. pulled the Count off his friend by the excessively-slack of his breeches, and deposited him on the Baron. The Viscount said, "*C'est une affaire d'honneur!*" The Baron, "*Brigadier! vous avez raison!*" It was a fearful scene! Affrighted women and pale men stood round,

"And dark as midnight was the glow
Of eyes, a-rolling rapidly!"

All the while UNCLE P. holding his friend firmly back by one of his sleeve-links, for TITWILLOW thirsted for his assailant's life-blood! Somebody was heard to say something about "*la morgue anglaise*"—who does not understand the fearful allusion? The ghastly building by the river-side! We did not know of any such place, having been especially provided for the accommodation of English visitors, but suppose the Imperial Commission have thought it necessary this year.

UNCLE PIP tried hard to pacify the three soldiers, and even offered to pay for their cab home; but unfortunately they do not manage these things thus in France. The French cavalry had been insulted, and



nought but blood could efface the stain. Cards and addresses had to be exchanged. The Viscount suggested that he and the Baron should call next day. The Baron, as usual, assented, but MR. T. being from the strictest part of Bloomsbury, and the next day being Sunday, fixed upon Monday for the interview. The party then broke up, UNCLE PIP and MR. T. walking home together, the latter sorrowful but firm. UNCLE PIP suggested instant flight—to the next hotel: but MR. T. would not hear of this—"he would drink the cup to the lees!" He begged UNCLE PIP to telegraph to England for the tallest, strongest, and fiercest-looking of his many bosom friends, who are all tall, strong, and fierce-looking. This was done. (*La suite au prochain numéro.*)



ARTFUL—VERY!

Mary. "DON'T KEEP A SCOREUGIN' O' ME, JOHN!"

John. "WH'OI BEAN'T A SCOREUGIN' ON YER!"

Mary (ingenuously). "WELL, Y' CAN I' Y' LIKE, JOHN!"

A PARAGRAPH FOR OUR PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

A SUBSTITUTE for the big turnip now in season, somewhat exceeding that curiosity in point of interest, is presented to the readers of the *Western Morning News* in—

"A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—Exactly two years ago the child of a Mr. MARTIN, an employe at the Plymouth Theatre, while playing outside his door, was run over by a waggon and killed. A carter, named PINNEY, was at the time supposed to have caused the death, and at the inquest a solicitor attended to watch the case on his behalf. It was not elicited from the evidence, however, that PINNEY was implicated in the affair."

No reason, observe, then, having been found confirmatory of the supposition that PINNEY had caused the child's death, or that he was even in any degree "implicated in the affair," still less of any suggestion that he had done so otherwise than accidentally:—

"One evening last week the son of the man PINNEY was playing in the road exactly opposite MARTIN's house, when he was knocked down by a cart and killed. The strangeness of the coincidence, and the accident happening on the second anniversary of the first mentioned casualty, has caused considerable comment in the neighbourhood."

On the hypothesis that coincidence implies connection, there is certainly ground for comment in a case wherein there is every reason to believe that the coincident circumstances were unconnected. It is not, however, easy to understand how the comment in such a case could much exceed the remark that coincidence does not imply connection. The coincidence above described as remarkable seems remarkably slight. A death occurring on the second anniversary of another death is not much of a coincidence. The only coincidence to speak of in this instance is, that two deaths took place before one door. If the first death could justly have been laid at the man's door before which it took place, superstition might have appeared to derive some countenance from the fact that the second occurred there. It is to be hoped that this is a comment on the coincidence above related, which has generally been made by the people in the neighbourhood of its site.

THE SYNOD.

SIR,

THE term *Pan-Anglican* smacks more of heathen mythology than of the nominative case, neuter gender, of the Greek adjective. It becomes positively Olympian in its apparent signification when we remember that it might easily be alluded to as the meeting of The Graces.

The whole affair seems to have been singularly stupid, and their Reverences, generally being afraid to say too much on really important subjects, appeared more dense than they really were. Surely under these circumstances the Pan-Anglican Synod should have been held in the parish of St. Pan-crass.

On Friday the High Church Bishops dined at a Ritualistic "Ordinary." There was a great demand for pancakes. Every one paid for his own fish, and therefore for that day was able to call his sole his own.

I remain Sir, yours,

A MISERABLE SYNOD.

A Choice of Evils.

ON the arrest of the gang of City burglars the other day in Wood Street, we learn that the rascals were in possession of a bunch of skeleton keys that would open almost every warehouse in the street. This is pleasant intelligence. We have often heard that there is a skeleton in every cupboard. Query, whether this is worse than a skeleton-key in every safe?

A PERENNIAL NOVELTY.

MR. SOTHERN is announced to appear again as *Lord Dundreary*! A contributor, suffering heavily under the influence of the dead season, writes to say, that he won't say his Lordship is never "dreary," but he is certainly never "done."



POOR PET!

"JAMES, YOU'VE PUT NO SUGAR IN MONARCH'S BREAD AND MILK TO-DAY!
YOU SEE, HE CAN'T TOUCH IT!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU III., MY AUNT.—TABLEAU IV., MY LANDLADY.—
TABLEAU V., MY FUNNY FRIEND.

A TELEGRAM from GRIGG, announcing himself as due at ten o'clock. Before we come to his picture, oblige me by dwelling for a minute or two longer upon my Great Aunt, and upon our landlady at Cokingham, MRS. BUZZYBY. I have explained how that as Inspector under the New Olfactory Act, I have a character to keep up. But no one will be able to realise my position with regard to my Funny Friend (portrait coming) unless they look on *this* picture (my Great Aunt), and on *that* (MRS. BUZZYBY).

When the telegram arrives my Great Aunt is breakfasting in her bed-room: a habit to be reprobated in any one except my Great Aunt. If she'd lunch and dine there I shouldn't complain, as long as she didn't keep the newspapers with her all day. She descends gradually, reaching different stages during the day, until she alights (to put it in a fairy-like fashion) on the dining-room floor, at the dinner hour, punctually. After "partaking freely of the pleasures of the table," as biographers say, she re-ascends gradually to the regions of bliss above, being lost to sight after the first landing.

But MRS. BUZZYBY is a nuisance: a nuisance on account of her great care and interest in my welfare: and a nuisance on account of her thinking it incumbent upon her to preach up to me on every possible opportunity my duty towards my Aunt.

For instance, GRIGG is coming. MRS. BUZZYBY is in a fidget for days beforehand. She makes a fuss about getting him a bed at the New Inn. She bargains with the landlord of that place of entertainment for GRIGG's accommodation, to the material injury of GRIGG's comfort. She bates the landlord down, until I am sure he hates GRIGG, and will pay him no sort of attention. I say to her that I am sorry she should have been put to so much trouble.

By the way, I am always trying to save MRS. BUZZYBY trouble. I

THE ARREST OF SINALUNGA.

"More in sorrow than in anger."

SAD and yet stern, a firm but reverent hand
Italy lays upon her hero's arm,
Whose love for her spurns Prudence's command,
And sees in policy less help than harm.

In sorrow, not in wrath, she bids him pause,
Reminds him how e'en love law's rule must own:
How subjects must be subjects, be their cause
The purest, holiest, e'er to patriot known.

With love that thus love's urging countermands,
Patience that quenches Passion's feverish fire,
She kisses, as she binds, the martyr's hands,
Who for THE CAUSE would kindle his own pyre.

She honours her great prisoner, and his crime
Of love too eager, hope and faith too strong
To wait the mighty aids of Truth and Time—
Sure helps—if slow—whose work endureth long.

A FEAT FOR THE REFORM LEAGUE.

THE Reform League, the other day, at the instance of MR. BEALES, resolved on holding a meeting to express their indignation at the arrest of GARIBALDI. This demonstration will doubtless exert some influence on LOUIS NAPOLEON, who has been the real cause of GARIBALDI's arrest, by holding the Italian Government to the September Convention. With the view of compelling him to release VICTOR-EMMANUEL's Cabinet from that compact, the Reform League, with BEALES at the head of them, should go and hold their meeting on GARIBALDI's behalf in the Tuileries Gardens. Such a demonstration under the nose of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH would not fail to have a due effect upon him, particularly if its authors threw down the Imperial railings.

The Zu-lulogical Difficulty.

THE Bishops with regard to DR. COLENSO are like the celebrated Parrot—they don't speak but they "think the more."

am always intensely polite and quiet in my manner towards MRS. BUZZYBY, having a character to keep up in Cokingham for one reason, and for another, because if I did not I feel that I should call her a meddling old humbug, and, in a general way, astonish her.

She wants to know whether "the gentleman," meaning TOMMY GRIGG, my Funny Friend [I haven't told my Aunt that he is my Funny Friend; I only qualified it by calling him a very well-read man and most entertaining companion] "would have some refreshment on his arrival, or not?" "Oh no, thank you," I reply, personating GRIGG *pro tem.*, adding, in my own character, "it would be giving you so much trouble," thereby sacrificing GRIGG's comfort to MRS. BUZZYBY's convenience.

"Oh, no trouble," says MRS. BUZZYBY meekly, 'as if laying the cloth was a martyrdom. I am on the point of taking her at her word for GRIGG's benefit, when she resumes quietly, "I only thought that your Aunt would be so annoyed if she wasn't able to come down and receive the gentleman herself."

I explain that never for an instant had I contemplated making such a state affair of my friend's reception as the coming down of my Aunt implied.

MRS. BUZZYBY improves the occasion. "You see, Sir, your Aunt is no longer a young woman. She has to take care of herself. I am sure you wouldn't like her to fret or worry herself about trifles? would you, Sir?" I can only say "Of course not," and wish MRS. BUZZYBY at the deuce: yes at the deuce heartily. I adopt the plan of looking out of the window while she's talking as a hint that I have had quite enough of her, and am not attending. She continues:

"I told your Aunt that I could make the gentleman" (hang the gentleman! I say to myself, beginning to be angry with GRIGG) "a bed on the sofa in the drawing-room instead of getting him a bed at the New Inn—very respectable people, Sir, where they'll only charge him two shillings a night, everything most clean and well aired—only, as I said, as your Aunt likes to come into the drawing-room during the morning, it wouldn't perhaps do, although it would be no trouble for me or JANE" (her little maid with red hands and thick shoes) "to clear away the washing-things—only, as I said to your Aunt, it certainly

would not be the comfort she's been accustomed to, nor what *you'd* wish" (direct attack on me at the window), "I'm sure, Sir; for she takes care of you, Sir, like a mother; as I've often said" (to whom?), "I should like (to know), "I've never seen any one so attached as your Aunt is to you, Sir." I say, as offhandedly as I can, "Yes, she is fond of me; and will MRS. BUZZYBY kindly send her maid with my boots?" This is my polite formula for, "I wish you'd hold your row and bring me my boots, as I want to get away from you as quickly as possible."

"Your boots, Sir?" she returns, cheerfully. "I'll get them for you, Sir." She is away for a second, and comes back with my boots. "They are not very bright," she observes, condescendingly. They are not at all bright; in fact they have scarcely been touched. She will speak to JANE, she says; but I know well enough she will blow up the invisible MR. BUZZYBY, her husband, who cords the boxes, cleans the boots and knives, goes on errands in wet weather and at night-time, and of whose existence I should have been ignorant to this day had I not one evening, on coming home unexpectedly, fallen over him in the passage, when he begged my pardon and explained, after lighting a candle with a match from his waistcoat pocket, his domestic position.

By the bye, there will be a Cokingham Tragedy one of these days. A skeleton will be found at a knife-board in a back cellar, with a brush in one hand and a boot in the other. There will be an investigation, and a difficulty for MRS. BUZZYBY to get over. I've only once sat up late at the Cokingham lodging-house, and then I am sure I heard MR. BUZZYBY moving about. Coming out after the scraps, like the black-beetles. Of course I have no photograph of him. Poor BUZZYBY, how many years is it since he last saw the sun? Does my Aunt know of MR. BUZZYBY, I wonder?

By the way. *Apropos* of Aunts and tragedies. What a capital name for a novel, *The Skeleton Uncle!*

My boots being on, I am about to sally forth to the station, to free myself from MRS. BUZZYBY and meet GRIGG. But MRS. BUZZYBY has yet another question to ask me. "Will the gentleman want lunch?" "Well," I say, doubtfully, "I don't know;" and then I ask, as if GRIGG's wants depended upon the capabilities of MRS. BUZZYBY's larder, "what is there?" "Well," she replies, "there is nothing. Your Aunt will have her chop up-stairs, and you not generally lunching at home, Sir," (hint to me that I am not playing fair if I come home to lunch to-day), "you see I don't get anything in. There's *our* dinner, Sir," meaning, I hope, poor BUZZYBY's as well as hers, "and it would be no trouble, Sir, to lay the dining-room cloth, if you and the gentleman—" "Hang the gentleman!" I think; but I say, "Oh, never mind, I won't put you to any inconvenience. If we want anything before dinner, we can go to a hotel." I throw this out for her to say at once, "Oh no, she won't hear of it," and insist upon our lunching, if at all, at home. She only says, however, "Very well," in the meekest possible tone, as if resigned to any amount of contumely and injury at my hands.

I am so glad to get out in the open air. I walk through the town. I pass manufactory gates. Boys and girls who have come out to play tremble as they see the inspector. Elderly mechanics point me out to one another as one in authority. Young factory-women snigger and nudge each other as I pass. The masters, if about anywhere, and coming upon me accidentally, say "How d'ye do?" with great amiability, and hate me. Yes, out of BUZZYBY's house I am some one, and Cokingham, as a manufacturing town, knows it. Even the chimneys smoke less as I pass, and pass the word to one another, "Consume your own smoke; sharp. He's coming!" So I step proudly down the high street and across the market place. Occasionally, when many eyes are upon me, I stop a small factory boy, and ask him, officially, "How old he is?" "Where he works?" and "When he works?" and put his answers down in a note-book.

People look at one another and whisper "that that man is doing his duty." Perhaps a county Member may be passing: he will inquire who I am; he will be told. Result a most favourable report to Government, and rapid promotion. This comes from having a character to keep up, and keeping it up accordingly. Are the "hands" gathered round a door laughing and chatting, meal time being just concluded?—they see me and the smiles vanish; we are all serious. I single out the biggest among them, and ask him "Who he is?" summarily. He acknowledges my official position at once, and answers straightforwardly. I put him down in my note-book. He winces at that, I know, and I should say is uncomfortable for the rest of the afternoon.

In fact, it will trouble you to find at Cokingham a greater man than I am; that is, as Inspector under the New Olfactory Act.

I am at the station. A large Factory Owner comes up to speak to me on a matter of the greatest importance. He wants to get an hour's more work out of his hands. I instruct him in the law. The law is inexorable: I am inexorable. The train comes in, but I must explain certain points under Cap. I, Section A. He is all attention. "You see," I commence, "that, according to the present system, which, though merely tentative," (capital word "tentative," when you're talking to a manufacturer,) "I am bound to say, is at present producing the most satis-

factory results, I should not feel myself at liberty to represent to the Heads of My Department—"

Before I can say another word, I am staggered by what is called a "dig" in the ribs, and a voice exclaims, feigning the tone of a clown at pantomime time—

"Here we are again! I'm looking at you!"

I turn to remonstrate. It is GRIGG. GRIGG making himself knock-knee'd, his body all one-sided, his face distorted by a hideous grin, and all done to give a colourable representation of (as I said before), the clown at Christmas time. He sees I am (so to speak) taken aback, and prolongs his entertainment for the benefit of three porters (puzzled), a policeman (with the superior air of a man who has seen the real thing on the stage, and knows all about it), and a newspaper boy (in fits of laughter).

"How was you to-day, how are you yesterday, and how ain't you to-morrow?" he says, by way of salutation, and seizing me by the hand.

I can't apologise to the Owner of Factories; I can't disown GRIGG; I can't ask the Owner of Factories why he doesn't laugh. He doesn't, that's the worst of it. I can't pretend that GRIGG is an official—a Member of Parliament, and so obtain some respect for him.

By the way. I might have said that he was MR. WHALLEY, but I didn't think of it in time.

I am in a rage. I can't show it. I smile and say, "How do you do, old fellow?" and ask him to see after his luggage while I finish my *business* (emphasis on *business*), conversation with the gentleman (emphasis on *gentleman*, for the sake of the Factory Owner).

The Factory Owner, however, disappoints me by saying, "Oh, I see you're engaged: it will do another time. Good day."—and leaves in a careless sort of way. He evidently thinks less of me (as an authority) since GRIGG's arrival. And GRIGG won't be impressed by the Factory Owner's manner towards me.

The sooner I tell GRIGG that I've a character to keep up the better.

GRIGG's luggage is put on a fly. It is with great difficulty that I can get GRIGG out of the station, where I am so well known. He insists upon asking the price of journals that have no existence, and lets the young man at the bookstall examine all his catalogues for a novel whose name GRIGG nudges me to intimate he has just invented.

Coming through the ticket office he stops me with "I say, such fun!" and goes to the clerk's pigeon-hole, where he raps with a half-crown. The clerk appears. My Funny Friend only says, blandly, "How do you do, Sir? I hope you're quite well," and leaves him, without the chance of a repartee. Coming out chuckling, he explains to me how funny this last practical joke was. I smile, and am glad at the prospect of getting him into the fly.

He will have me jump in before him. I do so. He shuts the door, and tells the driver, "To the nearest lunatic asylum." Roars of laughter from porters and policemen, who have lost all respect for me. Factory hands passing stop to laugh, and they'll go and tell other hands.

I give the driver his proper direction, and GRIGG takes his seat inside. He tells the people (from the window) not to cry as they'll see him again, and blesses them generally.

Let me hope this is only a temporary exuberance of spirits on the part of GRIGG consequent upon seeing me.

But two things are at present quite clear; viz., that My Funny Friend *has* arrived, and secondly that, more than ever, I have a character to keep up.

KING THEODORE.

AIR—"Brian O'Lynn."

KING THEODORUS sits out of the sun,
Trousers, or waistcoat, or coat, wearing none;
But he sports a cocked-hat which a Beadle once wore—
"Tis a crown for a monarch," says KING THEODORE.

KING THEODORUS roars, dances, and raves,
When he gets into a rage with his slaves;
He kicks 'em *à tergo*, and cuffs 'em afore—
"Gorrawarragawraw!" bellows KING THEODORE.

KING THEODORUS put Britons in chains,
On his black hands if their blood has left stains;
Catch him, and then at his own palace door,
Aloft on a gallows hang KING THEODORE.

To All whom it may Concern.

"THE Companies Act, 1867," contains full directions as to the winding-up of evening parties.

REVERSING.—Making a Molehill of a Mountain—the Mont Cécail Railway.

AS "YOU WERE" AT THE WAR-OFFICE.



UCH administrative heads of the War Department, as GENERAL ROUTINE, K.C.B., GENERAL MUDDLE, G.C.B., and their numerous assistants (Civil and Military) are working with the utmost energy at the preparations for the Abyssinian expedition. They have just countermanded three shiploads of stores, which were already on board the lighters, and are about to institute a series of experiments on the worms of Abyssinia, preliminary to fixing on the phar-macopœia which is

to be supplied to the medical officers for the expedition. The Guinea-worm is not formidable, but the red Tape-worm threatens, we fear, sad sufferings and great loss of life to the expedition.

They are sending officers in all directions, at £3 3s. a-day and expenses, to buy mules. Such is the determination with which the search for these useful animals is followed up, that not only are these officers dispatched wherever there are mules to be found, but even to places where they are *not*.

There is one consolatory reflection—if the expedition should run short of mules, there will always be abundance of asses, in the chief military departments at home, which may be freely drawn on. They are already largely engaged in the transport work of the expedition, and seem, from all we can learn, to be doing it in the style that might be expected from this laborious though much abused class of animal.

MR. PUNCH ON A BROBDINGNAGIAN BARROW.

NEVER did Barrow on furnace make such a blaze, as Barrow-in-Furness the other day, when its docks were opened by Dukes, Lords, Honourables, and Right Honourables, M.P.'s, J.P.'s, Mayors, Magistrates, Magnates, Local and Municipal—in short by such an assemblage of big and little wigs as it was a triumph to have got together in the dead season.

But the occasion was certainly worth a crowd and a crow! A Barrow that has grown, one may say, from a barrow into a coach-and-four in ten years! A Barrow that has swelled almost within the memory of the youngest inhabitant from the quiet coast-nest of some five-score fishermen, into the busy, bustling, blazing, money-making, money-spending, roaring, tearing, swearing, steaming, sweltering seat of twenty thousand iron-workers, and the crime and culture, the dirt and disease, the hard-working and hard-drinking, the death and life, the money and misery they bring along with them!! A Barrow out of which they are tipping 600,000 tons of iron every year!!! A Barrow, big enough to hold a Monster-Iron-Mining-and-Smelting Company, with two Dukes among its directors, to say nothing of Lord knows who, in the way of Lords, and Lord knows how many millionaires!!!!

Talk of the Barrows we read of from time to time as opened with great fuss and excitement in the North by a crowd of archæologists, headed by the REV. CANON GREENWELL—that most indefatigable of bone-grubbers—with such "finds" as a fractured skull, a ditto brace of urns, a few coal or amber beads, and a "ruckle" of sucked and split marrow-bones!

Here is something like a Barrow, at the opening of which you turn up two live Dukes—one of them a senior wrangler into the bargain—and the first of living orators. The occasion was the inauguration of the Barrow Docks. They, with the wharfs, basins and building-yards about them, cover hundreds of acres. Barrow, we are told, is to be a second Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, Dudley, and Cardiff, all rolled into one. The day that laid the corner-stone of such an edifice was surely

"Albo dies numeranda lapillo"

—a day to be commemorated by a GLAD-STONE—and sweetly and

sonorously did MR. GLADSTONE Sing his prophetic Pœan; doing his suit and service to King Iron with a grace that might well make King Cotton—his Lancashire liege lord—jealous.

But we have not called attention to this biggest of big Barrows, because of its wonderful growth, its industry, the iron or the gold its miners, smelters, and forgers are making, its Brobdingnagian dividends, or its belching blast furnaces.

The master-spirit of its great iron-company is one SCHNEIDER. He has hitherto been known to fame among public men chiefly as an ex-M.P., turned out of his seat for Lancaster for gross and shameless bribery. He had seen so much done by energy and money that he probably thought the one as legitimate a lever into Parliament as the other. But he has been punished for his mistake. He has now an opportunity to repair it. His name is the same as that of the President of the French Legislative Assembly, the energetic, far-sighted, M. SCHNEIDER, whom *Mr. Punch* has already honoured as the head and heart of the admirably-conducted firm which has made the iron manufacturing district of Le Creusot, a model as yet to be imitated among the great English industries of the same kind. What is Le Creusot? It is at once a manufactory and a town—a manufactory that has grown into a town, a town that has gathered about a manufactory, and has of late been described, modestly and in bare figures, by M. SCHNEIDER himself, in a report to the Paris Exposition, as well as more summarily delineated in outline by a Correspondent of *Mr. Punch*, on January 12, 1867. He reprints that outline here, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, but especially for those who have read the account of the rejoicings at Barrow, and MR. GLADSTONE's speech thereon.

"I read your reply to the Ladies of Wolverhampton on my return from visiting one of the great iron foundries of France, which, though under one proprietorship, is a small 'black country' of itself. I will tell you what I saw in that great French factory. I saw a town of 25,000 inhabitants, wholly built and owned by the miners and ironworkers themselves, who buy their land in fee simple from their employers as they require it for building. I saw 10,000 of these people, some few of them women, who do light out-door work, go daily to their duties, and 4000 of their children go daily to their schools. I saw drawings and attended historical and scientific examinations in the higher classes of these schools, which would have done credit to Rugby and Eton, and heard, with a longing wish, that it were so in England how none were allowed to leave the school for the workshop till they could read and write well, and do some arithmetic; and I heard with no surprise that several of the higher boys have passed up into the school of Government Engineers in France. I saw the châteaux of the proprietors standing in the very midst of this town of workmen, and, within it, assembled round the venerable founder of this great industry, a little society principally composed of the officials of the place, which in refinement and intellect would have done honour to any capital in Europe.

"I saw all this, Sir, but I did not see a policeman, or a soldier. I believe there were in the place (of course not near the mines) three of the former, but none of the latter; and finally, during a ten days' stay, I did not see a drunken man, though I once heard one."

And now for *Mr. Punch's* proposition. Suppose M. SCHNEIDER were to set himself in real earnest to wipe out the recollection of Lancaster by the redemption of Barrow? What if he were to prove himself the ditto of M. SCHNEIDER of Le Creusot, not in name only but in deed, and to make Barrow-in-Furness the Creusot of England, in morals, manners, civilisation, education, domestic comfort and culture, as well as in industry, energy and money-making? Here is a work worthy of the noblest ambition, the most determined energy, the highest intelligence, and certain of the richest reward—a reward not to be gauged by dividends, it is true, but beyond the measure of millions. Let there be two SCHNEIDERS known in the world for their noble conception and perfect discharge of the duties of a great captain of industry, and let one of them be an Englishman.

And when that second SCHNEIDER has done *his* work, let MR. GLADSTONE go down and sing a second and a grander Pœan over Barrow—noting its growth, not in trade, wealth and industry, but in the blessings of a well-taught, well-mannered, well-ordered, cleanly and sober, happy, healthy, hearty population of working-men.

"Non Pan-Angeli, sed Pan-Anglicani."

THERE was a big Synod of seventy-two Bishops so bothered they didn't know what to do: So to do what was wanted they drew to a head, Shut their doors, said their prayers, and—did nothing instead.

BABY-FARMING.

FROM the report of the inquest on an unfortunate infant, who died under the maternal care of a Baby-farm-keeper, named JAGGER, we are led to the conclusion that some Britons are ready to sacrifice their children, as the Hindoos sacrifice themselves—to Jagger-naut.

A SINGULAR DUAL.

THERE has been a BISHOP SMITH announced very often during the recent Lambeth Pan-Anglican meeting. He is simply BISHOP SMITH, *sans* diocese, *sans* country. Surely this must be SMITH and ELDER rolled into one.



MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS.

MR. T. UTTERS HIS WAR-CRY ("HA! BEAUSÉANT! TO THE RESCUE!"), AND RUSHES BLINDLY ON HIS FOE. (Vide Page 141.)

DOVES IN PEACOCKS' FEATHERS!

"A WEDDING AT A FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE—A Wodding of a very fashionable character took place on Wednesday at the Friends' Meeting House, Quaker's Friars, Bristol, the contracting parties being MISS MARIANA LOUISA RAKE, youngest daughter of MR. JOSEPH RAKE, and MR. DAVID FRY, youngest son of MR. JOS. FRY. The nuptial party arrived at the meeting house in eleven or twelve carriages, several of which were driven by pairs of greys, with postillions in scarlet liveries. * * * The bride was elegantly attired in a rich train of white corded silk; small fashionable bonnet, almost confined to a wreath or chaplet of orange blossoms, from which fell in graceful folds a long veil of tulle edged with pearls. The five bridesmaids were uniformly attired in dresses of white grenadine, the skirts of which were neatly edged with blue; white *crêpe* bonnets, trimmed with blue; and gracefully-formed peplum jackets, with blue trimmings *en suite*. MRS. F. J. FRY, sister of the bride, wore an exceedingly handsome dress of pink satin, covered with white grenadine muslin; bonnet of white *crêpe*, with white forget-me-nots and ostrich feather, and bridal veil pending from the back. MISS WINDHAM, a friend of the bride, wore a white grenadine muslin dress tastefully trimmed with pink; white and pink bonnet with flowers to match."—*Bristol Paper*.

Oh, weep for the hour
When to Hymen's Quaker-bower,
The FRY led the RAKE, and the RAKE drew the FRY:
The ghost of old GEORGE FOX
Must have burst his coffin-locks,
And torn his straight-cut locks, such Friends' attire to spy!

For the gown of dove-hued silk,
And the kerchief white as milk
Folded meekly o'er the bosom, and close-plaited muslin cap,
And poke-bonnet, black or brown,
The virgin Friend to crown,
The plain grey shawl for shoulders, and white apron for the lap—

Lo, vanities abhorred!
A train of white-silk cord,
And, apology for bonnet, an orange-blossom's spray!
A tulle veil edged with pearls,
O'er a chignon and long curls,
Called "Kiss-me-quicks" or "follow-me-lads," in slang phrase of
the day!

And five bridesmaids, FRYS and PEASON—
'Gainst Friends' rule, oh, carnal treason!
In dresses of white grenadine, the bottoms edged with blue—
White *crêpe* bonnets, azure-trimmed,
White silk peplums, azure-rimmed,
En suite for carnal persons, but "en sour" for Quakers true!

Rise, *fainéant* JOHN BRIGHT,
And these godless garments smite,
'Gainst apparel and its vanities thy mighty trumpet blow!
But ah—on nearer view—
Thou wear'st a collar, too,
And a brim of carnal breadth on thy hat hast stoop'd to show!

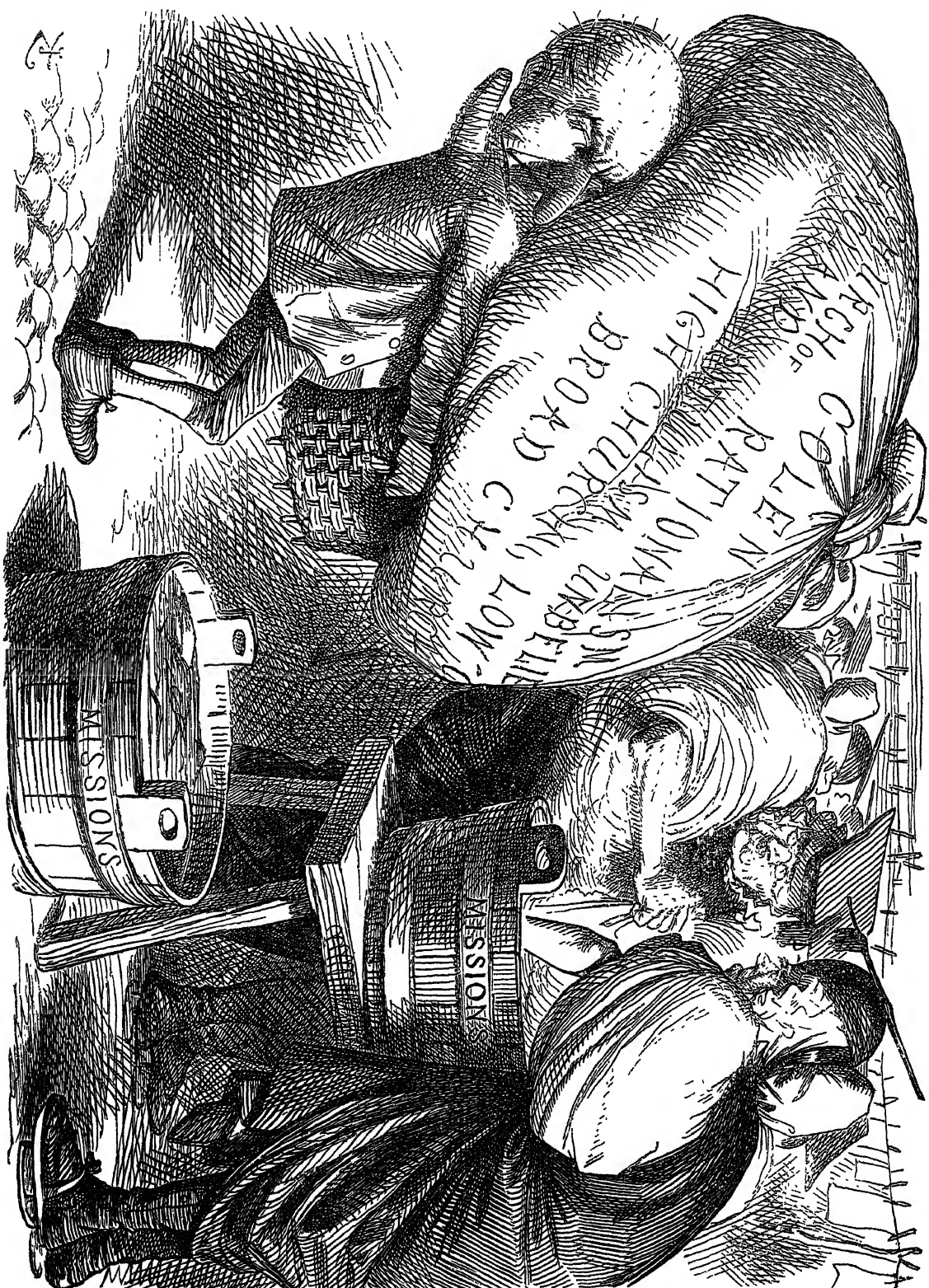
Oh, woe and well-a-day,
For Friends thus fall'n away
From the strait path in apparel to the carnal-minded road!
Farewell meekness, mildness, peace,
That with dove-hued robes must cease,
And with close-caps and poke-bonnets be in lavender bestowed!

An Indispensable Officer.

It is not true that MR. CALCRAFT, the well-known Finisher of the Law, will be attached to the expedition which is in course of being fitted out against the KING OF ABYSSINIA. It is expected that no difficulty will be experienced in finding a hand fully competent to deal, if necessary, with that monarch in the event of his capture; and in the meanwhile the proceedings of the Fenians render it manifestly impossible that Her Majesty's Government can afford to dispense with the services of MR. CALCRAFT at home.

THE FENIAN HANDCUFFS.

MR. JONES, the indignant red republican member of the English bar, forgot that to let the birds once caught out of his nets is not the custom of a Fowler. Bravo, MR. FOWLER, and quite right not to be bullied.



A PAN-ANGELICAN WASHING DAY.

CHORUS OF OLD WASHERWOMEN. "THERE! TAKE 'EM AWAY—WE CAN'T BE WORRIED WITH THEM THINGS."

"If the seventy-five members of the Pan-Anglican Synod have not a single word to say upon any of the great questions, theoretical or practical, which concern the very existence of the Church of England, their important caution and misplaced decency will do more to endanger it than any external attack with which it is at present threatened."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE LONG VACATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

St. Boniface College, Oxford.

As the persecuted victim of an iniquitous nuisance, I appeal to you for that protection and assistance which you are never known to refuse to the deserving object. I repeat that I am the victim of an iniquitous nuisance. I allude, Sir, to the Long Vacation. Who was the inventor of this detestable annual *justitium*, [by] which all one's friends and acquaintances are, for the space of four months, scattered over the face of the earth beyond any possibility of communication? Why this extraordinary annual diffusion of British youth over the highways and hedges of Great Britain and Europe? When all one's chums are employed in fishing, shooting, walking, or vegetating in the country, and all this at a time when there is positively nobody in town, what is to become, I put it to you, *Mr. Punch*, of the unfortunate individual who is neither sportsman, fisherman, nor pedestrian, and who is forbidden by his medical adviser to live in the country for more than three days consecutively? After passing a week in constant

railway travelling, from London to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to London; after consuming three days in riding from Charing Cross to Brompton, and from Brompton to Charing Cross, I find even these occupations begin to pall, and myself driven back to Oxford on the dismal pretence of reading, and I have been for the last ten days enjoying the exclusive society of scouts and bed-makers. I am in a position fully to realise the emotions of the *Wandering Jew*, or *Childe Harold*, or the *Man in the Iron Mask*. My overwrought feelings have sought relief in some verses, which I enclose, as conveying a more vivid conception of the feeble state of mind to which I am reduced, than any other form of expression I could adopt. Do, *Mr. Punch*, lift up your mighty voice and exert your colossal influence to annihilate this preposterous system of Long Vacations.

And believe me, ever supplicatingly yours,

AN UNDERGRADUATE, with every prospect of remaining so.

They talk of Long Vacations,
They prate of grouse and moors,
And sea-side relaxations,
And Continental tours;
Welsh mountain and Swiss valley,
Alternate changes ring;
With cricket and Aunt Sally—
You know the sort of thing.

Would I by mere volition
Could take a trip to France,
And at the Exhibition
Just take a flying glance.
Alas! nought but vexation
Such idle fancies breed;
For 'tis the Long Vacation,
And I've come up to read.

I wander to the Union
In solitary plight,
In search of some old crony, one
With whom I might unite.
No sign of animation
I see, and weary say,
Oh! hang this Long Vacation,
And feebly turn away.

To-day I tried the river,
And pulled as in a dream;
And with a nervous shiver
I looked upon the stream.
The boats were unfrequented,
The Christ Church walks were bare;
The boatmen stood demented,
And gazed with wond'ring stare.

My scout observes my anguish,
With ill-concealed delight;
Observes my reading languish,
And said to me last night,
By way of consolation,
To fill my bitter cup:—
"Lor, Sir! in Long Vacation
There's never no one up."

If I in Long Vacation
Again come up to read—
(What wild infatuation
Prompted the ghastly deed!)
May I be hanged instantler,
And burnt my cap and gown!
"Here, JONES! pack my portmanteau,
And I'll go back to town."

"PEN-AND-INK! PEN-AND-INK!"

MR. PUNCH,

"ABOVE all things, Sir, no zeal"—was it not that which your crafty old friend, the Minister, ex-Bishop, said to a prentice diplomatist? It may be thought by some that the gentlemen who preside over that excellent association, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, would do well to inculcate the advice of TALLEY-RAND on some of their subordinates. These vigilant people are certainly down very sharp on anyone they can catch in the least degree hurting an animal's bodily feelings. No longer will any stick do to beat a dog with. Mind how you beat a dog with! any stick thick enough to make him howl. Beware of dealing with an obstructive dog as people were used to do when SHAKESPEARE could put into the mouth of *Shylock* the lines wherein he tells *Signor Antonio*, you did subject me to such and such indignities:—

"And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold."

If you happen to see a stranger cur on your threshold, *Mr. Punch*, take care what you are about with him. If you do venture to spurn and foot him, do it gently. Kick him not, in any case, so that he yelp, lest an officer of the good Society above-named being within earshot summon you before a Magistrate, and his Worship fine you or even commit you to the House of Correction. Such are the cautions which may be occasionally suggested to you by certain Police reports—differing in their conclusion from the following:—

"At the Buckingham Petty Sessions on Saturday, the Rev. MR. HARLEY, Rector of Turveston, Bucks, was summoned to answer a charge preferred by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for that on Sunday, the 18th of August, he did ill-treat, abuse, and torture a dog, by pouring spirits of turpentine on its hind parts. Upon leaving church after evening service on the day in question the Rev. Gentleman saw, on the premises of the rectory, a small dog which belonged to a man named DURHAM. He called his man-servant and said, 'Let us catch this dog and put turpentine upon him, and he will not come here again.' This was done, and the dog ran off in great agony. In defence, MR. SMALL, Solicitor, contended that there was no intention to act cruelly, but simply to rid the rectory of the nuisance of dog trespass. The bench deliberated for a short time, when the Chairman, MR. R. FRIZGERALD, said, 'We have given this case our best attention, and the law in relation to it, and we have come to the conclusion that the law has not been transgressed by the act which defendant undoubtedly and confessedly did perform. We therefore dismiss the complaint, and I have much pleasure in informing MR. HARLEY that he leaves this Court without a stain upon his reputation as a Christian minister, a gentleman, and a humane man.' The Rev. defendant then applied for costs, which the bench allowed."

At first sight this case may seem an additional illustration of the rather excessive zeal of the agents of the estimable Society aforesaid. The unction of a little turpentine applied to the root of a dog's tail, not wantonly but for the purpose of keeping the dog off, may appear a small matter, a mild incentive to make a stranger cur avoid a threshold.

But of course the Magistrates, and let us hope the parson, were unlearned as to dogs, ignorant of canine idiosyncrasies, and did not know, what I am informed is the fact, that turpentine acts on a dog's skin as a most powerful blister. If then the Rev. Gentleman has been in the habit of applying that irritant to the roots of the tails of stranger curs, he will perhaps cease to do so.

The local application of turpentine to the canine skin, as above particularised, will cause a very little dog to raise a very great outcry as of "pen-and-ink." To regard that cry is quite right, and its wanton provocation merits punishment. But ah, *Mr. Punch*, what if half as much notice as that which is taken of a clamour of "pen-and-ink" could only be attracted by the groans of wretched people audible within the walls of such horrid places as that hell upon earth the Workhouse Infirmary at Cheltenham, described in last week's *British Medical Journal*? Wanted, a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Paupers! Is it not, *Mr. Punch*? Protect poor dogs from ill-usage by all means. Show any extreme of tenderness for donkeys; nay, let those who will, treat them with brotherly kindness. Let us, however, consider our own species in the first place. Could not a Society be organised for the protection of poor men and women against the brutal underlings of indifferent Guardians? I am, Sir, like yourself, a friend to all animals, but particularly the human

ANIMAL'S FRIEND.

P.S. It is only fair to MR. HARLEY to extract from the *Times* of Saturday last the Rev. Gentleman's "explanation of the transaction:—"

"I had for a length of time been annoyed by the dog frequenting my premises, and I thought the application of a small quantity of turpentine applied on the back might cause him a moderate amount of pain and prevent his annoying me in future; a thrashing, I believed at the time, and believe now, would have caused much more pain, and nobody would have thought of accusing me of cruelty for that. The evidence of the veterinary surgeon was that turpentine would cause pain and irritation, but that the effect would pass off in an hour. * * * I am certainly sorry that I used the turpentine at all, as the action has exposed me to be the subject of so much exaggeration; but I did not do it with the slightest intention of torturing the animal, as I was particularly careful not to allow it to touch any tender parts. I simply wished to scare the dog away without doing him any real injury."

No Bookworm.

THE Archbishop's Library at Lambeth, says the *Times*, has been closed. Why? Because the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY contrived to get its maintenance transferred from his own hands to those of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Wherefore? Possibly because his Grace felt that he did not know what to do with a Library. This conjecture may be thought to derive some confirmation from the style of certain Forms of Prayer occasionally issued from Lambeth Palace.

FOREIGN MARKETS: ITALIAN.—Red Shirts down again.



PLEASURES OF PIC-NICS.

Aunt Jemima (who has been rather fidgety for some time, and hates dining out-of-doors). "WELL, GIRLS, YOU MAY DO AS YOU LIKE, BUT I DON'T INTEND SITTING UPON ANTS' NESTS ANY LONGER!"

TO THE POET-LAUREATE.

MR. TENNYSON, SIR,

SHUT up in an old and obscure country inn, I execrated the rain, the idiotic practice of leaving one's comfortable home, and men and things generally. The only book I could get was a volume of "Poems" by HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq., published in 1787 by STOCKDALE.

MR. PYE, Sir, afterwards became Laureate.

I do not believe that you have ever read his works. At least I have observed no sign that they have produced any effect on your mind.

Therefore, Sir, I wish to point out to you how, some eighty years ago, proper and becoming poetic homage could be paid to a Royal Infant.

Early in the volume, Sir, in an Ode on the Birth of the PRINCE OF WALES, child of KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

MR. PYE begins by stating that

"The fading beam of parting day
Forsakes the Western Sky,
Now shines Diana's gentler ray
With virgin Majesty."

From this elegant language you will infer that the poet means to say that it was a moonlight night, in further illustration of which fact he adduces a variety of phenomena, such as the silvery appearance on the water, and sad Philomela's pouring her plaintive note to the lunar orb, all perfectly refined and sweet. He then hears dreadful sounds, and a Form Divine appears on the sedgy brink of the Cherwell. The costume of this divine form is striking. It consists of an azure length of robe behind, which loosely wantons on the wind. His eyeballs, glowing like the vernal morning, shed benign beams. The poet, re-assured, begins to ask questions, and demands whether we are licking proud Iberia, or flees the Gaul at the dread alarms of the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, or stalks the giant rage of war in India.

The Form Divine mildly snubs him for his bad guesses, and informs him that Mirth and the Muses now reign on Albion's shore, the former

revelling, and the latter twining each fragrant flower to crown the hour—

"Which gave to GEORGE a Blooming Hair."

This Bloomer was his late Majesty KING GEORGE THE FOURTH. Now, Sir, hear how your predecessor could undress—I mean address a baby.

2.

"Come, happy child, delight the land
Where Time shall fix thy throne.
O come and take from Freedom's hand
A sceptre all her own :
And when the sacred love of truth
Display'd, shall form thy ripening youth,
May every joyful Briton find,
The soul of GEORGE'S godlike race,
With lovely CHARLOTTE'S softer grace
Attemper'd, in thy mind."

There, MR. TENNYSON, SIR. And you will not be surprised to learn that after a few hilarious observations, of much geographical merit, the Form Divine finishes—

"He said, and rushing from my wondering eyes,
On volley'd lightning borne, he sought his native skies."

I have double pleasure, in transcribing these beautiful lines (a feat which I do not suppose has ever been performed before, except by the lamented PYE himself) because they will have an interest for you, Sir, and because they reveal to the present generation a fact of which the majority of us were ignorant; namely, that an Angel came down express to Oxford to congratulate England on the birth of GEORGE THE FOURTH, and to offer up a prayer that he might unite the merits of his godlike father and his lovely mother.

How MR. PYE would have liked MR. TUPPER. I dare say PYE would have subscribed to the Testimonial.

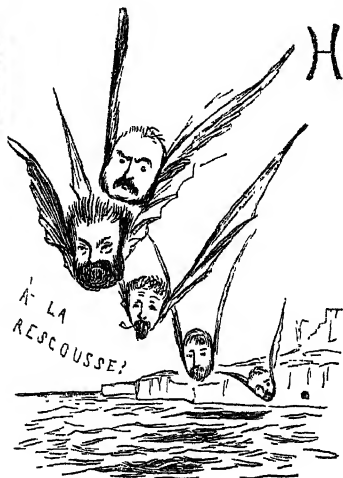
Ever, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

Somewhere in Yorkshire.

AN ADMIRER OF LOYAL POETRY.

MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS.—(Suite.)

(Vide Page 136, Woodcut.)



How utterly irrevocable is To-Morrow! and yesterday, how inscrutable!! and oh, how peculiarly and delicately situated (just between the two) is To-Day!!!

MR. TITWILLOW spent the greater part of Sunday in writing long farewell letters to his wife, each of which was sealed and entrusted to UNCLE PIP—to be delivered to her only in case of fatal mischance. He also wrote himself some epitaphs in English and French verse, and in one or two other languages he has scraped a passing acquaintance with. We hope to lay them before the reader at some future period, when the naturally painful feelings these events will excite in Bloomsbury shall have been somewhat softened by the healing touch of time. They are simple and unaffected, and breathe a truly gentle spirit (tempered with water).

On Sunday evening five bosom friends came trooping in—a stately sight; the shortest being only under six feet, and even he quite made up for the deficiency by his powerful breadth of beam. All graver thoughts were instinctively put off till the morrow, and a very pleasant evening was spent between them.

On the Monday the Viscount and Baron arrived at the hotel, punctual to the second; they were received in a large and handsome apartment, *décoré de glaces*; their faces had been washed as far as their close-fitting military stocks would allow; either this, or the serious nature of the business that had brought them, imparted a stiffness and formality to their demeanour that boded little good to poor TITWILLOW. The bosom friends drew themselves up to more than their full height in consequence. Just then a couple of Champagne bottles on the shelf riveted the Baron's gaze, and all sternness died out of his features: not so with the Viscount.

After the necessary introductions had taken place, and all were seated, a champagne cork was popped, and a proposition made that they should liquor up all round; but the Viscount refused to join in this demonstration, and a tear stood in the Baron's bolting eye as he said, "*Brigadier, vous avez raison!*"

A formal apology was demanded by the Viscount; but MR. TITWILLOW (who was then engaged in writing a farewell letter to his wife in another room), had stated that he would sooner die than retract a line of his French ballad, every verse of which had cost him inconceivable pains on account of the difficulties of French prosody. Nothing was left, therefore, but to appoint a meeting and settle the weapons.

The choice of arms lay of course with the Englishmen, and the sabre was ultimately chosen as being the most likely weapon for MR. T. to fluke with, on account of his complete ignorance of the same; he never having even beheld one unsheathed; it was furthermore settled that only cuts, not thrusts, were to be allowed: and the first drop of blood on either side to satisfy the cravings of honour. Then time and place were fixed: next morning, at six, on the fortifications near Passy: and the Viscount and Baron took their departure—the latter much dejected.

Next morning the six bosom friends rose with the lark, and superintended MR. T.'s toilet; they made him put on three pairs of drawers of various texture, which BETTY had packed up for him in her fear of sudden changes in the weather—and two underjackets of stout material.

After a light breakfast they took cabs, and went to the place appointed, picking up on their way a surgeon and two sisters of charity: they were already amply provided with sticking plaster.

The weather was fine—they were first on the ground—MR. T. was sorrowful, but firm. UNCLE PIP gave him a sup from a pocket-flask, which brightened him up. He muttered something about the Ramsgate sands, saying that—

"There were his young barbarians, both at play,
And there their dashing mother.—He, their sire,
Butchered—in this uncomfortable way."

Quoting, of course, entirely from recollection. Presently, the three musketeers arrive on the ground, accompanied by the veterinary surgeon of the regiment, and other musketeers of the same rank and size as themselves. Polite bows are exchanged; the Count takes off

his jacket. An even spot is selected—on the *talus* of the fortification. MR. T., who has had another sup from the pocket-flask, exclaims that he will hear of nothing over twenty paces, as he has not come there for child's-play.

UNCLE PIP tells him paces are for pistols, not sabres; and MR. T., nothing abashed, selects a sabre out of several that are presented to him; it occurs to him suddenly what a horrid instrument the sabre is, how heavy it feels in the hand, how dreadfully it is spelt, and how much worse it sounds in French than English. He is now ready. Suddenly UNCLE PIP, who generally wears a hard and glossy new Beaufort hat, takes the same off his own head, and puts it on TITWILLOW'S. The Viscount and Baron instantly demur to this, saying it is not fair. UNCLE PIP, however, whose ready wit rarely deserts him, observes that the Count has, on the other hand, the obvious advantage of possessing, in common with the rest of the French cavalry, a hard leather lining to that part of his trousers that usually comes in contact with the saddle.

The Viscount denies that this is an advantage, as no Frenchman ever presented himself but with his face to the foe.

Here MR. TITWILLOW cries out, that if they make much more fuss about it, he'll be hanged if he'll fight at all, but throw up the whole thing in disgust.

The objection to the hat is instantly waived, the Count saying to UNCLE PIP—"Tant pis pour votre chapeau, maitre!"

He puts himself into an elaborately scientific position, eminently calculated to demoralise the timid. So does TITWILLOW—a long way off. They gradually steal upon each other, feeling the ground cautiously; the sabres meet, and a few rapid but unsuccessful cuts are made on either side; MR. T.'s activity is really wonderful; judging from his movements, he seems to have an idea that he is on horseback. This is perhaps all the better. He retreats a few paces to breathe, and sharpens his blade between his foot and the grass. He is now thoroughly up to his work—suddenly he shuts his eyes, utters his war-cry ("Ha! Beauséant! to the rescue!!") and drawing his friend's hat firmly down to his chin, rushes blindly on his foe * * *

Just then our parcel unfortunately left.

(La suite au prochain numéro.)

THE TOWN LIFE.

(In Humble Imitation of MR. ROGERS.)

MINE is a house at Notting Hill;
The Indian's tum-tum smites my ear;
A crowd enjoys a casual "mill,"
With no policeman lingering near.

The thief attempts the chain and watch
Conspicuous in my spacious vest;
Their balls of brass the tumblers catch,
In soiled and spangled garments dressed.

Around my steps street-organs bring
The dirtiest brats that can be seen;
And boys turn wheels, and niggers sing
To banjo and to tambourine.

The dustman bawls; the beggars tease
When coppers are not duly given;
Whilst papers, flowers and fuses,
Annoy me six days out of seven.

Bread or Lead!

WE understand that, a day or two ago, placards were found on several houses of the Faubourg St. Antoine with the following inscription, "*Le gain à douze sous, ou le plomb!*" Was the alternative of "*le plomb*," a menace or a request? If the latter, under a military despotism "*le plomb*" was likely enough to be readily given; if the former, still more readily.

A "LYON" SPIRIT.

MR. HOME, the Spiritualist, has changed his name to LYON, or has prefixed the new title to his former, now appearing as LYON-HOME. Is *LYON* correctly spelt? As far as sound goes, the marvellous Spiritualist had better have stuck to his *Home sweet Home*, and have dropped an addition which sounds like a remarkably unpleasant epithet.

FROM "THE MILLER AND HIS MEN."

CORN is rising. Bread is dearer. Even the better classes appear to be falling into dreadful destitution, for it is no uncommon sight now to meet their wives and daughters wearing nothing but sacks.



"BROTHER BRUSH."

Ship-Painter. "NICE DRYIN' WEATHER FOR OUR BUSINESS, AIN'T IT, SIR?"

Amateur (disconcerted). "YA-A-S!"

[Takes a dislike to the place.]

PRIVATE TO POTTER.

Hawarden, Chester, Sept. 24.

(Confidential.)

MY DEAR MR. POTTER,
I ENCLOSE you my letter to be read to your Committee declining to attend your banquet. I have tried to couch my refusal in the most respectful, that is the least plain and point-blank, terms. I hope I understand how to put things pleasantly. But, I really cannot consent to be mixed up with brass-bands, balloon-ascents, fireworks, fountains, and MR. WORTHINGTON, the Star-diver. Besides I can't afford to quarrel with BEALES, and I don't want to dine with him. If I accepted your invitation, I *must* do one or the other, perhaps both. The one course might be politically inconvenient; the other would certainly be personally disagreeable. So lest I should annoy either of you by countenancing the other, you will see my only alternative is to take my favourite "third course," and say "No," to one and the other. Pray accept this as the change, in plain English, of my letter to the Committee.

Heartily wishing that your speeches and your dinner may go off successfully, as well as the balloons, fireworks, and star-diver, I remain, dear MR. POTTER,

Yours most faithfully,

E. POTTER, Esq.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

P. S. Advise WORTHINGTON not to try a leap in the dark. It might provoke odious comparisons.

The Dinner Din.

It is in contemplation to solicit the Lord Mayor Elect to preside at a Public Meeting, to be held in the Poultry, for the discussion of the great question of the day and the *Daily Telegraph*—dinners for City clerks. His Lordship Elect would fill the chair with appropriate fitness, as he is Alderman of Cheap. LORD DERBY, on account of his recent experience in "dishing," will also be invited to attend. The City companies are expected to subscribe liberally, particularly the Fishmongers.

AN ILL-USED ARCHBISHOP.

Ask him to pay his own librarian and keep his library in order, with only £15,000 a-year! Hasn't he Lambeth and Addington to keep up?

And why should he spend money on what he never uses? How often, I should like to know, has the Venerable Archbishop taken a book down from the shelves of that musty old book-room, since his institution to the province? Like LORD PALMERSTON, he has a great deal too much to do to read printed books. Even if *The Fathers of the Church* were not stale, and the folio divinity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries out of date, the Archbishop has quite enough employment to keep abreast of the *Guardian* and the *Record*, to read long-winded protests of the Evangelical Clergy against Ritualising bishops, or the charges of Ritualising Bishops made in the teeth of protesting clergy and churchwardens. As for answering either, still less reconciling them, or judging between them, the Archbishop has no leisure for anything so laborious.

Suppose the Archbishop referred the question of the keeping-up of the Library and the payment of the Librarian's salary to the Pan-Anglican Synod? Here would be one practical question, at all events, for the *Septuaginta et duo* to deal with.

The suggestion to transfer the books to the British Museum deserves consideration. Perhaps there could hardly be a more appropriate place for these relics of middle-age learning and theological earnestness, than beside the remains of *other* extinct species—such as the mammoth and the mastodon.

A Conundrum.

GIVEN, a Hairdresser, a plate:

When is the former like the latter?

The answer is, I beg to state,

This: when the Hairdresser's a *plutter*.

MEDICAL DIET.—Doctors' Commons.

A DREAM AFTER GOOSE.



of a freak. That when I opened them I found myself in the midst of slums, complicated with a subterranean tunnel, as I thought miles from London. That, however, I found a row of cabs, took a Hansom, and rode homeward, with the driver inside. Awoke on my visionary journey, and found myself at liberty, with nothing to pay. Imagine the joy of yours, undoubtedly a martyr to

Michaelmas, 1867.

P.S. I had eaten two large helpings.

SAGE AND ONIONS.

BULLETS AND BRAINS.

OUR instructive contemporary, *The British Medical Journal*, says that DR. SARAZIN, a professor of the Faculty of Strasbourg, has, with the assistance of various surgeons, been trying experiments to ascertain the kind of effects produced by Chassepot rifle shots on the human frame. DR. SARAZIN instituted his experiments on certain "subjects"—of the animal kingdom of course—and from experiments:—

"The principal conclusions which he draws are:—That at short distances the orifice of exit of the ball from the body is enormous—from seven to thirteen times larger than the ball."

"'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door"; not quite: "but 'tis enough: 't will serve." Having had such a hole as that made in his body, a man is indeed pretty well "peppered for this world"; with a no small peppercorn. Moreover:—

"The arteries and veins are cut transversely; the muscles torn and reduced to pulp; the bones are shattered to a considerable extent, and out of all proportion with the dimensions of the projectile."

The time will perhaps come when Posterity will think that every one among their forefathers who willingly put himself in the way of incurring those lesions of his bones, muscles, and bloodvessels, for any earthly consideration, must have been a madman. Some thinking persons may even now wonder how anybody, except in the spirit and faith of a martyr, can choose to subject his muscles to the probability of being reduced to a pulp by a bullet unless his brains have degenerated into something of a pulpy consistence. The "nations who delight in war," that is to say, in inflicting the injuries above described on their species, at the risk of suffering the same themselves, must be very hard-hearted; but surely the hardness of their hearts is matched by the softness of their brains.

Occasional Reflection.

If cant and platitude,
Posture and attitude,
Could, to beatitude,
Show you the way,
O boundless gratitude
In depth and latitude!
How Shovel Hat it would
Bid you repay!

SAYING THE RIGHT THING.

"ALPACA Pomatum. Heads of families will find this one of the purest and most economical pomades ever introduced." This advertisement goes to the point. Comment is superfluous, and italics would be an insult!

A WORD FOR THE READERS.

READING is a pleasure, to very many people; for instance, what can equal the delight of countless myriads in weekly reading *Punch*? But to many other people reading is a business, and a very dreary business: for instance, few employments are more wearying than that of a reader for the press.

To decipher scrawls and hieroglyphs, which authors call their "manuscripts"; to compare them with the proofs, which are delivered wet and sticky and redolent of ink; to correct a faulty sentence or a word which is mis-spelt; to put in proper capitals, and take out such italics as most clearly are redundant, though the author may not think so; to have a careful eye for noting all unevenness of print; to supply the missing commas, colons, and full stops: all this is dreary work, and dismally mechanical: but besides all this, the reader must have a well-stored mind, and be able to correct a mistake in a quotation, not in English merely, but in Latin, French or Greek. Moreover, he must mind his *p*'s and *q*'s, and other letters of the alphabet, and must know enough of etymology to divide a word correctly, when a syllabic separation is required to fill the line.

In dreary labour such as this, London readers, on the average, work for nine hours every week day, and rarely get more holiday than four days in the year. They sit in close, hot closets, where the jarring of the printing press is dinning in their ears. Their eyes are injured by late night-work beneath the glare of gas, and their brains are also weakened "by excessive application when publishers are pressing." Moreover, they are subject to "Consumption, cephalalgia, nephritis, hepatitis," and certain other ailments with formidable names.

Great work and little pay makes JACK a sad boy. To enable them to take a more cheerful view of things, the readers are requesting an advance of ten per cent.: the small addition of two shillings to each of their pounds. Readers are not savages, like saw grinders, and the like; and as they have no trade union to help them to their rights, their employers run no risk of a blowing-up by gunpowder for refusing the advance. But they stand in imminent peril of a blowing-up by *Mr. Punch*, who, being a hard-worker himself, can sympathise with such hardworkers as the readers, who, he thinks, are hardly paid enough for their hard work.

A KINDLY WARNING.

A NUMBER of Dissenting Ministers met last week upon Lambeth Bridge, and having sung a hymn, and pelted the steamboats with walnut-shells, they passed a resolution that there ought to be a new ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY. Then they sang another hymn, and went away.

Well, that's a parable. Because nothing of the kind was done. Dissenting Ministers are generally too acute to put themselves in a false position.

But, according to DR. GRAY, Bishop of Cape Town, a large body of Episcopal clergymen, of high rank, have done something of the same kind, and with exactly the same right and authority. A conference of Bishops, he says, has decided that a new BISHOP of NATAL may be appointed, *vice* DR. COLENSO, whose arithmetical commentaries on the Mosaic history displease DR. GRAY.

THE PRIMATE and the BISHOP of LONDON have taken prompt pains to disavow DR. GRAY's statement, and to promulgate the dogma of his Inaccurate Conception of what took place at the Episcopal *conversation*. But some Church folks are very silly, and may take DR. GRAY's allegation for fact, and proceed to act in the way he desires. We beg them previously to read our parable, and to be convinced that if they follow DR. GRAY they will be much worse off than the imaginary Dissenting Ministers. Not only will their proceedings be inoperative, but the law officers of the Crown may have something to say to them. We don't make and unmake Bishops at tea-parties, whatever may be the opinion of the Spoons.

JUSTICE, HER SCALES, AND OTHER PEOPLE'S.

"WEIGHTS AND MEASURES IN HOLBORN.—Yesterday nine persons trading in the Holborn district were fined before the Justices of the Special Sessions held at Freemason's Tavern Mr. J. FVSH POWNALL, in the chair. One licensed victualler, one beer retailer, one flour and corn dealer, one cheesemonger, two greengrocers, one chandler, one potato dealer, and one dealer in rabbits. The *maximum* fine was £1 15s., and the *minimum*, 5s.—Wednesday's Times.

A MINIMUM of five shillings! Ah, MR. POWNALL, why didn't you make it a pound-all? And please why don't you give us the "names, weights, and colours" of the deriders—who laugh Justice to scorn, and falsify her scales on the sly?

Change of Name.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS, noticed lately for its Dukes and Docks, has extensive iron and steel works. Ought it not to be called Barrow-in-Furnace?



A BAD SEASON.

Sportsman. "I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHAT WITH THE RENT OF THE MOOR, AND MY EXPENSES, AND 'WHAT NOT,' THE BIRDS HAVE COST ME—AH—A SOVEREIGN APIECE!!"

Keeper. "A' WEEL, SIR! 'DEED IT'S A MAIRCY YE DIDNA KILL MAIR O' 'EM!!!"

DUPANLOUP ON GARIBALDI.

At Malines, the other day, M. DUPANLOUP, the Bishop of Orleans, delivered himself of a discourse abounding in examples of French ecclesiastical eloquence. The better portion of the Bishop's oration, in other parts savage, looks remarkably analogous to the poetry of motion as ordinarily exhibited in a ballet. Its flourishes and turns of rhetoric read, so to speak, like spoken steps and capers and twirls; and, tripping it as it were upon the tongue, the Right Reverend orator at times appeared to throw himself, after a fashion, into the attitudes, and to affect the graces of a *danseuse*. All this was very pretty—a remark, however, which will perhaps be deemed hardly applicable to the following passage relative to the Italian Liberator:—

"GARIBALDI is a Liberal. In an allocution to the students of Paris he said, 'My friends, my children' (for he assumes at times a paternal tone, he administers the sacrament of baptism in the name of the Fatherland), 'my friends, my children, the sacerdotal vampire must be extirpated; the heads of the priests must be smashed against the street pavement.'"

These words are copied from the *Tablet*. No doubt, then, they are those of BISHOP DUPANLOUP. Are they also the words of truth? Is it a fact that GARIBALDI ever told anybody that the heads of the priests must be smashed against the stone pavement? Not long ago the journals reported him, in answer to some popular shout of "Death to the Priests!" to have cried "Death to no man." Doubtless the BISHOP OF ORLEANS believes the story which he relates to GARIBALDI's prejudice, because he has heard it. With the generality of his school, he is perhaps rather apt to believe what he is told; may be a little over-inclined to credulity—on the right side, as he thinks it, and against the wrong. But let M. DUPANLOUP ponder one consideration which, at least, would surely have withheld GARIBALDI from saying that the heads of the priests must be smashed against the street pavement. If that were done, GARIBALDI, with his ideas of the priesthood, must think that the pavement would get the worst of it.

A RITUALISTIC KING.—EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

A SHAKSPEARIAN SENSATION.

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies:
Whether this statement harsh, this phrase uncouth,
Be gentle SHAKSPEARE's, or but forgeries,
I cannot say,—not, were I to be hung.

But they are given as his, so let that rest;

And be congratulating chorus sung

Unto CHARLES EDMONDS, who has been so blest
As to discern, in ancient chamber flung,

A second copy of the poem old,
Neglected tomes of priceless worth among:

The *Passionate Pilgrim*. 'Tis not to be sold,
But, SHAKSPEARE's lovers, come along with me
To WILLIS's AND SOTHERON's. There it be.

EYESORE AND MYSORE.

POLITIC was the recognition of the adopted child of the RAJAH OF MYSORE. Splendid was the Durbar whereat the ceremony was performed. Blackguard were certain Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, or Welshmen (let us make the burden light by distribution among the possibles), who "drank too much, threw champagne bottles among the crowd, and bonneted every native who came in their way." If these Cads had been caught by THEODORUS, of Abyssinia, we should have been ill inclined to give their gallant comrades the trouble they are about to take. But cannot Authority mark these fellows for the least agreeable services and stations, and for deprivation of all leaves and indulgences for a protracted season. Will any Indian correspondent favour us with their names, not "necessarily" for publication?

THE FOUR FIRST COUNSELS OF THE CHURCH.—DR. TRAVERS TWISS, DR. LUSHINGTON, COLERIDGE, Q.C., BADDELET, Q.C.



END OF MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS.

WE LEFT MR. T. RUSHING ON HIS Foe WITH BLIND FURY. SUDDENLY HE HEARS A WELL-KNOWN VOICE CALLING HIM BY NAME AGAIN AND AGAIN. HE STOPS IN HIS ONSLAUGHT. A FIRM HAND SEIZES HIM BY THE WRIST—THE SABRE DROPS FROM HIS GRASP—HE OPENS HIS EYES. LO! THE Foe HAS DISAPPEARED, SO HAVE THE BOSOM FRIENDS. HE BEHOLDS A WELL-APPOINTED RAMSGATE TEA-TABLE—HE SEES PRAWNS! THE SIGHT ENCHANTS HIM. THE TWINS ARE GONE TO BED, OH HAPPY THOUGHT! TRUTH GRADUALLY DAWNS UPON HIS AGITATED MIND. HE FEELS IT IS SUNDAY EVENING; THAT HE HAS HAD AN EARLY DINNER; THAT HE HAS PARTAKEN FREELY OF THE WALNUTS AND THE WINE—NEED WE SAY ANY MORE?

THE BRAVE LITTLE MAN.

"EARL RUSSELL, being asked to receive the Irish Reform League, replied that he would do nothing of the kind."

WELL said, little Earlie; a proper remark:
Don't bother with bosh when you're out for a lark;
Snub the Pats as you snubbed the Beale-Potterish clan:
We always declared you a Brave Little Man.

We've got the Reform; why should POTTER and BEALES
Pester you, BRIGHT, or GLADSTONE to come to dull meals?
And we'll see to oul'd Erin as soon as we can;
Meantime, let 's be quiet, my Brave Little Man.

Mr. *Punch* feels it pleasant to say you addressed
To Lords and to Commons advice of the best;
You told them, quite frankly, their properest plan
Was to work the Act fairly—you Brave Little Man.

Don't think Mr. *Punch* is a snob, and ashamed
To praise where he often has righteously blamed:
His rule is the same as when first he began:
He does justice to all men, my Brave Little Man.

Your temper's not good,—that's the worst of your sins—
And you think that a Whig and an Angel are twins,
And the fuel of quarrel you're ready to fan,
As we've oftentimes told you, my Brave Little Man.

But you've conscience and pluck, and a gentleman's tone,
And you're English, our JOHN, to the very back-bone,
And when fighting's the word you don't skulk from the van,
But jump to the front like a Brave Little Man.

If bad days are coming (we'll hope they are not)
When old men, and old deeds, and old names are forgot,
His coarse epidermis our cudgel shall tan
Who dares to insult you, our Brave Little Man.

Leave your history, old friend, for THE VOLUMES to tell,
Nor MOORE nor MACAULAY have served you as well.
Come across to our office and sing *Rataplan*
With *Punch* and his party, you Brave Little Man.

BLAISE! BLAZES!

It is hardly necessary to tell Englishmen that ISAAC NEWTON did not steal any discoveries from PASCAL. You might as well say he wrote *Don Pasquale*, or the *Provincial Letters*. Nor will Germans make any mistakes on the subject. But other continentals are shamelessly ignorant about everybody but their own countrymen, and are delighted to accept any story against an Englishman. Therefore Mr. *Punch* signifies to Europe, and especially to Frenchmen, that a recent impudent attempt to deprive NEWTON of some of his glory has been proved to be based on a blundering forgery, of which only an ignorant man could be guilty. Certain Frenchmen of science know and loyally admit this, but few Frenchmen care to be either scientific or loyal where an Englishman's renown is concerned, and therefore this *avertissement* is given by Mr. *Punch*. BLAISE PASCAL was a great man, and has reputation enough. NEWTON saw an apple fall, and immediately thought of gravitation. Most Frenchmen, witnessing the same sight, would have thought of making a *beignet de pommes*.

AN APPROPRIATE TOAST IN HONOUR OF THE BISHOPS ATTENDING THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.—Many happy returns (to their Dioceses).

"MASKS AND FACES."



ASKS are all the fashion now-a-days. During the season there was the Masked Lady, who used to ride in the Bois de Boulogne. Then in the sea-side time there was the Masked Bathing Woman. Perhaps in the case of the Equestrienne the mask assumed by ANONYMA was that of respectability: the hypocritical homage of vice to virtue. Then appeared the Masked Wrestler. And then came, but lately, to Geneva, GENERAL GARIBALDI behind a mask of Peace. Here other firebrands, like the late MR. BUNN's "Hollow Hearts," wore masks, and harlequinaded to the top of their bent, but without the magic *bâton* to change the face of so-

ciety. Then appears England masked as Prosperous Security, smiling, serene; but through her eyelet holes are shot suspicious glances, and beneath the domino are hidden deadly weapons. At Lambeth a Mask Ecclesiastical, with painted eyes and mouth; the clergy behind being unwilling to see, and fearful of speaking. There are official masks at Whitehall more amusing than those of olden time when Rare BEN catered for royalty. There is a Rare "BEN" now, who knows much about Masks, having worn many in his time, and his name is not JONSON. Daily Gambling wears the Mask of Business in the City, and Turf Speculations the Mask of Honest English Straightforwardness. So on to the end of the masque, which must finish with a transformation scene of stern Reality.

O ANNIE, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

AIR—"O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"

O ANNIE, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flirting Town;
Can clothing clubs have charms for thee,
A plain straw hat, and printed gown?
No longer dressed as thou hast been,
No lady's maid to do thy hair—
Say, canst thou quit each festive scene,
And Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square?

O ANNIE, when a Curate's wife,
Wilt thou no better fate desire;
Say, canst thou face the village life,
Nor mind about the village mire?
Oh, canst thou dress, nor think me mean,
On five-and-twenty pounds a year,
Nor then regret each festive scene,
And all the parties of May Fair?

O ANNIE, canst thou find it sweet
Through school accounts with me to go;
Or when the Dorcas party meet,
From six to ten to sit and sew?
And if the new Harmonium comes,
Wilt thou assume the player's chair,
Nor wish for concerts and for "drums,"
And all the glories of May Fair?

And when, at last, Incumbents die,
And still no living falls to me,
Wilt thou repress the sob, the sigh,
And smile upon me over tea?
And wilt thou hand the "much-loved clay,"
Twist lights, and pour the humble beer,
Nor then regret thy wedding day,
And Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square?

A SCHISM TO BE APPROVED OF.—A Witticism.

THE BIRDS AND THE PHEASANT.

(After LONGFELLOW.)

I SHOT a partridge in the air,
It fell in turnips, "Don" knew where;
For just as it dropped, with my right
I stopped another in its flight.

I killed a pheasant in the copse,
It fell amongst the fir-tree tops;
For though a pheasant's flight is strong,
A cock, hard hit, cannot fly long.

Soon, soon afterwards, in a pie,
I found the birds in jelly lie;
And the pheasant, at a fortnight's end,
I found again in the *carte* of a friend.

LADIES' SLATES.

In popular phraseology a man's hat is sometimes called a tile, but that word seems much rather applicable to the species of head-dress which ladies now use instead of a bonnet. This really is, as to size and shape, extremely like a tile, differing from one only in colour, and in being decorated with artificial flowers, foliage, and other embellishments, in place of the house-leek, lichens, and other forms of vegetation which commonly garnish a roof-tile in position. The fashionable covering of ladies' heads may also be said to resemble a slate; but it differs from both a slate and a tile in the disadvantage of not standing the weather, being spoiled by a very few drops of rain, to the sorrow of the husband or father who has to replace it at considerable expense, if not much to the grief of the wearer who gets a new coiffure. Regarding this thing, in connection with monstrous chignons, under the name of a slate, one cannot help observing that many girls appear to have a slate loose in the upper storey.

Fetters for Fenian Prisoners.

It is not very wonderful that the Fenian prisoners, rescued from custody at Manchester got clean off. The police had put handcuffs on their wrists to prevent their running away. As for the Fenians they were Irish-Americans—but the police appear to have been pure Irish.

WORK FOR THE CHURCH.

DID the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER attend the Meetings of the Synod, and had he anything to say about the heathen in his diocese? While such savages exist here as the brickmakers and sawgrinders, there is plenty of work for prelates in this civilised Christian country. If they desire to send out missions to do good to mankind, they need not send so far as Owyhee and Ojibbeway. Parsons often talk of "doing duty" in a parish, but is reading the Church Service all the duty they should do there? If the Clergymen of England really did their duty, could the "Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited)" exist, where, as THOMAS CARLYLE said recently, "the market rates of murder" are quoted with impunity? We have little wish to see our parsons turn policemen, but if they knew how to preach to, and to visit, their parishioners, we can hardly think that murder-clubs could flourish undetected. Instead of wasting precious time in prating of church millinery, and wasting precious money in futile foreign missions to preach to pious niggers and to christianise pet Jews, let our clergy make our countrymen as christian as they can, and nobody will grudge them the money it may cost.

Not According to Cocker.

ACCORDING to a recent telegram from Pesth:—

"A General Meeting of the Evangelical Delegates took place to-day, in which a reconciliation was effected between the different religious fractions."

There is something not readily grasped by the understanding in the idea of religious fractions—if any such idea can be said to exist. Are the religious fractions vulgar fractions or decimals, or some decimal and some vulgar: and do the latter constitute a Low Church?

Silence.

THERE is a nobody, mistaking himself for a somebody, who writes a trashy article once a week (thank goodness, only once a week!) in the *Morning Star*, and signs himself *Censor*. Better change it to *Non-sense-sir*, and have done with it.

AN UNFASHIONABLE WEDDING.—Our Carpenter, young SAWYER, is about to marry ROSE WOOD, the Cabinet-maker's daughter in the adjoining street. Indeed they have already been "axed" in Church. This will be a Trades' Union perfectly unobjectionable.



THE ORDER OF THE DAY; OR, UNIONS AND FENIANS.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

THE coachman not having clearly understood the address, I have to lean through the front window and say, with authority, "29, Bingham Street." In a second GRIGG's head is out of the other window (he explains subsequently, that "he never loses an opportunity for fun"), and he is telling the driver not to believe me, as I am only joking. I protest I am serious. GRIGG, with his head through the window, says to the man, confidentially, "he" (meaning me) "isn't quite right here" (touching his own head). "He's not dangerous," he adds; and assures the coachman that he needn't be frightened. The coachman, not being used to my Funny Friend's waggeries, pulls up, and wants to know "where he is to drive to, that's all."

I remonstrate with GRIGG. I tell him that this sort of thing won't do. Whereupon he offers to try another style, and straightway imitates *Punch*, his head being still out of the front window. He makes strange noises in his throat (supposed to be represented by the words "Roo-ty-tooty-too"), and pretends to catch me with his umbrella round the upright bar of the window, as *Punch* comes suddenly on Mr. Merryman round the corner of the show. Only I'm anything but Mr. Merryman at present. This performance attracts a crowd of idlers. I implore him to "Don't! don't! or they'll think you're tipsy." Besides, I explain, "they're many of them connected with the Factories, and know me." This I say with the conscious dignity of a man who has a character to keep up. Seeing that I am really in earnest, my Funny Friend contents himself with making one hideous grimace at the populace, who applaud the last performance, and disappears into the back seat. The coachman takes the correct order from me, and we drive on peaceably.

I talk seriously to him. I say to him that "It doesn't do to behave like a couple of madmen." I feel I have weakened the argument by coupling myself, out of politeness, with him in his insane conduct. All he says is, "Oh, doesn't it?" I answer rather warmly, "No, it doesn't." I point out as pleasantly as possible that I shouldn't mind if I wasn't known, implying that I am as lively a young dog, and as great a practical joker as he, in any other place except Cokingham, or a factory town in my district. Not that this is my character anywhere; as I am, on the contrary, generally staid and given to scientific and theological studies; but I wanted to inspire him with higher aspirations than making noises like *Punch* and grimacing at the little boys, by showing that I too had known what it was to be frail and funny, and could, therefore, sympathise with GRIGG under temporary restraint. He interrupts me in the middle of my discourse by pretending to burst out crying, with such a boo-hooing as makes the coachman turn round to see what was the matter, whereupon my Funny Friend, who has great command of facial expression, darts forward at him as if horror-struck, and cries "Take care!!" pointing apparently to something in the road ahead of us. The coachman, under the impression that he is running over somebody, pulls the horse on to his haunches so violently as almost to pull himself off the box back into the carriage, shouting out "Now then!" to the imaginary victim. My Funny Friend roars with laughter as we drive on again. He explains the fun to me. He has a way of doing this after all his practical jokes. "Did you see," he asks, "how the fellow pulled up?" I nod with a half smile, thinking how I can best reprove him, and put a stop to this.

By the way, I wonder how long he's going to stay. Can't very well ask him, as he's only just come.

He continues, "Did you see the horse?—What fun, wasn't it?" and off he goes again in a fit of laughter.

I hit upon a method of counteracting this levity. I will improve his mind. We are driving through Cokingham, and many parts of Cokingham are quaint and old fashioned. There is a fine old market-place; an early English church; an old Elizabethan inn; a market cross; a statue of ROGER WYNKYN the celebrated Mayor of Cokingham. I point these out to GRIGG as we pass along. He is serious now, and tells me how fond of architecture he is. I am, I say, delighted to hear it, there being several fine old churches in Cokingham. He admires the market-place. I tell him that on Saturdays it is crowded. This suggests an idea to him. "What fun it would be to come out at night and grease the pavement all over, so that the people would slip about?" I pretend to enjoy this idea knowing its utter impracticability, and therefore having no fear of my Funny Friend attempting it. "Or," he says, being thus encouraged, "to put down a detonating liquid all about the place; you'd hear pop, pop, pop, all day." I laugh at this too, for the same reason as before. I regret having committed myself to appreciation of this joke, as it appears, from what he goes on to say, that it *can* be done easily. I try to put him off the notion by denying the existence of detonating liquid. He begs my pardon there; he has, he says, a bottle of it in his portmanteau. "Good gracious!" I exclaim. "I hope you won't have any

tricks with it in the house; it would frighten my Aunt to death." At this he is off again in a roar. He is delighted at the idea of my having an aunt. He shakes hands with me on the strength of it, evidently seeing a mine of fun for him in her existence. My mind misgives me. I must make him take a solemn oath not to play practical jokes on my Aunt.

By the way, I can't do that; it will look so inhospitable. Because you don't generally ask your guests not to abuse or ill-treat your relations, as a condition of their coming to stay with you. It is a difficult matter, though, where there's a Funny Friend in the case. On the whole, I'd better let the subject drop (as to my Aunt, I mean), and he may forget it. He must see her, though; I can't help that.

We pass the Cathedral. "That is a fine old place!" he exclaims. (After all, he does appreciate the Sublime and the Beautiful. The thing is, to keep him up to this mark. His first burst of animal spirits was perhaps, as I thought, merely excitement caused by our meeting.) I tell him, to interest him, of the Great Organ there, with its three hundred and sixty-five pipes—one for every day in the year. "Open at the top?" he inquires. (He is interested, and evidently knows something of music.) "Yes," I inform him, "open at the top." "And I suppose," he continues, with an evident desire for instruction, "the action of the bellows forces the air up the pipes?" That is so, I tell him. He is thoughtful for a second or so, staring out at the Cathedral, which we are now leaving on our right. "You can get in there, I suppose," he asks, "on week-days?" "Yes," I say, "we will go." He jumps at the proposition, and suggests that our visit should be on a Saturday. "Why?" I ask. "Why," he replies, "look here; it would be immense fun." I wonder what is coming. He goes on: "I'll wear a large loose coat, and take a lot of flour and peas; you engage the verger, or whatever the chap is, in conversation, and I'll go up to the organ-loft, and empty all the stuff into the pipes, and then at the first go of the bellows on Sunday, there'll be such a hailstone chorus!" We'll go on Saturday. It will be no end of fun."

I say mildly, "What nonsense!" He is annoyed at my pooh-pooing his plan, and assures me it can be done quite easily. That after this he should suggest, "What fun it would be to paint the statue of the celebrated mayor ROGER WYNKYN" did not surprise me. I tell him solemnly that WYNKYN was a great man, and that if he did it all Cokingham would be in arms. "Then," says he, "why would all Cokingham be babies?" I don't know. "Because," he returns, delighted at my not guessing it, "They'd be all in arms." Whereat (it being his own joke) he roars with laughter. When this has subsided he assures me that he won't do it, meaning that he won't paint the statue, that in fact it was only his fun, which I am very glad to hear; and, so to speak, I breathe again, and "smile as I was wont to smile before the weight of care," *et cetera*, as the poet has said.

Here we are at Bingham Street. My Aunt is at the drawing-room window. Mrs. BUZZYBY at, that of the ground floor. The Coachman, making a mistake in the number, is passing the door, which is on his left. Being seated on the right I lean out to stop him, and only withdraw my head to find my Funny Friend kissing his hand, grinning, thumping his heart, and going through other violent pantomimical expressions of passionate love for me, as he says to me in turning "adored object at the first floor window," who is, in fact, my Great Aunt. I have a grim pleasure in announcing our relationship as conveying the lesson of, "See what you've done by your tomfoolery."

"Is that your Aunt?" he asks.

"Yes, it is," I say, still grimly.

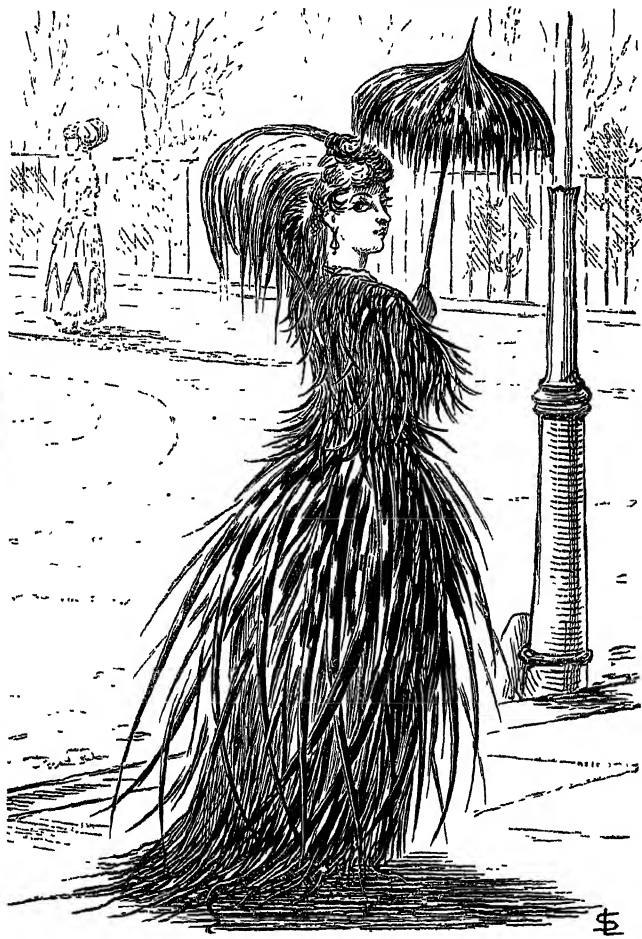
"My eye! what fun!" he cries, not a bit abashed, and looks out again to see if she has left the window. I tell him that I'm afraid she won't like it. (I say this to frighten and sober him.)

"Oh, won't she!" he says. "All women are fond of admiration; particularly," he adds, "respectful admiration like mine." I hope he doesn't call grimacing respectful admiration. He replies that he does; and says, pleasantly, that there we differ. So I have nothing more to say on the subject. Of course he has no change, and of course I have to pay the fly, which he enjoys amazingly. The coachman considers himself underpaid on account of my friend's portmanteau and hat-box, and also the stoppages, and GRIGG sides with the coachman, calling me, before him, and in the presence of Mrs. BUZZYBY, her maid, a grocer's boy with a basket, and a few neighbours at their windows, "a mean, stingy fellow."

I demur. My Aunt, probably thinking there is some accident (I find out afterwards that she was afraid that GRIGG was intoxicated, and couldn't be got into the house), calls down the staircase to know what is the matter. Before I can say a word, my Funny Friend has answered, "Nothing, ma'am; he'll be better presently," which brings my Great Aunt down, under the impression that I am taken suddenly unwell. I overpay the man, and we enter the house, but not before GRIGG has pounced fiercely on the grocer's boy, and bowed politely, taking off his hat several times, to the people at the neighbouring windows, announcing that "the show is over for the present; but that, with their kind permission, we will commence again in a quarter of an hour:" after which he hopes Mrs. BUZZYBY (not knowing her name),

is quite well, asks kindly after her family (for which she simply thanks him), hangs his hat up on a peg, and announces himself on the dining-room door-mat as "on his native heath, and his name MACGREGOR," which my Aunt, overhearing, takes for a true statement, and wants to know "if Mr. MACGREGOR won't come in, and sit down." Which he does accordingly; is introduced in his own style and title to my Great Aunt (who is now considerably puzzled between GRIGG and MACGREGOR, having a muddled memory for names), and thus at last my Funny Friend has arrived at our house at home.

By the way. It suddenly strikes me that I might have avoided all this scene by telling the coachman to drive to the New Inn in the next street, where my Funny Friend's bedroom is. Send him over there as soon as possible.



"COMING TO THE POINT."

THE NEXT SWEET THING À LA PORCUPINE.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S LAST.

Isn't it in *John Bull*—we mean the play—the paper is much too orthodox to be charitable—that some such noble sentiment as this occurs? "When affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who would find fault with the style." Reading PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S last speech, on occasion of an interesting ceremony in memory of the Battle of Antietam, *Punch* thought of the dramatist's words. Here are the President's:—

"Would to God we of the living could imitate their example as they lay sleeping in their tombs, and live together in friendship and peace. (*Applause.*)"

PRESIDENT JOHNSON is not an Irishman, but the Fenians must have been pleased with so very Irish a wish. Which thing said—for what were life without laughter?—*Mr. Punch* signifies his hearty approbation of what MR. JOHNSON meant to say.

"PHYSICKING PAYNE": "*The Softy*" and *the Hardy*.—MR. DEPUTY-ASSISTANT JUDGE PAYNE and the HOME SECRETARY.

FRIZZLE AND FIZZLE.

If there is one thing in the world that is more to be respected than another, it is impartiality. There is a controversy just now raging (we need hardly remind readers that this is October) over a book called *Circe*, which a person called MR. BABINGTON WHITE, if there be such a person, and if there be not, which somebody else has "founded on" a play by M. OCTAVE FEUILLET, called *Dalila*.

"See what I've founded!" cries the Clown in the Pantomime, when he has annexed a trifle—but we don't know what put that exclamation into our head.

Our neighbour the *Star* has taken up the cudgels against the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Yes, certainly against the *P. M. G.* That is a fact. But on which side of the debate, and whether the *Star* is on the side of the adapter or not, we can hardly say. For, with a singular spirit of fair play, the *Star* puts in one column *this*, and in the next column but one, *that*.

"Those who read the book as a translation will, nevertheless, find it a very cleverly managed, well written story."

"The storm has had one good effect. It has drawn from the *Saturday Review* a strong attack on the critics who have so loosely praised the book, which is so vicious that it owes its safety to it guilness."

Now, both of these utterances are official. The article in which the first appears is certainly of the class which should have "communicated," if not "advertisement" at the top, but it purports to be editorial, and the second extract is from some maunders by a silly and vulgar person, who has succeeded to the *Plâneur*, and gives mud pies instead of trifle. But in criticism, as at *vingt-et-un*, we suppose it is lawful to set on two cards.

A GOOD JOB FOR GARIBALDI.

BRAVE simple GARIBALDI, reseek your island home;
Accept the situation, and keep away from Rome.
You might have put your foot in the hole you did before,
Another Aspromonte—and made the *Neri* roar.

You might have gone to Rome, and obliged the POPE to flee
Again with knot on shoulder, and plush above the knee;
And thus have brought the French back, and had yourself to run
From overwhelming numbers; your work once more undone.

Maybe you hoped that BISMARCK would keep NAPOLEON still.
But what if Austria's eagle had interposed its bill?
Why, then you would have kicked up a European row,
And given to the Popedom a chance it has not now.

Let poor old PRO NONO possess his throne in peace.
Of temporal dominion for life he holds a lease.
The years it has to run yet at most can be but few.
That lease no bond obliges the Romans to renew.

Say what you like, this Pope does, in fact, their King's place fill,
But who shall make the next one their King against their will?
The Cardinals no right have another head to crown;
Must cut the Triple Hat to a simple mitre down.

Then wait, friend GARIBALDI, till Peter has to ope
The portal which he sits by to let in PRUS, POPE.
The next of the successors to what they call his chair
Must sit, plain man as he sat, if ever he sat, there.

BLESS THE MALE LINE (LIMITED).

No peacemaker like your gold piece. "Hanover has accepted a financial arrangement with Prussia." As with a man, so with a nation. Knock him down, and he will rage, but a wise magistrate allows you to speak to him out of court, and he comes in swearing that he loves you better than his father. KING WILLIAM has floored KING GEORGE, but they have had a chat, and the jingling of the guinea heals the wound that honour—or Hanover—feels. We congratulate both parties, but we congratulate England, ten hundred times more heartily, on the antique arrangements which prevented the two millions of Hanoverians (most respectable people, and the capital charming, we are sure) from being fellow-subjects of a lady descendant of HENRY THE BLACK. We should have been bothered with "financial arrangements" intimately connected with a doubled Income imposition. It may be inglorious, but we prefer Pax to Tax.

Latest from Pan-Anglia.

It was said that one of the Colonial Bishops wore so much scent (which he defended as symbolising "mission") that he was immediately named the Eau-de-Cologne-ial Bishop.



"FOR BETTER FOR WORSE."

OUR FRIEND BAGNIDGE (HASN'T A RAP) HAS JUST MARRIED THE WIDOW (RICH) OF OLD HARLESDEN THE STOCKBROKER.

Mrs. B. (Retiring). "SHALL I SEND MY POPPET HER SLIPPERS?"

Mr. B. "N-N-N-N-O—NOT AT PRESENT, THANKS!" (Sotto voce to his guest when the door was closed.) "NOT SO FOND OF HAVING THE MUZZLES ON MY FEET AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, YOU KNOW, BARNEY!!"

A SWEET THING IN PLAYBILLS.

PERSONS who are fond of going to the play, and also chance to have a sweet tooth in their heads, will doubtless rejoice greatly to hear of this invention:—

"An American has invented a tasteful playbill for the French theatre. The programme and names of artists are printed upon an agreeable paste by means of juice of chocolate, so that the programme can be eaten."

We have often heard of people eating their own words, but we never should have dreamt of their swallowing their playbills. A playbill, as a rule, is a sadly sticky article; but, as a mere matter of taste, we should prefer to soil our fingers with something nice to suck than with nasty printer's ink, with which they get besmeared when handling a playbill. Perhaps the notion may be used in other forms of literature, and food for mind and mouth may be agreeably united. Ladies who are fond of devouring a novel, might delight still more to do so, were it printed upon chocolate. How much, too, might some writers be saved in reputation, if their works were eaten up as soon as they were written! HORACE called his Odes a monument more durable than brass; but there are many poets nowadays, whose works will hardly be more durable than sugar-plums. If their "fugitive pieces" were but printed upon chocolate, they would be certainly more pleasant to get through than on paper. Even TUPPER might be toothsome, if imprinted upon bonbons, and one would relish the sweet things that POET CLOSE has written, if they were sugared o'er by the art of the confectioner.

À-LA-MODE.

WHAT perils Ladies will encounter to be in the fashion! They are generally supposed to show timidity in the presence of wild cattle, but they would rather face a mad bull than not have their dresses gored.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.—The worst Geneva.

GROWLS FROM GUILDHALL.

LONDON citizens maintain their historical character for turbulence. They now clamour for the right of exercising one of the QUEEN's prerogatives. They propose to exercise it with a certain indirectness, just as the QUEEN does in the case of bishops—the Crown selects a man, and "recommends" him to the Dean and Chapter for elevation. The City rages because a Prime Minister will not invariably make a baronet of a Lord Mayor whose reign has been marked by an interesting event. LORD PALMERSTON—whose wisdom is missed every day—justly thought that such a precedent would amount to telling the City to choose baronets, and he remembered that there had been fights for the Chair when certain incidents were expected. The Fountain of Honour is not to be removed to Guildhall. Nevertheless, *Punch* is very well pleased that his friend LORD MAYOR GABRIEL has been rewarded—*Punch* was very well pleased that his friend LORD MAYOR PHILLIPS was rewarded, and *Punch* hopes that an opportunity may be given to his friend LORD MAYOR ALLEN to deserve a reward.

"Let modest ALLEN, with no kind of shame,
Do good in heaps, nor blush to find it fame."

But, citizen as he is, *Mr. Punch* can sanction no onslaught upon the Royal Rights.

Epigram by a Moosoo.

SIR NEWTON, do you see? was one great rascal—
Ze gravitation was ze fruit of PASCAL.
NEWTON an apple for his own advance
What he, out of one orchard, steal from France.

A COMMON REMARK.—Nobody expected pancakes from the Pan-Anglican Synod—but they seem to have frittered away their time.

AN IRREGULAR HARVEST ODE.

STROPHE.

THE Harvest is over,
 From Dantzic to Dover,
 The Harvest is ended,
 And not very splendid;
 But still all ye rural and rustical peoples
 Rouse the ringers to ring Triple Bobs in the steeples,
 Not omitting the towers;
 For sunshine and showers
 Have brought you again to the end of your labours,
 You, and your hard-working classes, and neighbours,
 So drink and be merry
 With ale and with sherry,
 Or anything handy,
 Scotch whiskey or brandy,
 But all things in order
 On both sides the Border,
 For each of us knows by experiment
 'Tis well to be careful in merriment.

ANTISTROPHE.

Wheat, and barley, and rye,
 On earth, and Ayr, and Skye,
 Wherever the corn-crakes cry,
 Wherever the partridges lie,
 Sown and mown and cocked,
 Sheaved and stooked and shocked;
 Reaped, and winnowed, and screened,
 Ground and thrashed and gleaned;
 Ricked and stacked up high,
 For the dusty miller to try,
 And the Newark maltster to dry,
 And all to eat and to drink by-and-by.
 Oats, and beans, and peas,
 From Thames, and Trent, and Tees,
 And all the farms within the seas,
 Scotia's Lochs to the House of Keys.
 "Golden, golden grain,"
 From hill and valley and plain,
 And all the wide champagne,
 Browned by sun and "lodged" by rain,
 With here a speck and there a stain,
 By many a maid and many a swain
 Piled in cart, and waggon, and wain,
 Crushing through thicket and spinney and lane,
 To the great farm-yard with the creaking vane.
 Golden, golden grain,
 All to be gold again,
 When the farmer takes the passenger train,
 Or drives his mare with an easy rein,
 Or trots on his cob to the market town,
 And stands in the crowd in front of the "Crown,"
 And shows his samples, white and red,
 To the miller who grinds the County bread;
 And barley bright,
 A beerful sight,
 To the maltster who covers his malting floors
 With the crops that waved on heaths and moors,
 And rustled and rolled,
 A sea of gold,
 On Weald and Wold,
 On Wold and Weald,
 On fen and field,
 An average yield—
 But if it is under,
 This line is a blunder,
 And must be repealed.

GREAT ANTISTROPHE.

Corn in sacks,
 Corn in stacks,
 Corn on staggering peasantry's backs;
 Corn in docks,
 Corn in stocks,
 Corn in barges passing through locks.
 Corn from the north, corn from the south,
 In spite of rain, and rust, and drouth,
 Corn for everybody's mouth;
 Corn from the east, corn from the west,
 Corn from Bremen and corn from Brest,
 From Riga, Russia, and Trieste;

With corn from every corner of earth,
 From Pau to Pesth, from Prague to Perth,
 Let us hope we are safe from dearth.

Come then and liquor up
 Hundred and wapentake;
 Old age shall flicker up,
 Strangers shall stop and take
 In the guest-chamber,
 Thirsty and sober,
 Lucent and amber
 Cups of October;
 Drinking in house and hall,
 Drinking to one and all,
 Jolly with supper,
 Good luck and benison—
 Rhyme not in TENNYSON,
 But maybe in TUPPER.

GRAND CHORALE.

So come, so come,
 To the Harvest home;
 Come, if you like,
 With fife and drum,—
 There's a Volunteer band
 Always at hand,
 And flags and banners
 In most of the manors—
 But all of you come
 To the Harvest home,
 And shout and sing
 Till the rafters ring,
 And cheer for the sake of the corn in;
 And dance all night,
 (But don't get tight)
 And home by the train in the morning.
 Then ho! for the great mill-wheel,
 And the eels that lie on the bottom,
 And ho! for the fisherman filling his creel,
Id est, when he has got 'em;
 And heigh! for the whirling birds in stubble,
 And ho! for the hare that must die or double,
 And hey! for the day,
 Not far away,
 When the foxes find themselves in trouble.

ASSISTANT AND FINAL CHORALE.

By great barn-doors,
 By granary floors,
 By teams with bells and ribbons;
 Ye prices all,
 Decline and Fall,
 And leave us not to GIBBON'S!
 By cereal fruits,
 By bulbous roots,
 By your last gathered load;
 Rehearse, O friends,
 When supper ends,
 This most irregular Ode!

PRETTY WORDS FOR PENNY READERS.

THE art of calling a spade a spade is not much cultivated seemingly by writers in cheap newspapers. Here, for instance, is a passage from a leader upon pheasant shooting from a contemporary:—

"A pheasant, a goodly, and a beautiful sight it is to see the spangled exotic of our woods come crashing down into the hazels or the ferns, like the broken end of a rainbow, or a piece of damaged jewellery, while the echo of the shot rings through the autumn woods."

Spangled exotic! We wonder what our cook would say if we begged her to roast for us a spangled exotic. Perhaps we ought to add, that we desired it to be served with staff-of-life sauce. Still more we wonder what would be the exclamation of our gamekeeper if, when next we beat a covert, we told him that we hoped to bag ten brace at least of broken ends of rainbows! From the use of such fine language one would think some of our newspapers import their tall talk from America.

Another Episode in Insect Life.

THE lower creatures in this country appear to be making wonderful progress, to be developing rapidly. The common insects are becoming mathematicians. An advertisement of a serial work on British Moths informs us that Numbers Four to Ten contain the Geometers.



PRECOCITY.

Belle of the Juveniles. "OH, LADY CHARLOTTE, DO LET US STAY A LITTLE LONGER!"

Lady Charlotte. "BUT, MY DEAR, YOU'RE NOT SENT FOR, YET!"

Belle. "AH, BUT I MEAN WHEN WE ARE SENT FOR!"

CHINESE ANCIENT CONCERTS.

IN the Great Exhibition at Paris there is something which should interest the Anthropological Society. That is an orchestra in the Chinese department, which plays national airs. The music of the Celestial Empire can hardly be called heavenly; on the contrary, in the opinion of competent judges, it precisely resembles that of a master principally celebrated for his composition of *L'Orphée aux Enfers*. Of the observation of those critics the *Post* says:—

"It amounts to this, that the description of light melodies, so characteristic and so much appreciated in our times in the West, under the name of OFFENBACH, would appear to have delighted Chinese ears some twenty centuries at least before the inauguration of the Parisian bouffes. In order to be convinced of this it is sufficient to take a seat in the Chinese garden of the Exhibition, where an orchestra daily performs, partly on Chinese instruments, pieces of the time of CONFUCIUS, reverently preserved by the countrymen of the celebrated philosopher, and translated with scrupulous accuracy by an eminent composer, L. HÄNEL DE CROMENTHAL."

MILTON delighted in music "married to immortal verse," and married equally. The music of the Chinese Offenbach would not perhaps have been appreciated by our sublime Poet; but it has proved to be, if not immortal, at least long-lived, and is probably well-matched with the specimens of verse whereof some of the titles are under-named:—

"The Song of Tea, the Descent of the Swallow, the Pipe of Niou Va (a princess who obtained the consent of her husband to her living always as on the eve of marriage), the Dance of Feathers, all these, in fact, so completely remind us of the style of the *Orphée* and the *Belle Hélène*, that some incredulity has for a moment been felt touching the nationality of those charming compositions. It must, however, be admitted that the doubt has vanished before incontestable evidence of their origin."

The character of the Chinese compositions above specified may be supposed to be eminently exemplified by the Dance of Feathers, which ought to be very light music. But of what consequence is all this, or any of it, to the Anthropological Society? It bears on the question

A GROAN FROM BELOW.

'Twas in a large Metropolis,
Where busy folks abound,
And from somewhere came thro' the air
A sad and solemn sound.
That *never* murmured overhead,
But always *underground*.

Among the streets it seemed to sigh,
Among the crowd to moan;
It muttered in the air, and then
The drains took up the tone
As if beneath the crowded street
The dead began to groan!

Oh, wherefore comes that murmuring,
That sad and solemn sound;
That never murmurs overhead,
But always *underground*.
Some fellow's been interred alive
I'll wager you a pound!

But hark! I think I now can hear
Some human accents there.
By Jove! Ah yes! upon my word
They're speaking, I declare!
And this their cry, "Good folks above,
Come send us down some air!"

And one most sad and solemn voice
I hear, with groan profound:—
"Good men of London, if you'd keep
Your bellows clear and sound,
Just travel always up above,
And *never* underground!"

A SOBER DEMAND.

TEETOTALLERS are not very common in stage workshops, to judge by this advertisement:—

WANTED, a Sober Stage Carpenter. Apply, &c.

One might fancy that Stage Carpenters were habitually intemperate, if it be needful to advertise thus pointedly for a sober one. But surely the adjective might be omitted as redundant. A drunken Stage Carpenter never could be advertised among the "persons wanted."

of the possible degeneration of the human race. The Chinese had an Offenbach of their own, a Ting-Ting, or a Sing-Sing, or whatever he called himself, two thousand years ago. They have no such composer now. Music, then, is one particular in which they have gone down. Three, or four or five centuries ago, perhaps they had a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Cherubini, and a Weber. Before they had an Offenbach they may have had a Sebastian Bach. At this rate they have been for many ages in a gradual course of musical declension. At the same time they have most likely declined in every other respect, bodily as well as mental. Look at their features. Consider the porcine obliquity of their eyes. What if Ching-Wang be in the way of a gradual descent to Tig-Tig?

The Offenbach sort of music is very widely popular among ourselves. But there is a public and a public. There is a public insensible to any music but that which is congenial to gaiety and animal spirits. There is another public that loves music meaning what is meant by the higher and nobler sort of poetry. We have the free and easy Music Halls; but we have also Exeter Hall and the Operas. The capacity of the British Public is not universally satisfied with the levities of OFFENBACH. We may hope that our descendants will not have been gradually transformed, as though by Circe, to grunting creatures, or have sunk into long-eared animals, or anthropoid apes "with foreheads villanous low."

Dying and Die-Forging.

Two women, named COOKE and SILK, were sentenced in Dublin lately for conspiring to defraud the Royal Liver Society by a forged death certificate. Six months' imprisonment is rather an unusual consequence of a Liver complaint, but in this case a perfectly natural one.

PAINFUL TO A DEGREE.—Being plucked.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)



MY Funny Friend at once attempts to ingratiate himself with my Great Aunt by expressing his pleasure at seeing me. He says, "I am so glad to see Little BILLY again," which my Aunt doesn't quite understand, as my name isn't BILLY. "That's only my fun," he explains to her, "I always call him Little

BILLY, because his name's ADOLPHUS," and he goes on to say that in his opinion I ought to have been christened Little BILLY, a notion which my Great Aunt resents as savouring of vulgarity. He is ready for the objection with a quotation. "What's in a name?" says GRIGG, "A Thingummy by any other name would smell like a What'shisname, as the poet says." My Aunt accepts this as the saying of a Poet (she is fond of poetry), and drops the subject. Has MR. MAC GRIGG,—she is still unsteady as to his title, so I say, "MR. GRIGG, Aunt," which amendment my Aunt adopts, and resumes, addressing me—"has MR. GRIGG seen his room yet?" then turning to him, she politely expresses her regret that there was not a bed for him in our house. I think he is a little annoyed at this, though he only laughs, and says it doesn't matter. My Great Aunt then retires, after expressing, in a stately manner, a hope that she will see him at dinner, to which he replies, that he shall certainly be there. When she has gone, GRIGG exclaims, "I say, old boy, I'm so confoundedly hungry. I've scarcely had any breakfast." I tell him we're going to lunch at once. "One!" he cries, and says he can't wait till then, it being now only half-past ten. I don't wish to be inhospitable, but I don't like to give MRS. BUZZYBY so much trouble. He wants to know who MRS. BUZZYBY is? I explain. Upon which he says, with great contempt, "Hang MRS. BUZZYBY!" He laughs at me for being, as he says, afraid of a Landlady. I am a little annoyed at this. I tell him I am not afraid, but only I do not like giving more trouble than I can help. "Well," he objects, "but you can't help this. Here, let's ring and have her in. I'll touch her feelings." Before I can say a word he has rung savagely. I say to him, "Don't ring like that." Whereupon he asks me, if I'd like him to ring like this, and does it again in a different fashion. After this he wants to know if I'll have any more, and announces his last ring as "This style two-and-six, in three lessons." On my begging him to be quieter, he puts his finger to his lips, and says, in a whisper, "Hush! they come!" and hides behind the arm-chair, expressing his intention of saying "Boh!" to MRS. BUZZYBY when she enters. They don't come, however, as MRS. BUZZYBY is up-stairs at the top of the house making the beds. The little waiting-maid, hearing the peremptory summons (I always give one gentle, quiet, pull, and then only when I know MRS. BUZZYBY is not otherwise engaged), rushes up-stairs, tumbling on the first landing in her excitement, and bringing out my Aunt, who imagines nothing less than fire, to fetch MRS. BUZZYBY.

While I am considering the best manner of addressing my Landlady when she appears, GRIGG is busy with pen, ink, and paper. At all events, thank goodness, he is quiet. MRS. BUZZYBY is some time coming down: I hear her smoothing herself in the passage. GRIGG hears it, too, and getting on a chair, seats himself cross-legged, pulls a hideous face, and places in front of him a sheet of foolscap, on which he has just been inscribing the words, "I AM STARVING!" As I begin remonstrating, MRS. BUZZYBY enters, and sees the figure before her. She is puzzled. He begins working his head and tongue like a Mandarin, and she is frightened, upon which he stops, and coming off the chair, observes, that "there is no deception, no spring, no mechanism," and hopes the explanation is satisfactory. (GRIGG says, afterwards, that it requires education to appreciate humour; by which, in a general way, he means his humour, and consequently assumes MRS. BUZZYBY to be a person of neglected education.) I explain (as it still needs explanation) that my friend is hungry; sorry to trouble her, but would she mind just bringing in some bread-and-butter—"a sandwich," GRIGG suggests, winking at MRS. BUZZYBY, confidentially)—yes, in fact, a sandwich? She needn't lay the cloth, I add, in order to show her that this is not my doing, but GRIGG's.

She replies, that "she can," as if she couldn't; and says "she will,"

as if she wouldn't. However, she does. The interval is passed by my Funny Friend at the window, attracting the attention of the passers, by tapping the glass sharply, and then suddenly disappearing, leaving me looking quietly out as the object of suspicion. I tell him that, as some one might be going by who knows me, he really mustn't go on like this. He says he won't. Refreshment. During this, he becomes interested in my account of the Factories. I inform him that I am the Chief Inspector here. Whereupon he wants to know why I don't wear a cocked hat and a sword? I smile at this conceit, to humour him.

I tell him, more with a view to impressing him with the weight of my position in Cokingham, than because of the necessity of keeping the appointment, that I am obliged at twelve o'clock to inspect a Factory. While I am there, perhaps he'd like to stroll about the town, or go to his inn. A bright idea occurs to him, "Can't he go with me?" He should so much like to inspect a Factory with me." I reply, that I don't think it will interest him; to which he returns, gravely, that there's nothing would please him more. He talks at once about cotton, iron, lace, gives me an account of a visit he paid to Honiton, and how he has arranged to go over the iron-foundries in the North. I see he can be serious when he likes, and is really very well informed.

By the way it strikes me that when he sees the deference paid me by the Masters and the Hands he will give up his tomfoolery.

We start. Passing a shop where a man is inside cleaning the windows he stops and says, "Look here, here's some fun," and immediately pretends to be cleaning the outside, imitating the man's movements. The shopkeeper pauses in his work, and then vaguely threatens him. I implore him to come away. I say if he goes on like this we must walk separately, whereupon he drops behind and follows me like a servant. I have to get some postage stamps: he comes in with me, and before I've got my letters out of my pocket he is introducing me to the Post Office clerk. "MR. JULIUS FITZGIBBON," a name he invents for the official, "my friend," alluding to me, "The ARCHBISHOP of MESOPOTAMIA." The Clerk, a quiet business-like man, doesn't know what to say, not realising himself as FITZGIBBON. I pool-pooch my Funny Friend, and say what I've come for. This, says GRIGG, reminds him that he wants something. He first inquires, "if he's got some nice fine fresh stamps in this morning?" And on the clerk not being ready with a reply, he supposes "that they're not in season, and won't trouble him." He is just going, but returns to ask "if a letter sent to Wishy-washy-warshy-shure (or words equally unintelligible) will get there to-morrow by ten o'clock?" The clerk thinking he hasn't caught the name of the place exactly, inquires "Where, sir?" and gives him his whole attention. He repeats his gibberish, and pretends to be annoyed when the Clerk suggests "Worcestershire?" I won't wait for him any longer, and as he leaves he threatens to complain to the Post Office authorities for placing a man there who doesn't know where Wishy-worshy-warshy-shure is. I tell him that I will not come out with him again, whereupon he takes my arm and says it's all right, no more humbug now.

Walking down the High Street, where really every one knows who I am, he pretends to be unable to keep step with me. First he takes long strides, then he trots, then he takes two steps with his left, then three with his right. It suddenly occurs to him "What fun it must be in Holland on the canals," and immediately imitates skating, humming the music from *Le Prophète*. I stop and refuse to go any farther with him if he doesn't behave respectably. He promises, and claps me on the back assuringly.

By the way I forgot to mention this habit of his. He is perpetually hitting me on the back.

We walk on for some time quietly, and we talk of manufactures, and the wealth and power of England. He keeps on interrupting me to ask if all those nicely dressed girls are Factory girls, and wants to know if we shall see lots of them where we're going. I tell him that some of these he meets are in the finishing business, and are admirably conducted, and most respectable. I add this emphatically, as on turning sharply I catch him smiling, nodding, and telegraphing to some young women belonging to the very place we're going to visit. I say to him honestly, that if this sort of thing goes on I shall utterly lose my character, and not be allowed to enter any Factory at all; in fact, that I shall be forced to leave Cokingham. His only reply to this is, to call me a Don Juan, and playfully threaten to "tell my Aunt."

About this time, on my turning round that is, I become aware of a sustained giggling and tittering behind us. I can't help noticing that several boys, girls, and young men seem to be forming a sort of procession in our rear.

Attributing this to some grimacing of my Funny Friend, I again beg him to consider that I have a character to keep up. He says he's trying to keep it up as well as he can, and offers to walk before me—and does so. The tail still dogs me until at last I can stand it no longer, and appeal to the first Policeman, saying that this sort of thing oughtn't to be allowed, and that if I find out these boys' and lads' employers I shall make examples of them. The Policeman tells them to "be off"—they withdraw themselves to various short distances, still

jeering. My Funny Friend is very energetic in scattering them. I don't understand why the Policeman smiles, and evidently about to speak, suddenly stops himself, at, as I fancy, a wink from GARG, over my shoulder. He, GARG, tells me not to turn, as my "collar is up," which he is feigning to arrange. Suspecting him of some nonsense, I step out suddenly, and there fall on the pavement, several little comic-coloured heads about the size of stamps, with gum on the back. Not in the least abashed (he never is) he shows me how he sticks them on, by patting anybody on the shoulder while talking—he has a pocket full of them. A light breaks in on me. "Have I been walking about with these on my back?" I ask. "Yes," he says, roaring with laughter, in which the Policeman, at a short distance, joins, "only down High Street. The first one wouldn't stick; the people were all in fits," he adds in intense enjoyment of the joke.

"Are they all off, now?" I demand, sternly.

"Oh, yes," he replies, "they're all off *now*; won't hurt your coat a bit." I tell him it is not my coat, but my character, that he injures. And now, being at the door of the Factory, I will *not* take him unless he gives me his word to be quiet. He pretends to be very much hurt by my distrust, makes a great show of crying, and sobs out like a child. "Please—Sir—I (*sob*) won't (*sob*) do it again!" (*sob, sob, sob*), and attracts the attention of the Foreman, who is coming down the yard.

He holds me a minute. "Here's some fun," he says. I ask what it is. He replies, "Look here: if you'll call me 'My Lord' all over the Factory, I promise to be quite quiet and serious." As this is a very harmless jest, and one which really won't sound badly with these manufacturing people, I agree. Anything to keep him quiet. He immediately becomes very upright, buttons his coat, allowing a little of his handkerchief to ooze out, as it were, from his breast pocket underneath [this is *his* idea of a Lord], and poses himself in the attitude of what he calls, "Portrait of a Gentleman."

The Foreman is ready to take us in. "This way, my Lord," I say to him, according to agreement. The Foreman *is* impressed.

He frowns upon me, and answers in a deep tone, "Proceed, Mr. Inspector. I trust that I may have to give the Government a satisfactory account of your conduct." I smile, to show him I appreciate the joke. He resumes, severely, "Do not smile, Sir! this is no time for levity." He repulses me, on my attempt to expostulate with him about "not carrying the joke too far," and adds distinctly and more severely than before, "No, Mr. Inspector, I will have no *ex parte* statements. Any dereliction of your duty I shall be compelled to report to the Government."

The Foreman hears this, and so do several of the Factory officials. They eye one another as we enter, and I begin to regret my compact with my Funny Friend.

A SONG OF THE SYNOD.

"Great virtue in an if,"
TOCCSTONE.

THE Pan-Anglican Synod has met;
The Pan-Anglican Synod has parted:
Lambeth's board has for forty been set:
Hosts of clerical hares have been started.
Colonial mitres and Yankee
Have wagged PRIMATE LONGLEY's beside,
And earned a most unctuous "thank-ee,"
From the Bench with whose call they've complied.

Its stout northern pillars withdrawn,
(York don't like to play second fiddle),
Our Bench, on the broad of its lawn
Might have come down, split up in the middle.
But thanks to rough-hewn Yankee props,
And supports from Colonial quarters,
It has staved off undignified drops—
Said its say, and kept out the reporters.

But though access to short-hand's refused,
Except for the "authorised version,"
Some whisperings out-doors have oozed,
Of collision and counter-assertion.
How Bishops through trouble and tiff,
Having found out what "being at sea" meant,
Have learnt the great virtue of "if,"
As a means of securing agreement.

Thus since they'd to settle Natal,
And Natal isn't easy to settle,
Since COLENSO St. Davids might call.
Very much what the pot called the kettle.
They adopt Convocation's decree,
Against that misleader of Zooloos—
On an "if" it all hinges, d'ye see,
And so saves from owning a screw loose.

So methinks *Mr. Punch* can't do better

Than follow the Synod's example,
And put forth *his* encyclical letter—
The materials for it are ample.
Giving reasons—with "ifs" duly packed—
Why for JOHN BULL and all his relations,
The Synod's the greatest of facts,
And most vital of organisations.

If the Bishops were all of one mind;
If the Bishops' one mind were the right one;
If black Church or white we could find;
If each Church weren't a black *and* a white one;
If of clerics the Church were composed;
If the laity hadn't a say in't;
If all truth in one volume were closed;
If only the Priest knew his way in't:

If Capetown were certainly right;
If COLENSO were proveably wrong;
If SAM OXON's soft-sawder held tight;
If DENISON's logic were strong;
If Rational question were sin;
If Ritual roads were salvation;
If Priestcraft had nothing to win,
If the Pulpit supplied inspiration:

If with Heathen we were not o'er-run;
If missions weren't needed at home;
If the Church and the School were at one;
If the worst of our dangers were Rome;
If Science through Church specs would read;
If Greed would to preaching give ear;
If the poor found the Church fit their need;
If the wealthy the devil would fear:

If curates were decently paid;
If paupers in germ had good schooling;
If polemical hates were allayed;
If sense restrained clerical fooling;
If bishops were more like St. Paul;
If Truth to all kens were one colour;
If the beam in our eyes were more small;
If our sense of our brother's mote duller:

If all of these "ifs" could be gained,
Then to Lambeth we all might betake us,
To its mitres pay reverence unfeigned,
And all that they would let them make us.
But while these "ifs" "ifs" must remain,
Pan-Anglican Synod, excuse us—
Dead letters your letters remain,
Your resolves only serve to amuse us.

THE HANGMAN'S PRACTICAL DIRECTOR.

THE following remarks, in a letter addressed to the *Lancet* by Dr. TUKE, on the question to hang or not to hang an alleged maniac under sentence of death, deserve consideration:—

"If, after due examination, he be pronounced sane, let him undergo his deserved punishment; if insane, send him to a criminal asylum: or, if the law inexorably demands his life, let him be hung as a declared 'madman.'"

Your alternative, Dr. TUKE, is the thing to do. Hang everybody who commits murder, whether he is mad or sane. If any madmen are murderers, hang all such madmen. Never mind the motives of criminals, look only to their acts; retributive justice is sentimental bosh. You punish a convict for the crime which he has committed simply to deter others from committing the same, and to deter himself also from doing it again; or to prevent him, in case you hang him. Hang every man who has done what the law calls murder; hang him with the sole view of getting rid of him and constituting him a scarecrow. In that case hang a madman with no more scruple than you would have to hang a mad dog. This has got of late to be a fashionable preachment on the part of some public instructors. Very well. But if these counsels are to be followed, first legalise their practice. Be it enacted, then, duly and formally enacted, that everyone convicted of a crime capitalily punishable shall be hanged whether he is a madman or not. Suppose we agree that expediency shall be the object exclusively regarded in the infliction of punishment, and righteousness be set altogether aside; only, in the meanwhile, let a declaratory Act of Parliament definitely ordain that the former only shall be consulted, and that the latter shall not be considered at all in sending a man to the gallows.

DISTINGUISHED C. B.'s.—Towel and Sponge.



NEW AND INGENIOUS IDEA FOR CROQUET.

IF MEN WILL FLIRT, INSTEAD OF PAYING ATTENTION TO THE GAME, MAKE HOOPS OF THEM;

EARTHQUAKERY.

THE newspaper acquaints us with an Indian Collector who "has the honour to report the occurrence of the Shock of an Earthquake on the 3rd of July," a specimen of precise official language which we may expect to see followed by an acknowledgment of the receipt of a Hurricane on the 10th inst., or an advice of the departure of a Tornado under date of the 20th ult. Tempests duly filed, and Typhoons carefully docketed. Monsoons minuted, and Trade-winds deposited in the official Registry.

Writing of earthquakes, people who live in countries afflicted with them may possibly like to know that they are not unavoidable calamities,



THE MOST INCORRIGIBLE DELINQUENT TO BE THE MIDDLE HOOP.

at least according to a notorious Prophetic Almanack for 1868, one of the articles in which is advertised to be—"Earthquakes, and How to Prevent Them." If the writer possesses an infallible specific against these little unpleasant commotions, no doubt his practice in the Tropics will be large and lucrative; but most likely he is no great shakes—only one more of our many earthquakes, who deserves to be made to shake in his shoes for his presumption.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

OUR Doctor, who goes every Autumn to Brighton, invariably makes the same remark when he first sees the sea—the saline mixture as before.

British and Foreign Fashions.

SOME people fear, and others hope, that Romanism will go on very largely extending amongst the higher classes in this country, especially the women. Very likely it will. They always begin to adopt foreign fashions just when foreigners are leaving them off. So they now, while Continental peoples are forsaking the POPE, are very likely to assume the rags of Popery.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

It appears to have escaped the notice of the scientific that at a little town in Cambridgeshire, marked on the maps as Newmarket, the year is longer than in any other place in the world, the inhabitants now for many consecutive Autumns having had a Second October.

Bleeding the Sick Man.

A COMBINATION of French and Belgian speculators, MM. TOUCAS *et Compagnie*, have obtained concessions for a net of Turkish railways, for which twenty-four millions of capital have to be raised, and seven per cent. interest guaranteed by the Government. As no Turkish railway line is paying five per cent., while every Turkish railway guarantee is in arrear, this would seem to hold out for both Government and subscribers a safe prospect of loss, *en tout-cas*.

THE ROMANCE OF SURGERY.

THERE has just appeared an advertisement of a work by an eminent surgeon, under the title of "Rodent Cancer." Now does not this look like the announcement of a surgical novel?



A PAN-ANGLICAN OVERSIGHT.

ANXIOUS WIFE. "ANY HELP FOR OUR DIFFICULTIES, DEAR?"

RESIGNED HUSBAND. "O NO, LOVE. WE POOR CURATES ARE NOT EVEN MENTIONED!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



LOOKED in on *Masks and Faces* at the Adelphi, a very favourite play of mine. MR. WEBSTER (whom I heartily congratulate on his recovery) playing *Triplet* as artistically as ever he did on its first night, years ago, at, if I remember rightly, the Haymarket. Not a word need be said of MRS. MELLON's performance: in melodrama, comedy, farce, or extravaganza, *facile princeps*. Success to the house of BENJAMIN. My next visit will be when MISS HERBERT appears here in a new drama, and when I shall have a word to say of MR. BELMORE—a great success, I hear.

On my first evening from home this winter season I went to see MR. TOM ROBERTSON's Melo-comedy of *For Love*, which I sincerely trust is also for

money. That it is on a par with such of the author's pieces as have been produced at the little House near Tottenham Court Road I should be glad to say if I could; but I can't, and so I don't. It is admirably played, and no expense has been spared to produce an effect, which, however, falls short of the dramatist's ideal and of the managerial intention. I haven't time to particularise; I may just say, and say justly, that MISS CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS plays a difficult rôle most artistically; that a MR. CUMMING "creates" the Scotch sergeant; that MR. WILLIAM TELBIN is at home in the Tropics; MR. P. HALL is "Hall there" in docks, cliffs, crescents, and outward bound; and that "the ship" is by MR. LLOYD's, who I suppose has been specially engaged from the Underwriter's House in the City to write the risk for the *Syren*, and insure her for the voyage.

Perhaps, Sir, I was not in a very good temper on the occasion of my visit to the Holborn Theatre. I sat among amateur critics, who would talk, and my stall was backed by the first row of the pit, where there was a man who kept on saying, "Bravo, FINNEGAN!" throughout the piece, whatever the situation was, whether FINNEGAN had anything to do with it or not. I send you my usual sketch, and am yours sincerely.

I think if MR. ROBERTSON is making any changes, he should alter the title to "*For Love; or, don't speak to the Man at the Wheel.*"

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*The Cliffs, with a grassy path, which is sufficiently shaky to convey the idea that it is undermined beneath. View of a Fortress somewhere. SERGEANT FINNEGAN playing with a Nigger.*

Finnegan. Bedad, I've lost my buckle and my belt, gambling. I must desert. [*Deserts. Music heard without.*]

Nigger (judging by the music). It's the soldiers!

[*If it is, they march about in this part of England with fiddles playing.*]

Music gets louder and louder, showing the approach of the Soldiers. They enter, without any band at all.

Friend to Amateur Military Critic (supposed to know all about it). What regiment do they belong to?

Amateur Military Critic. Well—ah—I don't precisely know. I don't see the name on the collar. [*Is suddenly struck by a doubt as to whether it isn't Policemen who have their names and numbers on their collars.*] I don't suppose they're meant for anything particular. [*Decidedly.*] They're not Guards.

Scotch Sergeant. Hoot toot, dinna muckle. Ech, Sirs! Mairch!

[*Exeunt Soldiers, marching.*]

Enter MRS. MOUNTFLATHERAULT and MISS MABEL HARDYN down the shaky path. Audience expect a sensation from the cliff giving way, but it doesn't; and MRS. MOUNTFLATHERAULT seats herself right in the centre of the footpath, in any one's way who may happen to pass. The dialogue is then managed in strophe and antistrophe.

Miss Hardyn (to BIDDY FINNEGAN's wife). So you want to go out in the same ship?

Biddy. Och, the darlint! If MICHAEL had only, &c.

Mrs. M. (up above, with a newspaper, while the two below continue their conversation in nods and pantomime). The dear Duchess safely arrived at So-and-so Castle, and the dear Duke, &c.

Miss Hardyn. I understand you. [*Alluding to the nods.*] Then you wish, &c., &c.

Biddy. Och, the darlins! If you'd but spake for me, &c., &c.

[*Dialogue continued in nods and pantomime, as before.*]

Mrs. M. (above). LORD and LADY WASHAGAIN have left, &c., &c.

[*And so on for some considerable time.*]

Enter on the dangerous path LIEUTENANT TARNE and ENSIGN DAWLE.

Mrs. M. has to move her paper, her campstool, her book, and a vague little dog which doesn't enter into the spirit of the scene at all. Another strophical and antistrophical dialogue is now carried on, which consists of two people winking and nodding at one another, while the other two speak, and so on, one lot down, t'other come on; until the audience know as much as they want to about the matter. MR. TARNE falls in love with MISS HARDYN, the dog falls into a pit, ENSIGN DAWLE expatiates on rats, FINNEGAN is captured, and the Scene ends.

SCENE 2.—*View of a Chair outside a house. After the business of the Scene it is finally removed by a Ladies'-maid, who, appearing from nowhere in particular, is probably engaged by the inhabitants of the Crescent generally to hand chairs to any casual passer-by.*

SCENE 4.—"Outward Bound."

Person in Stalls. Isn't this from some picture?

Artistic but Vague Friend. Yes, of course, from Whatshisname's—[*tries to recollect, hits upon it happily*—KINGSLEY's, of course, "*Westward, Ho!*" it was called.

[*His Friend thinks this isn't quite right, and when he goes away remembers that "Outward Bound" was by O'NEIL.*]

ACT II.

The Barque Syren.

Nautical Critical Gentleman (to Friend, instructively). That's not a proper rig. [*Friend says, "Isn't it?"*] No; [*superciliously*] you never saw a Gunter rig with a slip fore-sail jibboom? eh?

Friend (taken aback). No; never.

[*Wonders what a Gunter rig is, and whether it has anything to do with the celebrated confectioner. After this follows a love scene, between TARNE and MISS HARDYN, which must be most pleasing to the Man at the Wheel; to whom, however, in accordance with orders, they neither of them speak.*]

Miss Hardyn (who is descending the companion to LIEUTENANT TARNE). But I shall never, never forget you.

[*Gradually disappears. The train of her dress stops on deck for a few minutes longer. LIEUTENANT TARNE watches it slowly vanishing. The last inch of the dress disappears. TARNE cries when it goes away. The Man at the Wheel is calm and undisturbed.*]

Tarne. Nothing is left for me but to be a Captain and an Adjutant when I'm forty.

Military Critic (to friend). He can't be a Captain and an Adjutant.

Friend (much impressed with Military Critic's knowledge). Can't he?

[*The ship strikes, that is, somebody in the orchestra hits a drum, which so frightens LIEUTENANT TARNE, that he has to hold on by the ropes. The draught of nine Soldiers, representing perhaps several portions of the British Army, bound for the Tropics, quell a mutiny on board. The Captain says they'll break up in five minutes.*]

Lieutenant Tarne (to the draught). I am proud of you! [*Surprise of the Soldiers.*] Fire a feu de joie.

[*They shut their eyes, and let off their guns, then tumble against one another into fixed attitudes. The ship commences sinking quietly. It "goes down" with the audience. Cheers. Curtain up again. Ship still sinking.*]

LAST ACT.—*Somewhere in the Tropics. LIEUTENANT TARNE marries MISS HARDYN, who has luckily found a first-rate Parisian Milliner on the Island, and several excellent specimens of Tropical Gentlemen and Ladies, who are assiduous in their attentions to one another, take a special interest in everything that is going on, acquiesce in all arrangements, as if the weather was too hot for any differences of opinion, and accompany the Bride and Bridegroom to Church, it is supposed; while the military contingent of nine heroes (three of whom must be ghosts, as the Sergeant informs us that "six alone escaped," and they are the same lot as before), on hearing their Lieutenant say the tag "For Love," present arms, and all ends happily.*

Episcopal Extension.

WHILST the BISHOP OF OXFORD was making judicious observations about Churchmen and Dissenters in the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, it was observed that his Lordship had got considerably broader of late. May his shadow never be less!

MORE THAN A MIRACLE.—When a Prisoner is "taken from the dock unmoved."



A LAST RESOURCE.

Cunning little Wife (whose husband persists in remaining in Town, when she is dying to go to the Sea). "I SAY, DEAR, YOU WON'T MIND HAVING YOUR BOOKS AND PAPERS AND THINGS MOVED INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM, WILL YOU? THE SWEEPS ARE COMING TO-MORROW, AND THE CARPETS HAVE TO BE TAKEN UP, AND EVERYTHING TURNED OUT FOR A FORTNIGHT!"

WHAT WE HAVE TO EXPECT.

MANY, doubtless, are the advantages of the Electric Telegraph, not the least of which is, perhaps, that all the news conveyed by it may be said to be good. This is an inestimable blessing, but we may be asked perhaps how we make it out. Very easily. There is an old proverb that teaches us that "no news is good news;" and since news that you are certain will be contradicted to-morrow is very much like no news at all, it is, *quoad hoc*, good news. We do not think that this beautiful feature of Electric Telegraphy has been insisted on before, and it would be a graceful act on the part of the different Electric Telegraph companies if they joined together to present us with a few cases of hock—(Steinberger, Marcobrunner, Dom Decany)—we are not particular, for being the first to point this out. But now to business.

My very old and respected friend, Mr. BULL, is just entering on a difficult, and, unless you look at it from a contractor's point of view, a very unprofitable war. This is a state of things about which we do not feel disposed to joke—don't howl that way, Toby! it can't be helped. Well, well, it is said there are stones in sermons, and good in—hold your tongue, Sir, and lie down!—What were we going to say? Is there a single ray of consolation piercing this muddle? Yes, there is one; but as the young lady said, it is a very little one. It is that the newspapers will be intensely interesting. They will be interesting especially to persons standing in any relationship (as, for example, heirs-at-law) to the gallant young BULLS who are now going (carrying their own blankets) to toss KING THEODORE. But they will be interesting to others also. We confess to not caring much about the heirs, whether in reversion, expectancy, or remainder, but there are other relations for whom we have more sympathy; namely, their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. It is to these, then, that we wish to offer a word of advice. Don't be bashful, ladies, you are quite welcome—advice is very cheap.

Do not be frightened at Telegrams. Do not be nervous and agitated when they come in with the rolls in the morning. We were once asked if we believed in ghosts. We answered, with dignity, "No!" We

had seen too many. We say the same of Telegrams. Telegrams and Turnip-lanterns both begin with a "T," and there are other points of resemblance. Do not be unduly elated when they describe what CROMWELL called a "crowning mercy," and do not be distressed when they tell you something *wicky wicky*. Remember that they are not intended for you, but are concocted (the sensational ones) for certain ingenious gentlemen in the City, for financial purposes. Wait till to-morrow before letting your back hair down—

"the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

We will now, on the broad principle that it is nothing when you are used to it, and, by way of hardening you, give a few of the messages you have to expect shortly. You know we are always about half a year in advance of the age. If the facts should not agree precisely with our prognostications, so much the worse for the facts. The new year will probably begin (it may be sooner, but we will not be particular to a month) with the following important latest intelligence:—

Massowah. Jan. 1, 1868. 2.30 P.M.—The expedition has at length arrived, all well, and has nearly completed the debarkation of the troops, all the European regiments and one regiment of Punjaubees having landed.

Jan. 2.—The statement that the expedition had arrived at Massowah and landed several regiments is entirely destitute of foundation. No vessels have yet appeared in sight from the look-out station.

Jan. 3.—The Telegram we published yesterday stating that no vessels had appeared off Massowah is contradicted. A later Telegram contradicts the contradiction.

Jan. 4.—Immediately on landing, GENERAL STAVELY, second in command, pushed forward at the head of a strong detachment into the interior to take up a position and establish a dépôt.

Jan. 5.—The report that GENERAL STAVELY, second in command, had advanced into the interior is totally destitute of foundation. GENERAL S. has not quitted the transport. No troops have yet marched.

Jan. 6.—There is a rumour that GENERAL STAVELY had met with serious opposition in his advance, and had been compelled, after an obstinate engagement with overwhelming numbers, to take up a position twenty miles in the rear.

Jan. 7.—The rumour that GENERAL STAVELY had met with serious opposition on his march is entirely devoid of foundation. The country was found totally uninhabited except by the Guinea worm, which proved indeed a formidable adversary, it having placed 99½ per cent. of the troops in hospital.

Jan. 8.—The report that the advanced guard had been decimated by the Guinea worm is totally destitute of foundation.

[In this connection, see letter in the *Times* from distinguished African Traveller to say that there is no Guinea worm on the east coast of Africa; followed by another letter from another distinguished African Traveller stating that the whole country swarms with them.]

Jan. 12.—A despatch has just been received from GENERAL NAPIER, commander-in-chief, conveying the gratifying intelligence that the forces under his command had come up with the enemy near Fi-fum, and after a tremendous conflict had totally defeated them, killing three hundred and sixty-five thousand men, and taking nine hundred thousand prisoners, with one thousand two hundred and forty cannon; many of large calibre.

* * * This Telegram seems to require confirmation.

Jan. 13.—The report that GENERAL NAPIER had met with and defeated the enemy is entirely destitute of foundation. Not an armed native has yet been seen.

Jan. 14.—A rumour has reached us to the effect that GENERAL NAPIER had received a check at Magdala, and had been compelled to retreat, with loss of baggage and stores.

Jan. 15.—The report that GENERAL NAPIER had received a check at Magdala is totally destitute of foundation.

Jan. 18.—By a telegram just received from the seat of war we learn that a brilliant *coup-de-main* has been performed by the advanced guard, no less than the surprise and capture of KING THEODORE's amba by a night assault. The King was killed in the *mélée*.

This news produces a great excitement in London. A meeting is called at Exeter Hall, violent speeches are made of rather a nasal character, and a large sum of money raised to prosecute the Commander-in-Chief, and all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the British army for murder.

Jan. 19.—The report that KING THEODORE had been killed is entirely destitute of foundation.

August 1, 1867.—There is a rumour that the British Government have determined to send an expedition to Abyssinia to effect the release of the captives.

August 3, 1867.—The rumour that the British Government intended sending an expedition to Abyssinia is entirely destitute of foundation.

* * * These two telegrams have been delayed in transmission, but we give them as they appear to be of as much value as others we have published lately.—Ed.

"Voilà, comme on écrit l'histoire!"

A STREET BALLAD FOR THE CITY.

'Tis of a serious burglary, no robbing a mere till,
On MR. WALKER's premises, watchmaker of Cornhill;
When taken into custody, upon the thieves were found
In cash two hundred and forty, and in notes four hundred pound.

Three thousand pounds' worth, more than that, they stole and took
away,

To prosecute them, WALKER had a thousand odd to pay.
The robbers being tried and cast, the cash which they did bone
One of the thieves acknowledged to be MR. WALKER's own.

Two hundred pounds and forty being thus entitled to,
The City WALKER asked to give him back his rightful due.
"Walker!" the City made reply, "There's fifty—all the rest
Is forfeit to the Sheriffs and the Corporation chest."

The Sheriffs they have sacked well nigh six hundred pounds of swag;
Much good it does them chiefly when folks plundered felons lag.
The burglars who robbed WALKER, penal servitude's their lot;
Possession of their booty have the jolly Sheriffs got.

A Sheriff I should like to be of famous London Town;
For if so be that in the world I ever did come down,
I'd keep a marine store-shop, with black doll outside displayed;
And should have lots of stolen goods to set me up in trade.

Which Is It?

A NOVEL in a new monthly Magazine is advertised under the title of *All for Creed*. Is this a misprint, or is the fiction the production of a High Church pen?

LESSONS BY JUDGE LUSH.

It would be with the greatest pain that we should announce that three men were flogged the other day at Leeds, but for the fact that they were a triplet of brutal ruffians convicted of garotting. That fact substitutes for pain satisfaction, if not pleasure. If any rascals, having stolen *Punch*, happen to read him, it may profit them to know that HENRY CAMPBELL, aged 31, hawker; SAMUEL HIRST, 26, mechanic; and WILLIAM CASEY, 17, labourer, received the reward of cruelty in their sensitive skins, on Wednesday last week, at Leeds Gaol. The spectacle was instructive. Every savage ought to have seen it. The advantage of witnessing it was, indeed, conferred on, though confined to, a select party of blackguards. "The flogging," says a report of that operation, "took place in the presence of the governor, the surgeon, and other officials, besides whom a few prisoners who had been refractory." From refractory they have probably become submissive, for what they saw was calculated to effect that alteration in their demeanour:—

"Each of the victims received twenty-four lashes on the bare back, the use of the whip being intrusted to two stalwart warders of the gaol who have had some experience in such duties. * * * The muscular operators with the 'cat' played its manifold thongs with a merciless good will. The first culprit who was brought out and bound hopelessly with outstretched limbs to the 'scratch' was HIRST; then CASEY, who groaned and struggled desperately, trying to release himself from the ligatures; and then CAMPBELL, who is a returned convict, and had on a former occasion smarted under the knotted lash."

It may be hoped the "two stalwart warders" contrived to produce an impression on MR. CAMPBELL, which "less muscular operators" had failed to make. As for MR. CASEY:—

"When CASEY was taken into custody he remarked, 'I heard you were after me, and I was tired, so I gave myself up, and I don't care for the time if they don't warm my back.'"

MR. CASEY's back was, however, warmed, and doubtless he may been made to "care," at least. To that extent, if no further, we may conclude that MR. HIRST was also affected by the "scratch," as the reporter playfully calls it, to receive which he was bound to the triangle. The thanks of Society are due to MR. JUSTICE LUSH, who sentenced these garotters to be flogged, and also to the Leeds prison authorities, who appointed two "stalwart warders" and "muscular operators" to flog them.

An exemplary improvement, however, on flogging garotters in a gaol-yard, would be flogging them on the stage of a low theatre, where the performance is usually a representation of the criminal drama, and they might be brought on and flogged between the acts.

PRIEST AFTER PARSON;

OR, BETTERING THE INSTRUCTION.

A Bucks Parson having been triumphantly acquitted by his Local Bench of the charge of cruelty to animals, for pouring turpentine over the hind-quarters of a dog, a certain PRIEST (who is at the same time a publican, and let us add, presumably, a sinner) has (we learn from the papers) been charged with trying on the same game with a cat, and has also been acquitted—though we do not find that the Bench endorsed their acquittal by a testimonial to the humanity of the accused, as they did in the case of the Parson. What is sauce for goose is sauce for gander. When Parson is allowed to turpentine a stray dog, PRIEST could hardly be punished for applying the same mild stimulant to an encroaching cat. But PRIEST ought to insist on the same measure from the Bench as was meted by them to Parson, and may fairly complain that the Magistrates have not assured him, as they assured his predecessor Parson, that he left the Court without the slightest stain on his character for humanity.

In this case, evidence was given that the cat went mad from pain, and that its owner, unable to endure the sight of its sufferings, drowned it. This was premature, according to Turweston experience. The cat was not mad, only lively, and would soon have got over its turpentine excitement.

Mr. *Punch* would beg leave to propose a new illustration of the odious law of comparisons for the Bucks Unpaid, as follows:—

Bench	Turp-is.
Turweston Parson	Turp-ior.
Hemel-Hempstead Priest	Turp-issimus.

And would suggest, at the same time, on the authority of the Bucks Unpaid, a new rendering of the stale Latin adage, "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*,"—"Nobody need repent of using any quantity of turpentine"—on dog or cat.

It is a vulgar error to suppose it hurts. It only blisters, burns, and scarifies. When Bucks Beaks, and Bucks Priests and Parsons, are pachydermatous to satire, wrath, or ridicule, Bucks dogs and cats have no business to wince under turpentine.

WOMAN'S CRUCIAL TEST.—Cross Looks.



A BAD BARGAIN.

NO WATER!—AND AFTER HAVING RENTED A STREAM, AND TRAVELLED FIVE HUNDRED MILES, TOO!!

ENTOMOLOGICAL FINERY.

LADIES who are fond of studying the fashions will feel grateful if we call their attention to the following, which appeared the other day, among other news from Paris, in a fashionable paper:—

"As regards hats, these are of every variety of shape, from the cavalier hat with the brim coquettishly looped up on one side, to the Japanese kind—round, and with a boss in the centre, not unlike a circular shield. When made of some light-coloured straw they are usually trimmed with wreaths of flowers; when of dark straw or velvet, with feathers and gilt ornaments—not in the form of floral sprigs merely, but of yachts, rifles, horses' heads, swallows, butterflies, cockchafers, and even toads."

Everybody knows the French are fond of eating frogs, but one hardly would have dreamt that they would take to wearing toads. Sweet are the uses of prosperity; for in order to dress fashionably, people must be somewhat prosperous. "The toad, ugly and venomous," when used by way of ornament, is doubtless thought by some ladies a sweetly pretty thing.

Now that reptiles and insects are fashionable ornaments, toads and cockchafers will be followed by centipedes and cockroaches. Newts and blindworms will be used to decorate the bonnet, and daddy-long-legs will be worn entwined in the back hair. Ladies will be seen with a smile upon their lips, and, after the fashion of the Furies, with some snakes upon their brow. *Chignons à la Medusa* will be the mode with the beau monde; and instead of dropping hair-pins, as they now do so continually, young ladies will bestrew a ball-room with blackbeetles, or be heard begging their partner to look for a lost grasshopper, or to pick up the large spider just shaken from their hair.

It does not much surprise us that something besides cockchafers should be worn by way of ornament, as we find is now the fashion:—

"Hats of this description are almost invariably worn with short or long veils, the latter arranged in knots or bows; and if the wearer be young, with a bright blue or cherry-coloured '*suivrez-moi, jeune homme*' tied under the chignon."

The longer the veil the better, and the thicker too, we fancy, when ladies take to wearing toads and beetles on their heads. But the "follow-me-young-man" must be a needless bit of finery. Why, not

only the young men, but all the street-boys also would run after a girl who carried toads upon her head. Tastes differ, we all know; but one would fancy that a father who had any sense about him would give his daughters a good earwiggling if they bedecked themselves with insects. A girl who took to wearing a blackbeetle in her hat might be looked upon as having, too, a bee in her bonnet; and if she went out with a flea in her ear, she would only get what a wise papa would give her.

Good News for Erin.

"THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN was entertained last evening in the Music Hall Belfast by the Presbyterians in return for his hospitality to the General Assembly when in Dublin. The Moderator occupied the chair."

THE right man for Ireland, with its parties and factions, its fights and squabbles, is discovered at last—the Moderator. Long may the light of this "Moderator" shine in Ireland!

The Frog and the Bull.

"Mutato nomine de C—
Fabula narratur."

To grow an Ox the Frog did blow
Himself in vain to bursting full;
And Canterbury does just so,
Trying to match the Papal Bull.

A LEGACY FOR NEW BROOMS.

LORD BROUGHAM has issued what he considers his death-bed warning, to the effect that the political future of the country depends on our making a clean sweep of bribery and corruption at elections. A very pretty piece of clean-sweeping indeed, for the old broom to leave the new ones!

A JOINT UNDERTAKING.—"The London Clerks' Club (Limited)."



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

OUR ARTIST TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE UTTER PROSTRATION OF THE POOR SICK PASSENGERS, AND FILLS HIS SKETCH-BOOK.

TAKE IT EASY.

(BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.)

TAKE it easy, take it easy,
Let the Brutes do what they will;
Take it easy, take it easy,
Take it cool and easy still?
Take it easy, &c.

What if Fenians do release men
From the 'busses of the Crown,
And both people and policemen
In our open streets shoot down?
Take it easy, &c.

What if Artisans, conspiring,
Rob each other of their tools,
Bravos, too to murder hiring
Those who won't obey their rules?
Take it easy, &c.

What if Roughs rule legislation,
(Boast they do might I remark?)
By seditious demonstration
In the streets and in the Park?
Take it easy, &c.

Though the State succumb to POTTER,
Though it knuckle down to BEALES,
With the pick-purse and garotter
In the rabble at their heels,
Take it easy, &c.

All the other leading nations
Of the world of late have known
Tumults, wars, and devastations;
Shall they not befall our own?
Take it easy, &c.

We may have to stand invasion,
If we ever go to war;
No concern need that occasion,
While we smoke a mild cigar.
Take it easy, &c.

NEWINGTON BUTTS.—The ritual parsons of St. Matthias.

CHURCH CONGRESS.

"A PASTORAL STAFF presented to the BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN." What'll he do with it? Is it for defence or defiance? Does it mean one for DR. COLENSO on the head if he attacks DR. GRAY, or is it a call to the first mentioned prelate to "Come on!" It is a frightful prospect for "the poor distracted Church of Natal" if GRAY and COLENSO, like May and December, "can never agree."

The best *pastoral staff* a Bishop can have is an efficient body of Clergy: but this remark was not made at the Church Congress.

The question of the Dress of a Rural Dean occupied the attention of the Ritualists, though strangely omitted in the published reports.

MR. PERRY was of opinion that a Rural Dean ought to wear a straw hat. The BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN thought that perhaps a chaplet of flowers in spring would be most suitable. (*Cheers.*)

MR. MACHONOCHE (of St. Alban's, Holborn) thought the chaplet might be adopted if the congregation desired it. (*Applause.*)

ARCHDEACON DENISON said he wanted to come straight at the question. A chaplet or no chaplet for the Rural Dean? If an essential to Rural Deanery (*laughter*) let him have the chaplet: if not, not. He (the Dean) had always refused to take his faith from Act of Parliament. (*Hear, hear.*) The Privy Council had decided the most important case practically against his views of essentials. Did that alter his views? No. (*Applause.*) You might take a horse to the well, but you couldn't make him drink. (*Laughter.*) The Privy Council had asserted years ago in the GORHAM case that there was no necessity for a clergyman to be orthodox on the subject of Baptism. Did that alter *his* opinion? No. Or any one else's? No? That liberty which he claimed for himself, he was, he regretted to say, obliged to allow to others; so that anyone in authority could teach just what they liked on this subject, and no one could interfere with them. If he was a Rural Dean, he should wear a—

[*Here the President's bell tinkled, and the venerable gentleman sat down. He whispered, in rather a loud tone, the rest of his speech to a clergyman sitting next him, until called to order.*]

MR. BERESFORD HOPE thought the dress should be a straw hat, smock frock, and cope (the ancient *cappa*) for wet weather.

The subject then dropped.

The question as to how to pronounce "Honolulu," was next taken up; but there being some difficulty in getting the word out, the President's bell tinkled before the speaker had arrived at the second syllable.

Subject dropped.

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY.

THE *City Press* quotes, as below, a manuscript on parchment attached to an ancient painting, removed in 1803 from the old Bull Inn, Bishopsgate:—

"Portrait of MR. VAN HORN, a Hamburg merchant. Belonged to a club called 'The Amicable Society,' held at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, for a period of twenty-two years. During the above period he drank 35,680 bottles of wine, which makes 2973 dozen and four bottles, averaging at nearly four bottles and a half per day; and did not miss drinking the above quantity but two days—the one of which was the burial of his wife, and the other the marriage of his daughter, and lived till he was ninety years of age. Painted by MR. HYNOR, in the year 1743."

The biography attached to the portrait of MR. VAN HORN suggests the thought that a suitable companion picture to it, if in existence, would be the likeness of MYNHEER VAN DUNK; and the pair of portraits might be called "The Two Vans." Those two works of art, hung side by side, would serve admirably to adorn the walls of a Temperance Hall—observe, not a teetotal one. For VAN DUNK was a strictly temperate man—he never got drunk, notwithstanding his consumption of brandy-and-water; and, as VAN HORN lived to be ninety years old it is evident that the four bottles of wine which he drank daily were not more than was good for him.

It is noteworthy that MR. VAN HORN forewent his customary allowance of exhilarating liquor on the day of his wife's funeral and his daughter's wedding-day. We may conclude that he did not want it, because he was jolly enough without it on the former occasion as well as on the latter.

THE GOOD OLD COMIC TIMES.



NE hundred and ninety-nine miles am I, *Mr. Punch*, away from my happy home in Woburnia. I have parted, for a time, with inexpressible regret, from that inimitable representation of Britannia—the last and latest of our Statues at large—which adorns the pleasure-grounds opposite the Athenæum Club-house. After a healthy course of Junctions, Extensions, Loop-lines, shuntings and stoppages, miles of solitary darkness in tunnels, hours of weariness on country platforms, and much anxiety about luggage in Van 33,

I have reached Shorecliffe, a quiet unobtrusive retreat on a saline estuary, conspicuous for shrimps, sandhills, and salubrity, with no public rooms, no entertainments, no open air music, no vehicles standing for hire, no list of visitors, and, at this period of the season, no visitors worth enumeration.

It is always late when the Ministers of the Crown permit me to take my vacation, but I do not complain. Indeed, I can show abundant cause for preferring October to August, and harbour (a collier has just put in) no envious feelings towards those of my colleagues who change their hats and recruit the vital forces earlier in the year. I am a connoisseur in autumnal tints and colours, when I can enjoy them from an elevation other than the top of an omnibus in Piccadilly; I think hot weather a piece of mistaken kindness on the part of Nature; I am invariably melancholy during the long monotonous summer evenings and long for winter nights; at the game of croquet I have never as yet got through three successive hoops; in a tone of compassion I am told that the birds are getting wild and shy—"what matter, what matter," as it is not in my recollection that I ever fired a gun off in my life; sea-bathing is not to be thought of since sharks have been found prowling in English waters, and rowing and sailing and deep-sea fishing are as far above my abilities as throwing the hammer or jumping in a sack. Unencumbered, therefore, with guncases and sporting tackle, I got into an empty Department—I mean compartment, excuse the *lapsus*, it is hard to forget the language of office—at King's Cross, armed against sleep and weariness with a sheaf of all the Comic Journals of the current week, and found the train slackening speed at Paulborough (why did I think of *Mr. Whalley, M.P.*, when its cathedral towers came in view?) before I had finished their perusal. Handing the bundle over to the American Bishop who had just joined me (modest prelate, to travel second class!) fresh from Congress and Wolverhampton, I fell a-thinking—I got up again immediately and sustained no injury—as we passed the "Adamantine Clinker Works" (explanation thankfully received), of that golden age, some five-and-twenty years ago, the beginning of the present Comic Era, when the great jokefields were only just discovered, when the lumps of the precious ore were many and luminous, and the finders thereof few and famous. Not as nowadays, when much washing, and sifting, and riddling must be gone through before some scattered grains can be collected barely sufficient to procure cigars and a few other necessities for the gangs of assiduous workmen.

I will illustrate my meaning by a few examples, for pudding is always better than precept. Imagine the emotions of the man who first thought of *The Master of the Rolls* as a good subject for comic manipulation. An arsenal of jests! a laboratory of jokes! He must have gone about his daily business with a secret joy in his heart, and returned to his mansion at nightfall a proud and happy ratepayer, hurrying to pen and paper with a feverish fear lest his great discovery should be anticipated. Years have passed since a shaft was first sunk into that mine, and rich and thick must have been the lode, for to this day the indefatigable Jocaster still works it—is still partly dependent for his bread on the Master of the Rolls (observe the ingenuity with which I have succeeded in kneading in my little contribution to the jocular literature of the Rolls).

I envy the man who has a hundred thousand pounds left him unexpectedly, I envy the man who finds coal fields on his patrimonial estate, I envy the man who marries the idol of his youth, but far more do I envy the lucky man to whom *A Plain Cook* first disclosed herself as a facetious novelty. A culinary fortune not yet boiled away! A rich banquet, meats from which will still be hashed up and set before a long-suffering public! Many a Jester has made a handsome thing out of that plain cook (observe again how I have managed to dish up a little something of my own).

I take the paper offered me in barter by the American Prelate; for a moment I

regret the interruption of my train of thought, but I am soon repaid. My eye falls on the column headed "State of Trade," and under Birmingham I see a reference to the commercial transactions of that town with the River Plate. *The River Plate!* The discovery of that distant stream was of some consequence to button-moulders, and lamp-manufacturers, and tin-plate workers; but the jokers, and jesters, and punsters who have navigated its prolific waters must by this time have amassed a fortune to which the profits of a public-house or a patent medicine are trivial in comparison. Long may the Plate replenish our dinner-plates!

The B(u)oy at the Nore! The Cove of Cork! Selsey Bill! Great Triumvirate! Of what a long line of illustrious jokes have ye been the progenitors! Nor is the family connection extinct; generations yet unregistered will snigger at the humours which other quills and other steels will extract from your exhaustless reservoirs.

I have merely skirted my subject, and shall not now go deeper into it, but as the baker has this moment called with the daily supplies of twists and oven-bottoms, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of fancying the supreme satisfaction of the man who first appreciated the capabilities of that interrogative line, "*Tell me, where is Fancy bred?*"—only to be equalled by his bliss, who once in your pages, *Mr. Punch*, delivered that celebrated piece of advice "To Persons about to Marry," which has no doubt been claimed for every great wit of the past quarter of a century, living and dead.

YOUR EXILED CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S. I shall remain at Shorecliffe until the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs summon me back to their Annual Entertainment in the Guildhall.

ANNIE'S ANSWER TO PUNCH.

BELIEVE me if all those extravagant charms,
Which sweeten existence in Town;
Could be tasted again, minus fears and alarms,
I would sacrifice all for The Gown:
When the candle is lit at both ends it will burn
Far too fast to be good for the brain,
Which must toil to replenish the waste at each turn,
'Till all pleasure is balanced by pain.

Believe me, if school accounts when they are cast,
Add up wrong, you must right them alone;
For 'tis true that I never, in days that are past,
Could successfully manage my own.
But though fiction insists that a clergyman's wife
Must take half this professional care,
From a practical view of the species in life
I find out that such spouses are rare.

And though London is loved at this moment at heart,
'Tis the friends, not the "drums" I regret;
And our feelings will still be as kindly apart
As then when we constantly met.
While, as for the life I shall lead in the West,
(My creed is as bright as it's true),
The life I am leading is always the best,
And I'll willingly lead it with you.

THE SCAFFOLD AND THE STAGE.

An execution is sometimes called a tragedy. Such, indeed, would seem literally to have been the one that took place the other day at Horsemonger Lane Gaol. Of the principal character in the scene then and there enacted, a reporter says:—

"He walked up the steps leading to the scaffold with a firm step. When he arrived at the top he bowed twice to the crowd, and a good many of the persons assembled cheered and clapped their hands."

Great is the effect of a bow on the British Public. It seldom fails to procure applause, whether for fiddler, speechifier, or player. For a criminal about to be hanged for murder it wins cheers and clapping of hands. So, however, it has often done for many a malefactor who has murdered SHAKESPEARE.

BRADFORD BEREAVED.

MIALL has lost the Bradford Election. Bradford may indeed exclaim, "I have lost MY-ALL!"

GRUNTS OVER THE FIRST COLUMN.



ITH much prettiness comes into a marriage announcement, now and then, a little pet-name. "Matilda Maria ('Tiny'), youngest daughter of," &c. Quite a home charm, and all that.

But why is this tender touch confined to the notices of the young ladies? Male youth more frequently possess nicknames than girls do, and it would often be highly convenient to those who want to congratulate families, to be informed exactly which of the lads has been wedded. Why can't we have

"On the 13th, John Alexander Peter ('Grubby'), second son of," &c.

"On the 19th, Anthony James ('Pig'), fourth son of," &c.

"On the 22nd, Robert Walter ('Gummy'), eighteenth and much disliked son of," &c.

And while on the subject, we invite attention to the grim humour of somebody who, recently married, ap-

assisted by the Reverend Melancthon Calvin and the Reverend Servetus Savonarola (uncle by marriage to the bride, and cousin-in-law to the bridegroom respectively), PETER PIPER, of Pepper Lodge, Peckham, Surrey, youngest son of the late Pecker Piper, Esquire, of Cayenne Cottage, Capsicum Road, Camberwell, Surrey, S., Deputy Assistant Packer in Her Majesty's Customs, and great-nephew to the late Reverend Jediah Grumps, for many years pastor of the Independent Chapel, Hackney, to ESTHER VASHTI, third daughter of Ahasuerus KING, formerly of Black Adder Lane, Tower Hill, E.C., but now of Pelargonium Villas, Caledonian Road, Copenhagen House, Islington, N., dumb-founder, and of Mrs. King, *née* Perkins, daughter of Barclay Perkins, Esquire, of Hammersmith Green. No cards."

There was a good paragraph in the papers some years back. "Several distinguished families have been placed in mourning by the marriage of the Marquis of Goldmine."

A prudent parent might find her account in adding to the usual announcement, "Several other girls on hand, quite as pretty as the bride. No Irish need apply."

A SONG ON THE SAFE SIDE.

ABOUT confounded Arians
O never talk to me!
I shun Predestinarians,
Tractarians likewise flee.
No good in Millenarians
I ever yet could see.
Give me the Platiitudinarians
That write themselves D.D.

Some folks are Sabbatarians,
With whom I don't agree.
I hold with no sectarians,
Baptist or Methodee.
Like not the Latitudinarians,
Because they think too free:
But I love the Platiitudinarians
That write themselves D.D.

pendent in lieu of the ordinary "No Cards," the funereal "Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation." He was a sly young man, and we hope makes his wife laugh.

Again, what idiotic folk are those who put the lady's name first, contrary to the spirit and meaning of the marriage service? Keep your twopenny drawing-room politeness out of serious business, you boobies. Do you make your parson ask, "Who giveth this Gentleman to be married to this Lady?"

What a comfort to be real Swells! Then you can say,

"On the 3rd, at the Abbey, Lord Brown to the Dowager Marchioness of JONES."

Whereas nobodies have to reel out,

"On the 4th, at Saint George's, Hanover Square, W., by the Reverend Martin Luther,

FORGERIES OF THE FAIR.

THE following item of last week's news should be a warning to young men:—

"A journeyman mason, aged twenty-two, committed suicide two days ago by jumping from the top of a house on which he was at work. The cause of this rash act was a discovery he had made on the day after his wedding that his wife had a glass eye."

In this age of personal impositions, whosoever thinks of marrying should first endeavour to ascertain as well as he can if the features, and the other physical attractions of his intended wife are real. A chignon may be said to be a harmless forgery, though there is often more in it than mere fraud—*gregariness* to wit—and perhaps much else that comes with it from the penitentiary and the deadhouse. But one counterfeit leads to another, and the transition is easy from false hair to false ears, made out of gutta percha, and said to be worn by some girls, who may be thought to have sufficiently long ears at any rate of their own. It is also credibly reported that busts consisting of the same material have been exhibited at fashionable balls with an unreserve which is illusory. Ladies are now very commonly as sophisticated as tea and sugar and other groceries. There is no saying how much of the female frame may not be factitious. Many a seemingly fair creature is, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a series of shams, as MR. CARLYLE would say, with here and there a windbag.

"Catch a weasel asleep," says the proverb; but so a youth, or indeed any other man, if any other man would now dream of marrying, should endeavour to catch her whom he is inclined to wed. He should then test his enchantress as the witch-finders in the reign of our Solomon used to try their witches, by thrusting pins and needles into those portions of her form which he suspects of being artificial. If she wake, so; if not, let her sleep on. It would be by no means a superfluous caution for him to take some opportunity of pinching the fourth finger of her left hand, lest, having married her, he should find that he had put the ring on an india-rubber one. In that case, however, would the marriage hold good? A near-sighted, or colour-blind man, if he doesn't look sharp before marriage, may find himself tethered to a female who has been fool enough to get herself made beautiful for ever.

There is one sure way of detecting the beauty of those who have been so beautified. Set them heartily laughing—that is, if you can, for it is no easy matter to make such simpletons laugh. No wit will do it—take them to see So-and-so's farce—their laughter will crack their enamel.

There was once a time when young men would have derided the idea of not knowing whether or no their sweethearts were painted. Sweethearts now are anachronisms; if, in these days, a fellow presumed to woo a young lady in the old fashion, she would kick him. But nobody but the veriest muff could ever have been capable of being taken in with a glass eye:—

"It is not in the white," said MRS. WADMAN. My Uncle TOBY looked with might and main into the pupil."

Any lover, or suitor with as much in him like love as the apathetic serenity of our modern youth will admit of, would, at least on some occasion or other, have done what *Uncle Toby* did, and, all the rather for being perfectly cool, have observed whether or no the pupil contracted.

Henry W. Iowa to A. C. London.

"To my Pan-Anglican compeers,"
(Writes parting I.O.WA),
"I owe a debt of gratitude,
Which I can ne'er repay.
As I can't pay, from I.O.WA!
Accept this I.O.U.—
That ritual poison England's Church,
If unchecked, will undo."

MOST SCRUPULOUS.—We know a man who keeps such a strict watch over his tongue, that he will not even allow himself to talk against Time.

ASPECT OF THE POLITICAL HORIZON IN AUSTRIA.—Beusterous.



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

"THE DI VERNON" CANOE, IN OPPOSITION TO "THE ROB ROY."

THE SPECULATOR ON THE SEASONS.

I LOVE the Spring! It brings to mind
Those young souls, green and fair,
In which whate'er we plant, we find
Takes root, and fruit doth bear.
When loosed from Winter's checks and chills,
The small birds strain their throats;
Square their accounts with mutual bills,
And fling about their notes.

I love the Summer, when the Earth,
Like a prospectus glows,
With flowery hues, defying dearth,
And scent per scent bestows:
I love the Summer, with its sun,
That warns us to make hay;
Banks, upon which 'tis safe to run,
Fields, dividends that pay.

I love not Autumn, when the trees
Resume cash-payments all,
Their golden treasures, on the breeze,
In Earth's lap letting fall.
Till gold, a drug, in discontent,
Heaped in bank-cellars lies,
And discount's down at two per cent.,
And don't seem like to rise!

I love not Winter, when both skin
And speculation's cold;
When short-date bills come quicker in,
And frost of stocks takes hold.
When nature, markets to perplex,
A bankrupt seems to stand,
And only gives post-dated cheques
To answer our demand.

AMERICAN BEGGARDOM.

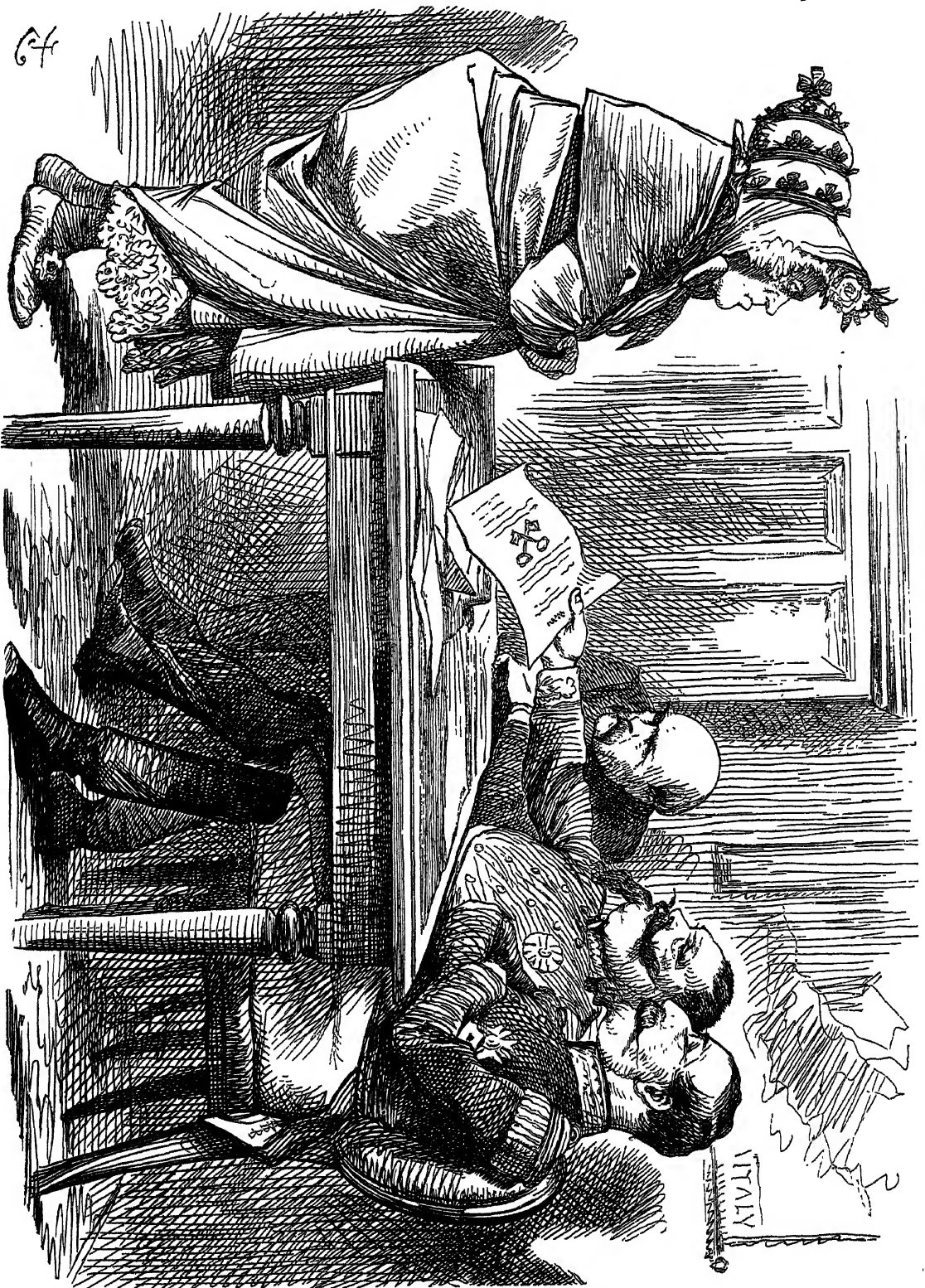
PUNCH studies all the American newspapers. Hence the mingled grandeur and jocosity of his style. The last American journal which he has studied is the *Philadelphia Enquirer*, in the advertising columns whereof he finds something to note. This is a circular in behalf of a gentleman named PESTER, whom his friends purpose to "run for Alderman" for a region called Roxborough. Run for Alderman does not mean that the civic candidates race each other for the honour; this would scarcely be aldermanly. It only means that MR. PESTER is to be put up for election. And he is recommended for these reasons:—

- "1. Because he is good hearted, and a free giver to all worthy objects.
- "2. He is the widow's friend.
- "3. He is a friend to the poor man.
- "4. You can trust him to collect money for you; you will be sure to get it.
- "5. He was the soldier's friend when at the front.
- "6. He is a friend to all the churches, without distinction of name or creed.
- "7. His office is situated in the centre of Roxborough, where it is convenient.
- "8. He is a sober, hard-working man, and mends his own business."

We are not quite so plain-spoken as this in England, though a good many elections are decided upon grounds like those on which MR. PESTER's fame reposes. Out of these eight reasons six set forth that he is good to Mendicants. Objects beg of him, Widows beg of him, Poor Men beg of him, You beg him to beg for you, Soldiers beg of him, Preachers beg of him—and his office, seventhly, is convenient for all these Beggars. The appeal throws some light on American elections, but we assure our Philadelphian friends (in England we dare proclaim national weaknesses) that if a large number of our own election addresses were translated into plain English, they would not be so very unlike the testimonial to MR. PESTER.

Al! Al!

THE French correspondent of the *Morning Star*—a very amusing gossip, by the bye—says that MR. HOME, the Spiritualist, is going to marry MADAME MOET, of the champagne. Liking the wine, we don't like the news. No, no Home-made wine for us.



LICENSING DAY.

KING OF ITALY. "THE BENCH, MRS. POPE, HAS DECIDED THAT YOU RETAIN 'THE CROSS KEYS,' BUT THINKS, FOR THE PEACE OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, YOU HAD BETTER CONSENT TO GIVE UP 'THE THREE CROWNS.'"

"COMMUNICATED."



Y es, that must be a pleasant word for the French journalist. The Government of France (we don't mean to be personal) says that he insists on being allowed to insert, gratis, in any journal, any contradiction of a statement, or regulation of an argument that displeases him. The newspaper editor is compelled to publish that he has not told the truth, or that he cannot reason properly.

Let us be aware of the value of our own exemption from such a rule. That is, our present exemption. When BEALES, POTTER, and BROADHEAD are kings, we shall probably be treated much as the French journalists are. Meantime we are not obliged to insert Government articles.

But suppose we were.

And suppose a tremendously paternal Tory Government were in office.

TO-DAY.

We object (says the *Times*) to the appointment of LORD ADDLEHEAD as Ambassador to France. He is a man of amiability but of notorious incapacity, and he does not even know the language of those to whom he is accredited.

TO-MORROW.

We entirely approve the appointment of LORD ADDLEHEAD to the Court of France. Though his sternness of character may occasionally be in excess, his masterly intellect, combined with his perfect knowledge of everything French, makes him the right man in the right place.

It must be owned (says the *Daily News*) that the mystification for which a distinguished Member of the Government is famous has extended to his national balance-sheets, from which it is impossible to say whether England has an ample surplus, or is in hopeless impecuniosity.

We must not omit a tribute to the happy and lucid mode in which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has tabulated our finance. A child could proudly prove from the accounts just issued that its beloved country prospers grandly under the careful and beneficent Administration now in office.

Without being desirous to be too severe (says the *Post*) on the follies of some foolish young men of rank and wealth, we must suggest that they might find a better and more humane means of getting rid of their superfluous energy than in racing terrified cats round the hall of the Carlton Club.

A great deal too much fuss has been made, to our thinking, about the cat-races at the Carlton. No cruelty was practised on the animals, which enjoyed the fun as much as anybody, and the stakes did not exceed a few thousands which simply changed hands among a few young men of position.

Having never been wrong (says the *Advertiser*) in any of our predictions, terrestrial or celestial, we state with confidence (*valiant quantum*) that the 1st of April will not have passed away before the Millennium shall have been brought about, through the efforts of this Journal, and the shining virtues of the Licensed Victuallers.

It can scarcely be necessary for us to say that what DEAN MILMAN has called a dream of Jewish fanaticism has never been mentioned by us as a fact to be accomplished, or that we anticipate any important changes this year except the enactment of more stringent laws regarding those enemies of the public, the Licensed Victuallers.

The EARL OF GABBLEMORE (says *Punch*) misunderstands what he hears, and therefore spoils it in repetition.

THE EARL OF GABBLEMORE was born deaf and dumb.

How would you like that sort of thing, gentlemen journalists? Well, you may come to it, or it may come to you.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CHARITY.

THANKS to the great kindness of the London Stereoscopic Company, some photographic groups have recently been published of the actors who took part in the amateur performances to help the BENNETT Fund. People who were good enough to go to these performances may like to have a souvenir to remind them of the event: and people, who by ill luck were conspicuous for their absence, are advised to get these photographs to gloss over the fact. *Mr. Punch's* innate modesty forbids his making mention of any further reasons for which they should be purchased: except that any one who buys them will be doing a kind act, as all the profits of their sale will be added to the Fund.

A HINT TO YOUNG PARSONS.—Stoles, Chasubles, Dalmatics, Copes, Albs, *et id genus omne*—a very bad in-vestment.

A MESSAGE FROM GULLY'S GHOST.

(From a Superstitious Correspondent.)

As you are a thorough disbeliever in Spiritualism I send you the following account of a *séance*, which you may rely upon as perfectly authentic.

We, myself and others, including the Medium, seated ourselves at a table in the usual manner. In a few minutes the Medium declared that an invisible fist was punching his head, and immediately afterwards violent blows—one, two!—resounded on the table. The name then spelt out with the alphabet was "JACK GULLY."

The spirit said he had been Member for Pontrefract, and was now in one of the higher spheres. He dictated the following communication:—I wish to speak about boxing, because the fight there was to have been the other day didn't come off. We cultivate the noble art of self-defence here, but only spar. Prize-fighting is unknown in the spiritual world, except in the lower spheres. As practised on your earth it is bad. You see that by the number of ruffians which a prize-fight attracts. Where the crows flock together you may know there is carrion. The spectators of prize-fights are no doves; though there may be pigeons among them. They are all more or less a lawless lot. Why? Simply because prize-fighting is illegal. If it were allowed, a better kind of people would go to see it. Trying to suppress it is no use. You couldn't put it down except by punishments that public opinion won't sanction. You had better tolerate what you can't hinder. Legalise prize-fighting, and regulate it. There would be no harm in it within proper limits; a mere trial of strength, of skill, and endurance of a few bruises. Then it would be little if any worse than a rowing-match, or any other struggle attended with a little punishment. Permit it then, under conditions. Let there be surgeons to say when the men ought to stop, seconds responsible for throwing up the sponge, and policemen to back the seconds and keep order. Then you would never have two fellows pounding one another's mugs into jelly. You would have no fatal results. Fights would come off openly, in the face of day; railway-trains would no longer convey packs of villains by stealth to witness them; and railway-stations would not any more be occupied occasionally by mobs of outrageous roughs, garotters, rogues, and vagabonds rampant, having it all their own way. Encourage the lower orders to use the fist instead of the knife and the revolver. Give pugilists the chance of being respectable men, like I was, though I say it that shouldn't. I fought my way up in the world, not altogether with my fists; and so I have here, where I am. Others might do the same. TOM CRIBB is with me; also TOM SPRING and TOM SAYERS, hand in hand. Their message to you is "Brotherly love." Yonder is MR. JACKSON having a set-to with LORD BYRON. There are other spirits present in various stages of training. Fact. Good night.

HOW THEY SPEND THEIR HOLIDAYS.

LORD RUSSELL is employed in giving a number of Reform Banquets to himself, at which he privately proposes his own health as the author of the measure of 1832, and prime mover and supporter of the Bill of 1867.

MR. DISRAELI is having a very merry time of it, being every day engaged in laughing in his sleeve at the success with which he made high Tories vote like Radicals—for keeping him in office.

MR. BRIGHT is making elegant extracts from the poets, for embellishing his speeches when Parliament next meets. By a happy thought the other day he hit upon the following:—

"Lowe, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind," &c.

He will quote this in the next debate on national education, pointing a scornful finger at the Honourable Member for Calne.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE is reading his *Jest Book*, with a view to cracking jokes upon all possible occasions, suitable or not. To improve his mind still further, he, the other day, devoted very nearly half an hour of his valuable time to perusing a few lines of MR. RUSKIN's *Modern Painters*, that he may know something of Art before again he ventures to speak ill of it.

SERGEANT GASLEE is engaged in taking lessons in geography, and has already made such progress that he knows where Abyssinia is.

MR. BEALES, M.A., is prophetically musing on the glorious career of MR. BEALES, M.P. His ambitious visions culminate in a view of a Short Parliament, elected yearly by the ballot, and dissolved by the imperial edict of PROTECTOR BEALES.

LORD WESTMEATH has bought himself a new cap and bells, and delights himself by jangling them and making silly speeches upon topics far too serious for him ever to discuss.

MR. AYRTON is employed in studying things in general, with a view to making speeches on all possible occasions.

Finally, we rejoice with all our heart to hear that MR. WHALLEY, having by some accident become converted from his errors, has been with difficulty restrained from making a penitential pilgrimage to Rome, to perform an osculation of the big toe of the Pope.



SPORT IN THE HONEYMOON.

(EMILY LOVES TO SEE DEAR CHARLES SHOOT, BUT IS A LITTLE AFRAID OF A GUN.)

Charles (not quite in good humour). "NOW, DEAR, IF YOU WILL HOLD ON BY A TREE, INSTEAD OF MY COAT, PERHAPS IT WON'T BE A MISS THIS TIME!"

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita placebit."—Hor.

"Repeat the play oft as you will,
You'll find it draw good houses still."

SINCE the grouse began to die, so few theatres have been open that "a young man from the country," with a week to spend in town, must have been driven to the music halls, in dearth of better recreation. There he would hear some "comic" singing, which, if he had any brains, he would find it hard to laugh at; and he would see some ill-shaped limbs distorted in a ballet, prohibited by law from having any plot in it. While revelling in these auricular and optical delights, he might cool his fevered throat by drinking some drugged beer, and, if he could afford himself a two-penny cigar, he might smoke it like a lord, proudly conscious that its fragrance was the finest in the room.

But London is reviving now after its dead season, and managers theatrical begin to look alive again. Their novelties, however, are at present rather more in promise than performance. We are promised a new theatre, as well as some new plays, but as yet the only novelties are new actors in old ones. A not very new piece has been revived at the Lyceum, that M. FECHTER may instruct us how to play *Claude Melnotte*. The only novelty at the Haymarket has been a new actress in *Rosalind*, and we are now to have the novelty of seeing *Lord Dundreury*. The novelty at the Princess's is our old friend *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and our old acquaintance *Faust*, *King John*, *Macbeth*, and the *Miller and his Men*, are the novelties at Old Drury. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre the *habitués*, like Hindoos, are still devotees of *Caste*; while as for the New Royalty, that theatre should really be re-christened the New Novelty, with such surprising frequency are new pieces produced there. Why, *Meg's Diversions* saw the light there only just a twelve-month since, and the new burlesque, now running on towards its thousandth night, was actually first acted there as late back as last Christmas!

Novelty is charming; but while such novelties as these are to be seen at the West End, one must explore the suburbs in quest of stage

amusement, and seek an evening's pleasure in the North or South or East. In the North, at Sadler's Wells, there is a "grand spectacular drama," which possibly might tempt me, but I remember being bored by it some half score of years since. At the Surrey, in the South, there is really a new play, which really is a novelty in these "reviving" days. *Nobody's Child*! There is somewhat of a smack of grim sensation in the name, and I doubt not there is plenty of sensation in the piece. But, judging from the playbill, there is more sensation still at the Britannia, in the East. *Alone in the Pirate's Lair*! How thrilling the words sound! Britannia rules the waves, and the Britannia is a proper place for playing a sea-piece. The wilds of Hoxton surely can hardly be less penetrable than those of Abyssinia; and, as we propose an expedition to the latter, let us not be frightened from the former savage place.

Notwithstanding these attractions, let playgoers with brains visit the Adelphi, and welcome Mr. WEBSTER after his long absence. He is announced "for eight nights only," but all who love good acting will hope his health may let him change the eight to eighty. His parts in *Masks and Faces* and in *One Touch of Nature* are patterns in their way, and show how greatly little details may heighten the effect of a performance. Miss SIMMS has also returned to the scene of her old glories, and plays better, because more naturally, than we have ever seen her.

Proh Pudor!

THE *West Country News* says that "proceedings are to be taken against a churchwarden, who turned a woman out of church because he saw her refreshing herself from a spirit bottle." There is only one set of churches in which her conduct might be extenuated—those by *Peewin*.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

"TAKE away that Bauble!" said SIR THOMAS HENRY, giving his order to the Police, and pointing to the MACE.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND—(CONTINUED).

At the Factory. We enter the first room, where the raw material is, in bales. My Funny Friend, who is perfectly quiet, and preserving a most serious demeanour, pulls out a small note-book. He asks, sternly, "What is all this?" Thinking that we've had enough fun already out of our compact about calling him "My Lord," I answer, omitting the title, that "this is the raw material," and am going on with my explanation, when he stops me sharply, with, "Mr. Inspector, you are forgetting yourself when you address me in this manner: come here, Sir: a word with you." Whereupon the Foreman withdraws to a corner, out of earshot, and GRIGG says, *sotto voce*, to me, "Look here: if you don't call me 'My Lord,' I'll have some fun with these bales." I remonstrate. Not feeling, however, perfectly assured that he hasn't at this instant got detonating liquid or crackers or something infernal in his pocket, included under his idea of "some fun with the bales," I renew the compact, only begging him not to speak to me in such an absurd tone before the officials. He promises not to use an *absurd* tone. He asks me, first of all, if I consider *this* an absurd tone, and squeaks through his nose, to the astonishment of the Foreman, who thinks that I am making the noise, when GRIGG says, on seeing the Foreman turn round, "That will do, Mr. Inspector: you may think it funny: I do not. Let us proceed." It is better, I conclude, to humour him, get him interested in the works of the factory, and then drop this "My Lord" business entirely.

By the way, he won't catch me entering into any compact with him again.

In the second room, the young women are hard at work on flax. As Inspector, I don't precisely know what they are doing, so I refer GRIGG to the Foreman. The Foreman enters into particulars with his Lordship. My Funny Friend becomes serious and interested. Exactly what I want. The Foreman will show his Lordship into the Graining Department, if his Lordship likes. His Lordship does like, and, preceded by the Foreman, we enter; I coming last. More young women mixed up with whizzing machines. The Foreman ignores me entirely, and gives his explanation like a showman. In this room there is a shaft of great power. I know all about the shaft, as, according to the Act, all shafts have to be enclosed, and, consequently, I am "up" in its working. If I allow the Foreman (who is generally silent in my presence) to go on like this, I shall lose all my official dignity in the eyes of these hands, so I draw GRIGG's attention to the shaft. "This shaft is curious," I commence, trying to detach him from the Foreman, and tapping its case with my umbrella. He deprecates interruption on my part, with his hand, and only returns, "Mr. Inspector, the Government does not wish you to damage the Factory property with your umbrella. I shall make a note" (here he writes in his confounded pocket-book) "that all sticks and umbrellas be left at the door." Several young women, attracted by his commanding tone, look up from their work at him, and then at me, and two or three smile. I suppose they see through the jest (I hope so), and smile, too. My Funny Friend, observing this, immediately becomes dignified, and says, as if much pained, "I am sorry to see, Sir" (to me) "the existence of this undue familiarity. This must be further inquired into." And forthwith he makes another note, while adding, amiably, to the Foreman, "Proceed with your interesting account."

The Foreman accedes with malicious pleasure, for I've often had to snub this man, who connives, I have reason to believe, at the children working out of the proper hours. The Foreman explains the shaft. He tells his Lordship, that "By the Act," looking at me, "it's obliged to be incased." "But," I say triumphantly, "here's a place," about half-an-inch square, "where it's not incased." "Well, my Lord," he retorts, (appealing to his Lordship, "it's been the same every time he's (meaning me) seen it, and he's never noticed it before." GRIGG shakes his head sorrowfully, and makes another note for the Government. As we're leaving the room I request him not to go on like this. He replies that he is perfectly quiet, according to promise; but that I do not call him "my Lord." I give him my word I will.

In the next room, where there is more whirring of reels, and pale men keeping a sharp look out for bits of thread, I stop a little boy who is just coming out, and to show what my authority really is, ask him his name. He answers, THOMPSON. Christian name, GEORGE. Age, eight. What hours does he work? What is he doing in that department if he is occupied in the other? What are his meal times? He answers satisfactorily on his own account; but I wish to see the Entry Book. I turn to ask the Foreman for this, but my Funny Friend and the Foreman have both gone on, having in fact left the room immediately on my commencing my questions. I make up my mind to tell GRIGG that 'pon my life it is too bad of him. He ought to have some little regard for my position. I do not come up with them for five minutes at least: when I do it is in the refining room. I stop at the door on entering. To my horror, I hear my Funny Friend

addressing the Superior Female Hands, in the presence of the Foreman, thus: "You have no further complaints to make?" "No complaints," says the Forewoman, curtsying. [So, I think to myself, he's making fun of the Foreman. He deserves it: an impudent *snob*.] "And," continues GRIGG, in a tone of interrogation, "The Inspector is on the whole agreeable, unostentatious, and performs his duties in a courteous and correlative manner?" The Forewoman, who has evidently understood his meaning as little as he does himself, answers in the affirmative as I approach. I hate a row, but I don't like to let this sort of thing continue. The best plan is to propose that as it's past luncheon time, we had better go home. I say, with mock obsequiousness, so as to let the whole room see that the title is all humbug, "My Lord, your Lordship's luncheon waits." He pretends to be surprised, and asks, "Where have you been, Sir? What have you been doing?" as if in the past interval of five minutes I had gone in for serious drinking. I take no notice of this (it is better not), and tell him it is past one. His Lordship asks me, if this is the way I allow pleasure to interfere with business, and advises me to "take care." The Foreman says there is nothing more to be seen, and shows us to the grand entrance.

On leaving, GRIGG turns to me and says before the Foreman, "You will be glad to hear Mr. Inspector that you have received a very good character for sobriety"—sobriety!!! I haven't a word to say, I am so utterly astonished—"for sobriety, Sir, from the hands. You will, therefore, not be discharged from your post for the present. Good day."

"Good day, my Lord," returns the Foreman, and in another second we are in the street.

"That was a lark," says he, directly the gate is shut on us. "I asked him all sorts of things about you." He roars with laughter in the street: I beg him, for goodness' sake to be quiet. I point out to him that I shall really have to leave the place in consequence of his infernal tomfoolery; I have no other name for it. He says, "Nonsense! leave the place! They love you—they adore you." Off he goes again in another uncontrollable fit of laughter. "What is it?" I ask. "Why," he explains, choking himself in his effort to speak, "the women asserted on their solemn oath that they'd never seen you anything but sober, *as far as they knew*." And once more he's off, making such a noise that people turn and laugh too. This makes him worse. The idea strikes him that if you only keep on laughing long enough and loud enough in one place you'll set all the passers-by laughing, they'll go into other streets laughing, and then the whole town will be in convulsions.

I don't laugh for one. I leave him. I will not stand it any longer. I walk away as fast as I can from him. It is a straight long street, and he can keep me in view. I turn for a minute, he is speaking in an excited manner to a policeman and pointing to me. On comes the policeman, authoritatively, at me. "This gentleman says you've got his umbrella," says the official, rudely, to me. GRIGG arrives. *It's true*, I can't deny it, I have. I've been walking about with it all the morning. I give it up to GRIGG. But this doesn't satisfy the policeman who hasn't had such a case in Cokingham for a long time. A crowd collects; the factory hands going to one o'clock dinner are all there. GRIGG what he calls "squares the peeler" with half-a-crown, borrowed from me, and we take a fly home, GRIGG making me get in first (which I'm glad to do; anything for escape) and explaining to the crowd that "the poor gentleman isn't quite right in his head." From the window he tells the populace to give his (GRIGG's) love to "all at home" in a general way, and the man drives on rapidly.

I know, from experience, it is no use remonstrating with GRIGG in a fly: he will only pretend to cry, or imitate *Punch's* squeak. I will try my Funny Friend for one evening, when I can talk to him calmly and quietly, and he or I must leave Cokingham to-morrow.

When we get in, my Great Aunt has fainted twice, in consequence of waiting half-an-hour for lunch—(if her meals are not punctual, she collapses)—and Mrs. BUZZBY is fuming and fussing because "it's all spoiled, and been obliged to be put down again to the fire."

GRIGG says it's all my fault: that I would keep him in the streets, telling him funny stories, and pointing out all the pretty girls. My Aunt nearly faints for the third time (only being recovered by the smell of the roast mutton, and Mrs. BUZZBY brings in every dish herself, not allowing her little maid to wait as usual, in consequence (I am convinced) of what she has just heard from GRIGG of me in the new character of the Cokingham libertine. He winks at me, but I am angry. We eat, and fall gradually into something like rational conversation. Mrs. BUZZBY apparently sees reason to alter her opinion with the second course, and the little maid brings in the gooseberry-tart. It's beginning to rain. Thank goodness, we can't go out again. No more playing the fool in the street. I'll give him books to read.

Better Late than Never.

THE distribution of the Banda and Kirwee prize-money will commence on the 24th inst.!! So says a notice in the *Gazette*. We wonder how many of those entitled to shares have got into the *Gazette*, before notice of the distribution of prize-money they won ten years ago?



A WOMAN-HATER.

Spiteful Old Party (who is tarring the Stays of the Flagstaff). "STRIPED GOWNDS SEEM ALL THE 'GO' WITH 'EM, EH' (*Chuckles.*) I'LL STRIPE 'EM! PUT A EXTRA STREAK O' LIE IN, O' PURPOSE—WON'T DRY FOR A MONTH! COME LOLLUPIN' ABOUT HERE WITH THEIR CRIN'LYNES AN' TR'INES, THEY MUST TAKE THE CONSEKENSES!!"

A WORD WITH THE PREMIER.

COME, we say, LORD DERBY, you don't need to be told that we like ever so many things about you, such as your open-handedness, and your oratory, and your *Homer*, and your pluck; but, confound it, EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH-STANLEY, we don't like your humbug. Now then, you need not look at us in that manner, as if all the blood of all the STANLEYS since JOAN were a-fire. We defy as much as we admire you. Yes, laughing is better, but we don't know that we are going to laugh with you yet. What do you mean by telling two stories at the Manchester banquet the other night? Two—yes, two, and in the Free Trade Hall too, which has been consecrated by the performances of *Mr. Punch's* young men. You spoke up for your Reform Act, and declared that such was your confidence in the goodness and virtue of the working-men (or "wage-paid men" as you called them) that you were sure that the enormous trust that had been placed in them would be vindicated. Very well. A good many people believe this. But then you went on to inform these very working-men, first that they hearkened to the voice of contemptible leaders, and secondly that they shamefully submitted to a tyranny under which they groaned. Very well. A good many persons believe this. But, EDWARD GEOFFREY, if you will allow us to quote another translator,

"Had you a thousand mouths, a thousand tongues,
And throats of brass inspired by iron lungs,"

you could not fuse these two opposite statements into one argument that should prove to *Mr. Punch* that you passed your Reform Act for any other than a party purpose. What's the good of humbugging? Receive the assurance of our profound respect.

Coming Changes.

ONE result of the Reform Bill, some old women seem to fancy, will be that the East End will be the fashionable quarter, and the dwellers near May Fair will be popularly talked of as the "Lower Ten Thousand."

TRULY ALARMING SACRIFICE!

MR. WHALLEY cannot be accustomed regularly to read the *Tablet*. If he were, surely we, or some one or other of our Protestant contemporaries, should have heard something from the honourable Member for Peterborough about the following statement which has actually appeared in that journal:—

"Another English Zouave has been offered to the POPE recently by the zealous exertions of the COUNTESS DE SOMMERY, and several pious persons of the Congregation of St. John's Church, Bath."

Another English Zouave offered to the POPE! Then at least one English Zouave must have been offered before. Gracious goodness! How many English Zouaves must the POPE have had offered to him? Who can tell? How were those English Zouaves offered to the POPE? As burnt-offerings? Imagine holocausts of English Zouaves, sacrificed to the POPE! Was their sacrifice an *auto da fé* got up by the COUNTESS DE SOMMERY and her accomplices? Or were the English Zouaves not heretics roasted against their will, but fanatical and self-devoted papists? On either supposition their immolation must have taken place in secrecy, of course within the walls of a convent. Surely, then, here is another reason why the Legislature should lose no time in providing for the thorough inspection of all monastic establishments. Such is the tenor of a communication which we wonder that we have not had from MR. WHALLEY.

The Ring and its Friends.

WHETHER barney or funks'
Put the "patrons" in sulks,
We rejoice that the Skulks
Have been done by the Skulks.

THEATRICAL.—MISS MENKEN is to re-appear as *Maseppa*. Playgoers are startled by the bare announcement.



A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

Hairdresser. "AIR'S VERY DRY, SIR!"

Customer (who knows what's coming). "I LIKE IT DRY!"

Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack). "'EAD'S VERY SCURFY, SIR!"

Customer (still cautiously retiring). "YA-AS, I PREFER IT SCURFY!"

[Assailant gives in defeated.]

GASTRONOMY IN LAMBETH.

THE food question threatens to assume serious proportions; we seem to have eaten up all the oysters; beef and mutton weigh more heavily on the minds than on the stomachs of a good many of us, while several extraneous sources to which we looked for relief appear to have failed us. We hoped for ox-tail soup from South America, but hope told a flattering tale: Charqui, or jerked beef, will not somehow go down, and Chinese sugar-grass will not come up. Under these circumstances, we cannot but welcome with lively interest, if not gratitude, any one who will discover a new article of food at a moderate price. We beg, then, to present to an admiring and dining public, MR. OWEN SWEENEY, whose experiments in gastronomy are described in the following article in the *Times* of October 21st; we do so the more readily as he does not appear to have received all that he deserves:—

"At Lambeth, OWEN SWEENEY, a labourer, well known at this Court, was charged before MR. ELLIOTT with committing a brutal assault upon WILLIAM LEWIS, a constable in the service of the Grand Surrey Canal Dock Company. The prosecutor stated that at about two o'clock in the afternoon prisoner, in company with some twenty or thirty others, came along the canal bank, and endeavoured to pass the gate without paying the usual toll. He told them they could not be allowed to go through without payment, upon which they became very abusive and violent. The prisoner took up a large stone, and hurled it at prosecutor, but fortunately it did not strike him. He endeavoured to persuade the men to go away, but prisoner rushed upon him, and seizing his left hand, bit it three or four times in a savage manner. A police-constable came up shortly afterwards, and took prisoner into custody, or he would doubtless have proceeded to further acts of violence. The prisoner said he was sorry for what had happened, and the Magistrate, after commenting upon the brutal nature of the attack, ordered him to pay a fine of 10s., or be imprisoned for seven days. He was locked up in default."

If MR. SWEENEY's newly invented dish is as relishing as his eagerness would lead us to suppose, it cannot be said to be dear. Why, if

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CURRAGH WREN.

It was on a merry time,
When CURRAGH WREN was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung!

PRIVATE CROSSBELTS won her
With his coat of red,
He doffed his cap to JENNY,
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest JENNY WREN,
If you will but be mine,
You shall eat nice Curragh-pie,
And drink nice Curragh-wine."

JENNY listened to him,
And declared her mind:
"Pretty Mr. Soldier,
I take your offer kind."

His corps it got the route,
Her soldier marched away,
Poor JENNY WREN she followed him
For all his saying, "Nay."

Now in the furze-bushes,
Girl-beasts in a den,
With five others like her,
Herds CURRAGH WREN.

Infamy her darkness,
Misery her day;
Whiskey and starvation
Eating life away.

Spring east winds to blench her,
Summer heats to tease,
Autumn rains to drench her,
Winter snows to freeze.

CURRAGH WREN falls sick,
CURRAGH WREN must lie,
With the girl-beasts round her,
Watching till she die.

Then the coroner's jury
Sits on CURRAGH WREN,
Brings in "God's visitation"—
Not villany of men.

this philosopher had rushed into FORTNUM AND MASON's and taken three or four bites out of a Strasbourg pie, or a wild boar's head, he would not have got off for ten shillings. In fact, it was too cheap. When we remember the number of persons of MR. SWEENEY's tastes and habits in London, and the comparative scarcity of policemen, it is evident that unless the consumption is checked by a somewhat higher tariff, this species of large game will be soon used up. There are so many reasons just now for strictly preserving policemen's fists that any suggestion to this end may be of use. One way, then, is pointed out by another case in the same day's paper, and on the same page, where a sportsman gets five years' penal servitude for bagging six rings. Why not, then, let the police be armed with a ring on each finger; MR. SWEENEY and his friends would think twice before meddling with fingers so protected by the law.

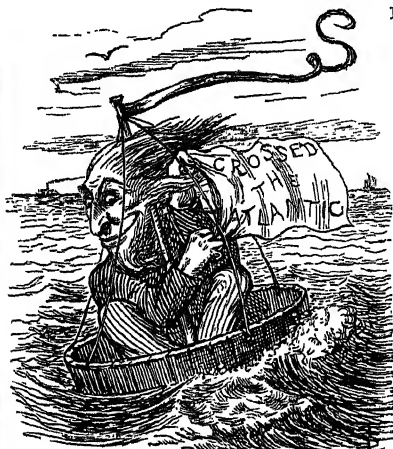
A heavier punishment than seven days' imprisonment has often been imposed on benighted creatures, who, having nowhere else to go, have taken the Hobson's choice of sleeping, or trying to sleep, in the open air—at the sign of the beautiful Star, as the French call it,—this seems to prove the truth of the saying, "*Il vaut mieux être ici-bas Gastronom, qu'Astronome!*"

To my Dear Butcher.

BUTCHER, Butcher, kill a calf;
Charge as much again as half
More than what you ought for veal:
And with you no more I'll deal.

HINT FOR THE SURREY THEATRE.—*Nobody's Child*—Reform BILL.

COMIC AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.



EE! here is an amusing little anecdote, for which we are indebted to the *Reese River Reveille* and the *Panama Star*, the latter of which American papers quotes it from the former, premising the announcement, as though of a piece of fun, that:—

"A man named SAM VANCE, well known in Nevada, where he bore a bad reputation, was shot at Austin, August 3."

Then follow the particulars of this occurrence, related by a writer who evidently feels that he is giving an account of a "lark":—

"VANCE entered the Bank Exchange Saloon, and seeing Irish TOM standing outside he asked him to drink with him. The latter refused, saying he had enough. VANCE replied, 'If you don't drink, I'll take a shot at you,' and, drawing a derringier pistol, he fired at but missed Irish TOM. TOM instantly drew his revolver and fired at VANCE, but the ball missed him and lodged in the jamb of the door. VANCE was caught by Officer MARSHALL as TOM fired the second shot. The ball took effect in the lower part of the abdomen, and inflicted a dangerous if not a mortal wound."

This pleasantly told story is headed "Life in the Far West," though death in the Far West was very likely the end of the fight [between "SAM" VANCE and "Irish TOM," above narrated in the familiar and facetious style of a pothouse frequenter describing a "scrimmage."]

POOR OLD ZADKIEL.

No use in mincing anything except the contents of Christmas pies. We are heartily ashamed of our old pet, ZADKIEL. He has put out the most horribly debilitated fulfilments and predictions in his almanack for 1868. He does not deserve the encouragement *Punch* has given him, and if he does not mind what he is about, we tell him plainly, though his stars do not, that we shall dismiss him from the office of our prophecy-monger. We know an old woman in the Westminster Road who would wash her dirty old face and jump at the situation if we held up a finger. ZADKIEL, beware, or you shall prophesy no more for *Punch*!

Just look here. We are sorry to expose him, but justice is justice. The poor old fellow alleges that he foretold the death of the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. See how he says he did it:—

"This melancholy event was foreshown in the nativity of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, his brother. On the 14 June Mars transits the place of the Sun and Moon at birth of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, which excites him to some warlike efforts [he did not yield to the excitement, then, for nobody heard of the efforts], but he, Mars, meets the square of Saturn just before, and on the 8th an ill aspect of Saturn also which may diminish the angry influence of the aspect." Later, he says, "The eclipse of the 8 October 1866 being in a humane sign, Mars would cause many slaughters and effusion of blood."

Well, if this isn't the rummest way of predicting a gentleman's demise, we are Dutchmen. The planets state that his brother will do something which he did not do, and Saturn squares up all with an ill aspect, which is diminished. And from this the unlucky EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN was to know that he would be shot. ZADKIEL, ZADKIEL, we might as well say that your next-door neighbour's beer would turn sour, from which you ought to know that you would tumble down-stairs.

But ZADKIEL's most signal blunder—in fact he has gone head over heels into the mud—is in what he says about the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. Knowing that the Paris Exhibition would take place, it occurred to ZADKIEL to prophesy that NAPOLEON would be "greatly looked up to this year." Well, when he sat on his throne at the Show, of course he was greatly looked up to, just as ZADKIEL would be if he were put in the pillory which used to be kept for quacks. But ZADKIEL explains that he means that NAPOLEON would "act with wisdom of the highest class," and that "in this important year nothing that he has undertaken has failed." ZADKIEL, old man, there is a boldness that is wisdom and there is a boldness that is folly. This happens to be the year in which the EMPEROR has been more unlucky than ever since his accession. He has been disgraced in Mexico, and bullied by Prussia, his promised domestic reforms have had to be given up, and he is now making an Italian blunder, the consequences of which may be

awful. Also, he sends his Empress for a holiday, and its result is peril for her which made Europe shudder. You stupid old creature, why didn't you stick in something to the effect that a high-born lady should beware of Pisces and the Sun? That you could have explained to mean that the Empress's son nearly fell among the fishes. Must *Punch* teach you your trade?

Knowing that an interesting event was expected to occur in February, ZADKIEL safely advised that care should be taken of the health of a certain Princess. He hoped, we dare say (for there is no reason to suppose the old gander to be disloyal) that the event would go off admirably, so he said that "by the eclipse of the Sun the Princess would gain in health and wealth." Unfortunately the reverse was the case as regards health, though we dare say ZADKIEL would say, "hee, hee, by wealth I meant Baby." But now read—

"There is an ugly conjunction of the Sun, Moon, and Saturn, &c., over the place of the Sun with a certain prince (the PRINCE OF WALES)—the influence affects, more or less, the whole of the coming year of his life."—November, 1866.

And here is the explanation—

"There can be no doubt that this excellent prince has had and still has great grief from the suffering condition of his amiable princess."

No doubt. But the PRINCE OF WALES is a sensible man. He has attended his Princess with sedulous affection, has had great rejoicing at her convalescence, and has brought her home so nearly well, that he could go to Newmarket races and to the theatres. An awfully bad shot, old man, and you had better have held your tongue about fulfilments.

A Reform Bill being certain, ZADKIEL, of course, potted that for a prediction, but even there he made a mull of it, for he promised "valuable reforms and many advantageous laws." Perhaps he would mention the latter. There is a law enabling the police to knock on the head curs that bay the moon, but we have not even a clause permitting them to lead home donkeys that bay at the stars.

Perhaps, however, ZADKIEL expects something of the sort, for he urges his admirers to petition Parliament against the astrology laws, and he actually supplies those persons with a form of petition which *Punch* is happy to circulate, having only corrected the spelling in the way which will make the document more easy of reading by the class who will make their marks under it:

TO THE OUSE OF COMMONS.

The umble Petishion of EDWR^d. JONES, of Leeds, in the County of Yorkshire (*sic*)

Umblly show

That y^r Petish^r have Long been conwincsed as the Hancient siance of Asstrology be Found in truth, and that By the influence of the Evans all men and All things in this world be govern^d and praise your Honour to repeal the statue of george second cap five and so much of george 483 as may prevent the peasable Pratisse of the Sions of asstrology and your pishioner will ever praise
EDWARD JONES.

"Of course," says ZADKIEL, with more sense than might be expected, and with a knowledge of the kind of illiterate animal likely to petition, "the petitioner must fill in his own name and address" (not EDWARD JONES's), "and sign the petition with his own name" (not EDWARD JONES). Very proper suggestions.

Punch doesn't like sacking an old servant, ZADKIEL, when he is so helpless, but you must brighten up, old man, or the aspect of *Punch* will be decidedly menacing to your apple-cart.

MEMORANDUM FOR MAGISTRATES.

To a Letter in the *Times*, signed "GEO. SMALL, M.A., Edin.," and dated Croydon, October 21, was appended the following editorial foot note:—

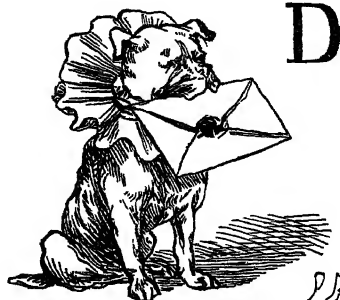
"We observe that the Grand Jury have ignored the bill against MR. SMALL."

MR. SMALL was committed to take his trial for a disgraceful offence on the testimony of one of a class of women who make omnibuses and railway carriages dangerous for unprotected gentlemen. Is it necessary that we should borrow a dodge from the Ritualists in the arrangements of our public conveyances, and separate the sexes? Some such device will really become necessary if Magistrates will continue to send respectable men, on the unsupported evidence of a mad or bad woman, to stand a trial which will entail upon them expense, distress of mind, and possibly—for some jurymen are even greater fools and brutes than some magistrates—infamy and ruin.

Political Waterproof.

A NEW name has been invented for the Reversible Waterproof Overcoat. In compliment to the EARL OF DERBY, MR. DISRAELI, and the party of which they are the leaders, on having turned Reformers, it is called "The Conservative."

TO THE C. C. OF W.



DEAR LORD JOHN MANNERS,
I AM all for forbearance and consideration. I feel, with Mr. S. WELLER, that before poisoning a gentleman's rum-and-water you should give him a mild hint that you disapprove his conduct—say, putting him in the water-tub and clapping the lid on.
I will not, for the moment, adopt the tone of my friend the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who bitterly says,

“A new principle governs the performance of official duties in England.

Elsewhere, when certain men are appointed to take part in the government of a country, they understand that they are to do the duties of their office forthwith. With us the understanding is quite different; no work is to be begun except under such emphatic demand as in private life would answer to the practice of regularly kicking your footman to the coal scuttle when the fire needs replenishing.”

Of you, my dear LORD JOHN, I hope and believe better things. You will therefore consider this letter in no sort a kick, but a gentle taking-by the arm and leading to a certain spot.

The spot is on the side of the Ornamental Water in the Regent's Park. You know the neighbourhood.

Without needless reference to a melancholy event, I may say that early in the year it was resolved that the water in question should be drawn off, the mud of half a century be cleared away, and the lake be rendered shallow and safe. Here is November. I cantered round that Park on one of my magnificent horses the other afternoon, and I observed a long promontory of earth projecting into the water. Calling up one of my splendidly mounted grooms, I asked him what that meant. He said, with the frankness which I exact from all my domestics, from my groom of the chambers to my scullions, that he did not know. I desired him to ask a park-keeper. The result was the information that this was the earth from the neighbouring railway. That is all that I have been able to learn.

Here, I repeat, my dear LORD JOHN, is November. We shall have frost soon, and when the ice forms, the foolish crowds will be rushing upon it.

I say no more. The rate at which Government work, about which nobody cares, is done, singularly contrasts with the rate at which private work, when dividends are in view, is performed. While you are depositing this earth in the lake, and doing no more, the Underground Railway is hurrying with a line from Baker Street to the Swiss Cottage about as fast as the active young man at a carpet-shop rolls out a quarter of a mile of stair-carpet that you may judge the effect. But, of course, JOHN BULL's servants never hurry themselves.

Yours very faithfully,
PUNCH.

Belgrave Square.

THE FENIANS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

THERE is something to be said for BEALES (M.A.) He has condemned Fenianism. By so doing he has disgusted all the rascals in the Reform League—which contains some.

On Wednesday evening last week at a meeting of the Council of the above-named Association, a letter from the M.A., expressing disapprobation of Fenian outrages, was read and discussed. It was, according to a report in a daily paper, strongly censured by MESSRS. LUCRAFT, COOPER, ODGER, HAWKER, and BRISK, the last-named person saying, “Let Fenianism go on and prosper.” They all avowed their sympathy with the Fenian miscreants.

When next the Reform League has a banquet its President, who surely will not be BEALES (M.A.), unless the Fenians' friends shall have been expelled from it, will have an opportunity of appropriately and gracefully proposing, by way of toast and sentiment:—“Our Fenian allies; and let us all hang together!” The Fenians and those who sympathise with them are a band of brothers; all sons of freedom; such, as to constitute a lot of whom we may say, that under resolute management of the national theatre, the free list would be entirely suspended.

A Song of Degrees.

It is said that in Oxford Dissenting M.A.'s
In the Common Rooms peaceful dissensions will raise;
'Tis likely,—all Graduates surely *must* work ill,
For what are Degrees but Divisions of Circles?

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.—MACE and his backers.

THE DIFFUSION OF IGNORANCE.

A MODIFICATION of a once popular song has been suggested by the following announcement:—

“BISHOP COLENSO.—It has been decided by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge ‘that in the Society's Almanack for 1868 no mention be made of the diocese of Natal.’”

Let us, therefore, sing as follows:—

Oh! no they never mention it;
Ignored the place must be.
Their books are now forbid to name
That once Colonial See.
From Guide, and List, and Almanack
'Tis banished by their set,
And when they force a smile from us,
They fancy we forget.

They tell us it is nothing now;
Tabooed by DR. GRAY.
But ah! they could not disendow
COLENSO of his pay.
The Bishop holds his own, and he
Is like to hold it yet:
And though they never name his See,
We never shall forget.

“BLAISE ?—BLAZES !!”

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WITHOUT detracting in the slightest degree from the honours which have been awarded to SIR ISAAC NEWTON and to BLAISE PASCAL, I wish you would, like a dear good kind soul, enlighten me as to who *actually* discovered the principle of gravitation which is so beautifully and distinctly defined by one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Scene 2:—

“Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is, AS THE VERY CENTRE OF THE EARTH,
DRAWING ALL THINGS TO IT.”

If the history of our immortal “Bard of Avon” is to be at all relied upon, the above would be written about the year 1600, long before either NEWTON or BLAISE PASCAL were born.

Will you therefore, like a dear warm-hearted *Punch*, as you always are, give me, *ex abundantiâ*, a little of your knowledge upon the subject, and oblige,

Yours, ever affectionately,

Keighley, near Haworth,
October 11, 1867.

ANNIE W * * * *

P.S. Probably some “Blaiser” or “Newtonian” could answer the question.—A. W.

NEW BOOKS.

WE have received our first 1867 Christmas-box already, in the form of eight delightful books, from MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SON, of London and New York. After the usual careful inspection which reviewers bestow upon the works of our first-rate, second-rate, and inveterate writers, we have no hesitation in saying that—

Old King Cole is only equalled by *The Old Courtier*, and both are deserving a place in any nursery, in company with *The Multiplication Table in Verse*. We also have the pleasure of adding that—

Barford Bridge will not be passed over without payment of a compliment to the author by the reader. *Every Boy's Annual* is red and gold outside, and the contents will no doubt be read and relished by many; and the *Original Poems*, with their pretty pictures, clear type, and smooth verses, will be offered as a prize by Mr. *Punch* to the daughter that shortens her train the most before New Year's Day. *Football*, and a cheap edition of *Tristram Shandy*, complete the parcel, which was neatly tied up with good strong string, and protected from the weather by rich brown paper.

Repudiation.

GREAT debate has arisen as to the vehicle in which the next Lord Mayor, MR. ALLEN, should ride, on the ninth. We assure his Lordship elect that it was not one of our young men who suggested that the Mayor should ride in his *Allen's Indian Mail*.

A NAME FOR A SENSATION NOVEL.—*The Rake's Progress*: by the croupier of a gaming-table.

THE UNEQUAL MATCH—warranted to light only on the Box.



THE TABLES TURNED.

Nurse. "DID YOU RING, MA'AM?"

Naughty Little Girl. "NO; I RANG. TAKE MAMMA AWAY, PLEASE. SHE'S VERY CROSS AND DISAGREABLE."

THE "MAN IN BRASS" AVENGED.

I TOLD you what was bilin' up, I know'd 'twould come to pass
When your socicidal horder put down the Man in Brass—
I felt the Constitution of the Corporation doomed,
On my 'awberk and my 'elmet when impious 'ands presoomed.

I said I was a symbol—you hanswered, "That be blowed!"
Said we was institootions, me and the 'oss I rode.
You pooh-pooched your institootions, my vested rights and all,
And now see what it's come to—the Lord Mayor's Show's to fall!

They got the small end of the wedge well in and under me,
And worked, alas, the Man in Brass out of the saddle tree.
You little thought that in my throat your own throats was cut then;
If I was man, for all my brass, Lord Mayors is only men.

You put me down, like other things to our forefathers dear:
Guy compensation, which I blush to say what 'tis a year:
Brass in the Common Council might be honoured as before,
But the Man in Brass, its emblem, his place know'd him no more!

Now home the wedge they're driving, into your marrow-bones,
Striking a blow agin you, that should rouse the City stones.
Revolution in the Council sets its pisen'd floods abroad,
And runs a muck, Lord 'elp us! at the Lord Mayor's own state coach!

Had you thought of the old proverb, "Give a hinch they'll take a hell,"

The rude hand of Destruction on me had never fell.
Nought's sacred now. The Lord Mayor's coach its dignity not
screens,
And the next state coach they strikes at—blow'd if 'twont be the
Queen's!

MAUD'S PERIL—of catching cold, if she accepts MR. SIMS REEVES' invitation during these treacherous evenings.

A PROBE IN THE POORHOUSE.

WHAT a joke it seems to call a man a "Poor-Law Inspector," when he shuts his eyes to such a state of things as, according to the *Lancet*, is prevailing in our workhouses! Surely, "Poor-Law Neglector" would be a far more fitting name for him. And what a mockery it seems to say that any man is a "Guardian" of the poor, when he never takes the trouble to guard them from such treatment as they meet with in the Farnham workhouse, for example, where "casuals" are caged nightly in a kind of biggish rabbit-hutch, and where inmates, when allowed the luxury of washing, "are obliged to dry themselves on the sheets of their own beds"!

Such black-Guardians deserve to smart under the *Lancet*, and we rejoice to know that some of them are not so brutally thick-skinned, but that they really have been made to wince beneath its probe. If men appointed to be Guardians, thus shamefully neglect the work they undertake to do, there should be started a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Paupers; and the whole of its expenses should be borne by the black-Guardians and the paid neglecters of the poor.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

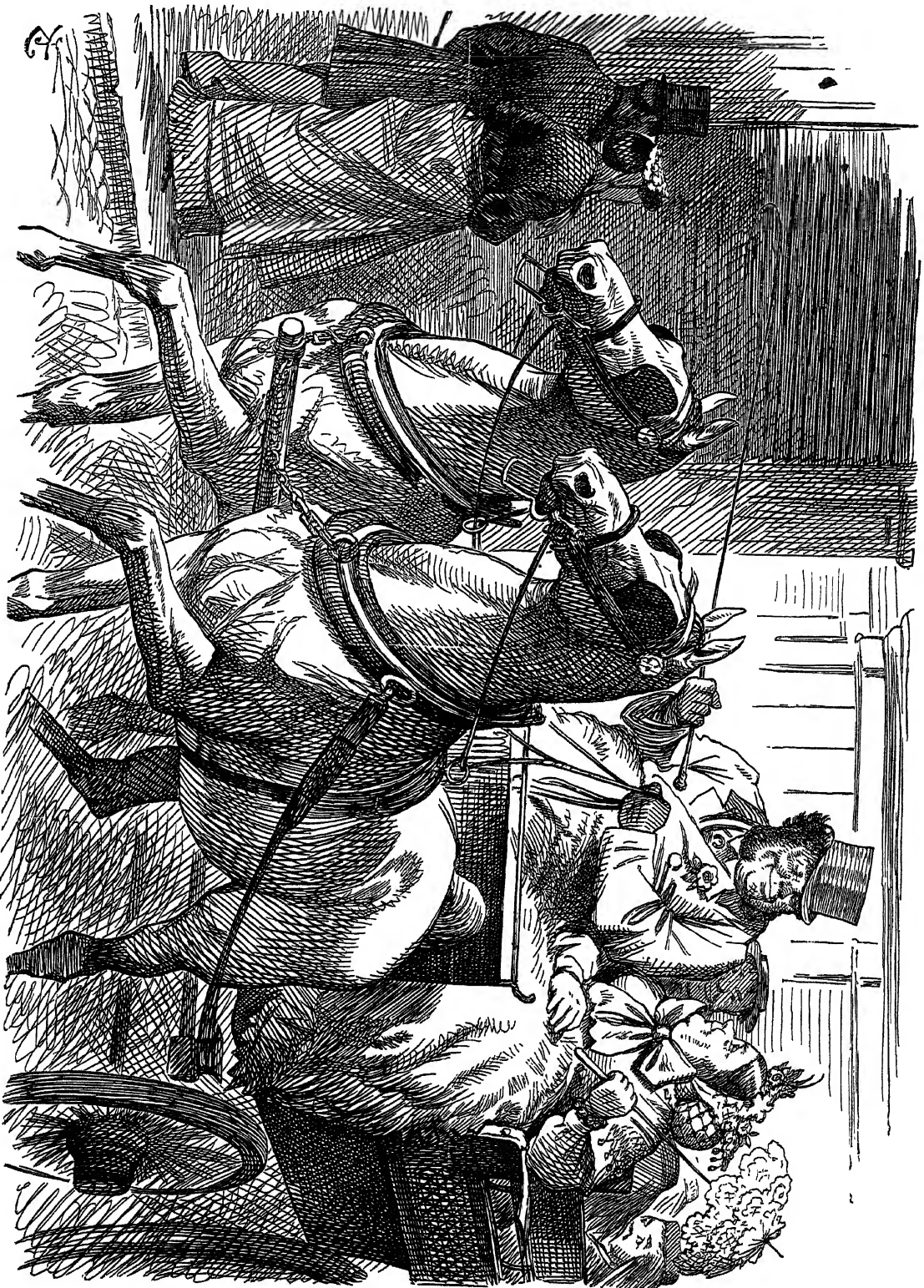
THE Master of the "Rolls" acting as Judge in a case respecting the Preservation of "Commons." We trust that a copy of his decisions will be soon in the hands of every College servant.

ST. LUKE'S ASYLUM.—*Japanese Tommy*, a new name for *Brown Bread*.

AN OLD SAW NEW SET.—What can't be endured must be caricatured.

A "NEAT" DRINK.—Spruce Beer.

MOTTO FOR THE "OPEN CHURCH SOCIETY."—Proh Pew-door!



BEEF À LA MODE.

MR. BURKET (*succinctly*). "REDOOSE THE PRICE O' MEAT, EH? AND GIVE UP THIS STYLE O' THING, EH? AND WALK TO CHURCH LIKE OUR CUSTOMERS? OH, YES!"

IGNORAMUS.

"A seaweed by the ocean's brim,
Was but a seaweed unto him."
Modern Author.



HERE I am still, *Mr. Punch*, recruiting my strength and enlisting the sympathy of my friends at Shorecliffe, and daily as I walk on its sands, inhaling saline draughts, there is one word that I find will persistently intrude itself into my mind, and oblige my lips to its constant iteration. It is not an admiring adjective, applied to the sea, or the ships, or the shore; it is no term of satisfaction and delight at what I behold, or think, or feel, but an utterance of despondency and dismay which, as a middle-aged man who underwent one of the fine old thoroughbred expensive educations—ancient foundation school, classical metres (I wish I understood the evolutions of our gas-meter), time-honoured

university, translations from the *Spectator*—I might be more reluctant to avow, if I did not suspect that a Chorus, composed of an immense number of voices, could be brought together, who without any previous rehearsal would be able to join me in giving it true and emphatic expression. It is a word which I have often repeated to myself before, in factories and workshops, in the rooms of learned societies, in the interiors of boundless museums, at archaeological congresses and horticultural shows, while perusing the headings of papers read before scientific associations, or interpreting the initials at the tail of the names of many of my fellow-citizens, while exploring City articles, and probing communications on the geography of Abyssinia. In a word, it is the word which stands at the summit of this column—IGNORAMUS.

Shorecliffe is not a place (in a complimentary way we call it the sea-side, but in reality it is only a salt-water place) where it is the whole duty of man and woman to dress three times a-day. The sands at Shorecliffe are not thickly peopled, as you may suppose when I tell you that great guns are tried in their seclusion, but they are spacious and pleasant for walking, and standing on them you may see ships on their way to every port and part of the world, from a fishing-smack to the *Great Orient*, from the largest to the smallest vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic—I am in hourly expectation of reading that some intrepid mariner has made the voyage from New York to Liverpool in a hen-coop or a tea-chest, and will attend daily at the Crystal Palace with his little craft, to show his log and relate his adventures—but I look on all that passes with helpless eyes, build, and rig, and tonnage, and flag alike unknown to me, who just able to discriminate sail from steam by the patent signs of funnel and smoke, could not distinguish schooner and brig, lugger and yawl, though penal servitude were the consequence of failure under examination.

A fleet of junks or a flotilla of "light caiques" may be under weigh, I should not know it. The Channel squadron may be in sight, the swiftest yachts on the ocean may be at anchor in the offing, I should not recognise them; that ragged shrimper, that handsome black-eyed lass, somewhat deficient about the head and legs in the usual articles of costume, who has spent all the morning in filling her basket with the chips which she will presently sell in Shorecliffe for fourpence and a crust, knows, I will be bound, more about shipping than I do, than I—Ignoramus—whose name has been printed in an Oxford Class List. A thought comforts me. Convene on these roomy sands a meeting, to consist, let us say, of a Member of Parliament for an important borough, a benighted Clergyman, and his youthful Curate, a Cornet of Hussars, a wealthy Stockbroker, a middle-aged member of the Civil Service of the Crown who came in before examinations, and one or two sixth-form boys from Eton, and require each of them, then and there, far away from all encyclopædias, manuals and writing materials, to give a short, lucid, *vis à voce* account, say of the tides, their action, variation and lunar intimacy, and the method by which their diurnal affluence and impoverishment can be calculated beforehand to a minute; and how many of them would pass, how many would stand a chance of getting a tidewater's place and its emoluments, if a paper of questions were given them to answer by the authorities in Dean's Yard, Westminster, without a preliminary coach and cram?

I cease looking at the vessels on the water, and pursue my walk with downcast mind and eyes, until I stumble over what appears to me to

be a congeries of tangle, the principal component parts of which are cockle-shells and rubbish. I look a little further into it, and then with fresh pity for my own ignorance, I think of the discoveries some naturalist friends of mine would make if they were here. How ALGAR would disentangle a dozen different sea-weeds, how SHELLEY would be busy with these pink and white and yellow particles of enamel, these smooth and spiral marine envelopes, how PLANTA would diverge to the barren sandhills, only interesting to me on account of their rabbits,—of which I *do* know something in collocation with onion sauce—and fill his wallet with botanical trophies, and how SNOWDON would think the day well spent because he had found two new land snails for the drawers of his cedar cabinet. Ignoramus! Ignoramus! the word is particularly obtrusive on this solitary shore, it deafens me; I will look upwards. A sea-bird is flying over my head, perhaps an albatross, perhaps some uncommon visitant which has only alighted on the coast of Britain three times within the last century, rare as the great bustard or the dinornis. It may be, but I cannot write to the papers about it, for I know not a gull from a puffin, a dotterel from a Mother Carey's chicken; and if asked to enumerate the birds indigenous to these islands, should hardly get beyond the common house-sparrow and the familiar robin redbreast.

I reach the great guns I mentioned before, and the big target against which they have tried their strength. A new humiliation! What do I know of Armstrong and Palliser, of Mackay and Rodman, of bore and calibre, of range and windage, of five-inch armour plates and teak backing? The intelligent youth on the beach who informs me why the guns of H.M. gunboat *Fieldmouse* are being fired has, I dare to say, a better acquaintance with all these points than I, to whom they are as close a mystery as the compilation of the *Nautical Almanack* years before it is wanted. I give up walking and looking at anything. I call at "Marine Façade" on my friend SEEMAN, who is an underwriter, or a shipbroker, or a marine store-dealer, or something of that sort. He has this moment come home from the great port which is within twenty minutes railway ride of Shorecliffe, and is at the window with his telescope, watching the *Penelope Jane* coming up the river, a vessel (laden with jububes) of which he is fifteen-sixtieths part owner. He alters the focus, he screws the machine up and down, but something is wrong. Will I take it to pieces while he goes for a fresh glass? Take an achromatic telescope to pieces! I should as soon think of taking a baby to pieces. More conscious than ever of my imbecility, I look at my watch (its cogs and wheels, its balances and escapements, a standing miracle to me), find it is dinner-time, and hurriedly leave SEEMAN.

It is growing dusk, and the lighthouse opposite turns its great red eye on me. What does a lighthouse suggest? The chamber (I was going to say camera) at the top of the dwelling of my friend DE VERO, skilled, as an amateur photographer, in taking a Welsh castle or a Swiss landscape; great white birds dashing themselves in storms against the windows of a lonely tower in a northern sea; and stories about lighthouse keepers—the easy chair and good fire sort of stories—which I regularly read every yule-tide in Christmas numbers and shudderful annuals and illustrated newspapers.

But of the mechanical apparatus by which that red eye is made punctually to turn on me and many anxious home-coming mariners, by an oily man who controls it for weekly wages, I never think, because I am an Ignoramus. And so I turn into my lodgings, No. 25, Richard Baxter Street (a dissenting speculator laid it out) and wonder whether, if by some unimaginable chance I was the last survivor from a raft, cast on an uninhabited island in the Caribbean Sea, it would be better for me to know the dates of the first four folio editions of *Shakespeare*, and the origin of playing cards, or something about tides and telescopes, edible mollusks, and wild berries. YOUR EXILED CONTRIBUTOR.

ONE WHO DESERVES THE LION'S SHARE.

MR. PUNCH refers his readers to a recent Thames Police Court report of the case of one WILLIAM LYONS, a sailor, blinded of one eye, crippled, and disabled by injuries received in battling heroically with the flames, to save a woman and child at a fire in St. George's-in-the-East.

This crippled hero, though he spells his name with a "y," is evidently one of the British Lions of the old and true breed. Perhaps he has recourse to the "y," because he has lost his eye, by his courage and humanity. BRITANNIA ought to turn "Lion's provider" for him. Let her put both hands in her pocket for one who to save a strange woman and child has given his right eye, his limbs, that are his bread-winners, and all but his life, to the fire.

BRITANNIA's bounty might flow through the *beak* of the Thames Police Court. It should run with gold for brave, blind, crippled, WILLIAM LYONS.

APOLOGY FOR BUTCHERS.—It is only natural that those who live by the knife should stick it in.



SAD WANT OF TASTE.

Cheerful Sportsman (who has mounted a friend). "I SAY, OLD BOY, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN CUB-HUNTING BEFORE, HAVE YOU?"
Town Map (not accustomed to rise at 4 a. m.). "NO; AND IF SITTING IN THE DAMP, UP TO MY KNEES IN DEAD LEAVES, FOR TWO HOURS IS CUB-HUNTING, I DON'T THINK I SHALL SEE IT AGAIN!"

TREASON IN THE LEAGUE.

WE do not want to spoil MR. BEALES's holiday at Etretat, but we think he had better come home. There is treason in the camp of the Noble BEALES.

One shudders to write it, but the fact is so. MR. BEALES has sent to the Reform League, of which he is President, a letter to a person whom he calls "my dear HOWELL," in which epistle MR. BEALES writes very rationally about the Fenians, and deprecates the use of the rifle and the revolver as means of obtaining political justice. On the night of the 23rd (the dates in a great man's career are dear to a nation) this letter was read in council, and there was a motion that it be entered in the minutes.

Suddenly, rebellion broke out. We dare not analyse its cause. Was there discontent that the haughty and luxurious President should be smiling on the French ladies at Etretat, while his council of shoemakers and masons and carpenters were in London, and could at best get to Gravesend or Margate? Was it that the same influences which during the Reign of Terror in France caused the revolutionary patriots to destroy one another, were at work? Is DANTON BEALES hated by MARAT ODGER or ROBESPIERRE LUCRAFT? The thought is highly awful. But

MR. LUCRAFT felt that the Irish people were fully justified in resorting to physical force.

MR. WHITFORD held that it could not be right to condemn them in this way.

MR. COOPER thought them imprudent, but fully sympathised with them.

MR. ODGER, if an Irishman, would be a Fenian. Ireland would never make an impression on her rulers till she knocked down some of her rulers. How were the people to get redress? The Bloated Parsons (*sic*) had no sympathy with them.

MR. BRISK briskly said that the letter of MR. BEALES was an abortion. Let Fenianism go on and prosper.

MR. GOLDING protested against the letter of the President.

COLONEL DICKSON (a bloated aristocrat, perhaps—his turn will come) said that there was no free Press in England if the letter were not published in its integrity.

But the League did not seem to think the freedom of the Press of any consequence. BEALES should not snub the Fenians. We now quote from the *Morning Star*—

"A discussion having taken place in which a disposition was evinced to control the action of the Press as to publishing the letter, the only representative of the Press present took up his hat and was walking out, when the chairman called him back, and put it to the meeting whether the Press should be present or not."

Just so. Unless the Press prints or abstains from printing, according to the will of friends of liberty, the Press will have a bad time of it. Upon this occasion a majority graciously permitted the Press to remain, and two "long and stormy" discussions followed. Finally MR. BOBB carried a compromise, and the League entered the letter without approving of its views.

Three things, therefore, may be learned.

First, that the throne of the Noble BEALES shakes.

Secondly, that the Fenian scoundrels receive the public support of the leading members of the Reform League.

Thirdly, that the Press is at present tolerated by the League, but had better mind what it is about.

A fourth consideration occurs to us, but more of that when Judges BYLES and BLACKBURN shall have pronounced sentence at Manchester.

Don't Believe It.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, while at the Cape, shot an elephant. Turning to his attendants he said, "Let nobody call me the Duke of Tuskany"—thus potting at once monster and *mot*.

"ANOTHER 'NOBODY'S CHILD.'—The Buoy at the Nore."

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

THERE are good points about my Funny Friend; one being that he amuses my Great Aunt. I don't think I ever saw anyone really amuse her before this. My Great Aunt was (so to speak) "tickled" by him: that is, she shut her eyes and smiled, as I have seen her do while drinking warm sherry-and-water with ginger in it.

By the way, she puts ginger in everything. Her beverage at dinner is stout, qualified, somehow, with ginger. Her tea has a dash of ginger in it. She is perpetually "correcting" herself with ginger. I have seen her infuse a modicum of grated ginger into a boiled egg at breakfast. Occasional spasms, which always take place out of sight, up-stairs in her bedroom, require gingerly treatment, with brandy: the ginger being, I ascertain, in comparatively small quantities.

My Funny Friend falls in with this notion of ginger, and humours her. I don't tell her that he is humbugging, when he comes out with a story of a man in India who extricates himself from the grip of a tiger by having a small bottle of laudanum ginger in his pocket. "The ginger in the laudanum," he explained, kicking me under the table, to point the joke of the thing, "making the tiger open its mouth: and the laudanum in the ginger killing the ferocious animal."

When asked what he'll drink, GRIGG replies that he "doesn't care: champagne will do." Mrs. BUZZYBY produces a pint. I have it in pints, on account of my Aunt. She professes to take only stout, but if there's a bottle of champagne on the table, it always induces her to observe that she thinks perhaps one little glass would do her good. One little glass might; but our glasses are not little, and she doesn't limit herself to one, because it is evident that to return to stout after champagne, would not be a good thing. I can't help making this remark (I had made it to GRIGG, who at dinner—I see through his "fun" now—took advantage of his knowledge), because my Aunt only pays her share of the housekeeping expenses, and "all the wine," she says, goodhumouredly, "of course comes to you"—meaning me. She may be going to leave me a lot of money: she may not. But anyhow, if I could get quarter-pint bottles, I would; and, after all, it would be better for her health.

GRIGG laughs at the pint, and observes cheerily, that that's all very well for one, and insists upon my Aunt "joining us." She coquettes over this; and I advise her not to, as she was only the other day complaining of Champagne creating acidity. This startles her; but GRIGG—(there's malice in his fun; I thought he was a good-natured fellow; he isn't)—says, "Correct acidity with ginger."

Once bring ginger in where my Great Aunt's concerned, and further argument is useless.

She admits the truth of the prescription. Mrs. BUZZYBY, at my request, produces a bottle after the pint has been opened. GRIGG tells two funny stories. My Great Aunt shuts her eyes and smiles, dropping her head on one side, and bringing it round again into position. After an interval for Champagne, when he drinks my Aunt's health, in which I am bound to join, he commences a third story of a feebly humorous kind exactly suited to my Great Aunt.

By the way. Fortune for a Publisher! A Book of Select Humorous Stories for Elderly Ladies, with an Appendix of Puns on Known Words in Common Use.

GRIGG, then, after his first plateful is finished—"We are in the third course; and, with an apology for his appetite, he has taken twice of everything, which makes Mrs. BUZZYBY and the little maid hate him, I know. Poor Mr. BUZZYBY, the Mysterious, the denizen of the back kitchen, will fare badly.

By the way. Another notion for a Publisher. Novel in 3 vols. Mysterious Denizen of the Back Kitchen. "Denizen" ought to be "madman," and the title's worth a year's subscription of fifty people to a circulating library.

—After his first plateful is finished, GRIGG, while I am helping him again, proposes my health. My Great Aunt (very bad for her I'm sure) must join him in this. There is no more champagne. I say jocularly, "Ah, then we won't have my health;" but GRIGG doesn't see it in the same light.

No more does my Aunt, over whom, with the antidote of ginger in view, a fearful recklessness has suddenly come.

Another bottle. My health is proposed. While GRIGG has his second helping ("tucking in" is the word for my Funny Friend's performance at dinner) I respond, saying how glad I am to see GRIGG, and particularly as "the Air of Cokingham—" He stops me with a shout of laughter that startles my Aunt. "Ha! ha!" he cries, effervescing with his fun, "you're always thinking of titles for books. There you are." Where am I? I ask. "Why, don't you see, what you said: The Air of Cokingham." He explains to my Aunt, "H.E.I.R. Air." "Oh, dear me!" she says, "Oh dear yes," and sees it with her eyes shut, and smiling; warm sherry-and-water expression again. While her eyes are shut, GRIGG refills her glass, and

begs my pardon for interrupting me. I repeat sarcastically that "I am glad to see the Air of Cokingham has so good an effect on his appetite." He immediately proposes the health of the Air of Cokingham. This is too much for my Great Aunt, upon whom the Champagne is, I regret to say, beginning to tell. Indirectly (*i. e.*, outside the door) it is telling on Mrs. BUZZYBY. GRIGG thinks another bottle just to "top up with" would be the proper thing.

I fully expect to hear my Aunt suddenly propose "topping up" with something. She'll have to "top up" with a considerable amount of ginger up-stairs. I oppose this. GRIGG says, "he didn't like to mention it before, because we might have given him presents; but the fact is, it is his birthday." I do not immediately see through this, or should have contradicted it on the spot. "Oh," says my Aunt, smirking—[actually smirking! Not all the ginger in Arabia will wash out this Champagne. Hope nothing serious will happen!—"if we'd known it was Mr. MACGRIGG's,"—she will stick to this; and when I correct her, he says she's quite right; it *is* MACGRIGG, and she is angry with me. Angry! never been so before!

"If we'd known it was your birthday, Mr. MACGRIGG," with an indignant look at me, "we would have drunk your health."

"Not too late," says GRIGG, immediately. "I can manage another bottle." Well, I can't. "Nor," I answer for her—(I'm hanged if I think she'll be able to answer for herself, soon! Disgraceful! The end of a Great Aunt! Living highly respected for eighty-five years, and then finishing, thus! Too revolting! Why, she might even come to be hung for cruelty to a nephew!—"can my Aunt: so we'll have a pint in for you, unless, after all, there is another glass in the bottle." "There isn't," on Mrs. BUZZYBY's authority, who seems to know all about it—all, and something more, from the "light in her laughing eye"—so in comes the pint; and GRIGG undertakes it on the strength of its being his birthday. My Aunt yields to a sip or two, and I, for my Aunt's sake, and to save appearances (and disappearances, perhaps: my Great Aunt under the table, and Mrs. BUZZYBY, incapable, somewhere), and also to spite GRIGG, just take a glass.

After this he gives another humorous story, in which a clergyman figures: it tells against the clergyman, and exhibits the cloth in a ridiculous light. My Aunt, who would have prayed for the conversion of this benighted young man had she heard this at any other time, now keeps on smiling and shutting her eyes for at least two minutes consecutively. She has quite got beyond *Select Humorous Stories for Elderly Ladies*. I hope GRIGG won't go any further. I refer to my watch. Dessert is on table. My Aunt says suddenly she will retire. I hope she doesn't feel at all unwell. She thanks me: not at all. But she expects us in the drawing-room: if however we don't come up and "we shouldn't meet again to-night"—this sadly and sweetly to GRIGG, who instantly becomes serious and pretends to be immensely affected, "why, she," my Aunt, "will say good-bye to MR. MACGRIGG for the present."

GRIGG sees her to the door, where she delivers herself, into the hands of her own maid and Mrs. BUZZYBY, by both of whom she is supported aloft to her room, where she will have fearful struggles between acidity and ginger.

When the door is closed, "Now," sings GRIGG, jovially,

"Wreath the flowing bowl,
Till it does run over,"

Here he forgets the words, but continues with emphasis, but no discretion,

"Something, something roll,
Live in—something clover."

I say, "Don't make that noise, old fellow." Mrs. BUZZYBY wishes to know if we require anything more to-night. I say "No," and add that "Mr. GRIGG will be going soon." Mr. GRIGG, however, tells Mrs. BUZZYBY "not to believe him," meaning me, that, plaintively, "We" (he and I) "haven't met for years, and would she tear us asunder so soon?" He then thumps his heart, addresses her in a passionate strain as, "Oh, ARAMINTA ISABELLA! Oh, ARAMINTA!" Whereat, to my astonishment, (considering that Mr. BUZZYBY is within hearing in the back kitchen) she smiles and says, "She never saw anyone go on half so foolish as Mr. GRIGG. It's like a Theatyr," she adds, which being taken by my Funny Friend as a great compliment, makes him funnier than ever.

He gains his point with her, much to my annoyance. She consents to the gentleman stepping, but not too long, and practically leaves the guardianship of the house in my hands. So his going or staying depends now on my hospitality, which is exactly what I didn't want. She also, as an idea of her own, brings in my Great Aunt's brandy (which she takes with ginger) and then leaves us. My Funny Friend executes a silent dance of joy.

"Have I any cigars?" I've not. Then he *has*. A case full.

"Now then for a night of it," he says, lighting up, and immediately singing, "We won't go home till morning," with his, GRIGG's, rum ti tum ti, *ad libitum*, or as he says, *ad libitum-ti-rum-ti*, and then roars with laughter.

I do believe he will not go home till morning. My mind is made up; I go to bed at eleven. Now then.



STAKING HIS EXISTENCE.

Horsely Little Swell. "I'LL LAY YER A MONKEY ON IT, COME!"

THE GOLDEN SHORTHORNS.

"Eight out of the nine shorthorns of English blood, which 'Our American Cousins,' and Mr. STRAFFORD have just sold back to us in a Windsor Hotel, averaged nearly £410 a piece."—*Morning Paper.*

MR. STRAFFORD raised his time-glass, and THORNTON held the pen, When to a Windsor coffee-room flocked scores of shorthorn men.

They crowded round the table, they fairly blocked the door;— He stood Champagne did SHELDON, of Geneva, Illinois.

They talked of Oxford heifers, Duchess bulls, and how the States Had come into the market with another "Bit of Bates."

Their expression is so solemn, and so earnest is their tone, That nought would seem worth living for but "Red and White and Roan."

All ready for the contest, I view a dauntless three— The MACINTOSH from Essex, a canny chiel is he.

There's LENEX from the hop yards; 'twill be strange if he knocks under,

When once the chords are awakened of that Kentish "Son of Thunder."

The Talleyrand of "trainers" is their 'cute but modest foe, Him whom the Gods call "CULSHAW," and men on earth call "JOE."

And sure, it well might puzzle "the Gentleman in Black"; When the three nod on "by fifties," to know which you should back.

And sure, the laws of Nature must have burst each ancient bound, When a yearling heifer fetches more than seven hundred pound!

Bulls bring their weight in bullion, and I guess we'll hear of more, Arriving from the pastures of Geneva, Illinois.

B. A'sy, Now.

CAN you tell me, said a profane Bachelor of Arts to a brother Candidate for a Master's degree, why the VICE-CHANCELLOR is like CLEOPAS? Give it up, do you? Because he's going to M.A.'s.

PRIESTLY THANKS TO NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON, thou claimest the French throne to fill,
By both the divine grace and popular will.
A technical term is that little word, grace—
Excuse us—permission expresses the case.

The will of the people set thee on that throne;
Thou rulest, the vulgar suppose, by thine own.
They deem thee a Jove that hath only to nod,
And be, by all nations, obeyed as a god.

For what if at naught thee JUAREZ hath set,
And BISMARCK hath braved thee?—the end is not yet.
Thou bidest thy time—hast employment at home,
Society's saviour, defender of Rome!

Thou liftest thy finger—enough is the show—
For Italy yields to the threat of a blow.
And ought we not, therefore, thy praises to sing,
For guarding the crown of our Pontiff and King?

How generous, how noble espousing our cause,
Whilst we and our Chief curse thy maxims and laws.
Denounce and condemn, with one heart, soul, and voice,
What gave thee thy sceptre—the people's free choice!

We hate French philosophers—all that they teach—
And French civil marriage, French licence of speech.
And France's religious equality, ban—
Yet when we want soldiery, thou art our man!

No thanks for the troops for our sway that have bled—
No thanks for the blood thou wouldst yet have them shed—
No thanks on our subjects for thrusting our rule,
Thyself and thy people thereby to befool.

Our thanks are for those who of French souls have care,
And know how to work the Confessional chair:
Whom thou dost not dare, for thine empire, offend—
They force PONTIUS PILATE the Pope to befriend.

FARNHAM-HOPS.—The Dance of Death in the Farnham Union-House. (See the *Lancet's* reports thereon).

THE PARSONS AND THE PAUPERS.

(*Concio ad Clerum.*)

TALK about COLENSO! Talk, rather, Bishops, about the Farnham Workhouse. Talk about hell upon earth—if you really believe that there is any such place elsewhere. If you don't, why then, as Mr. Tools says, it's of no consequence—and you are of as little.

There are certainly such places as the Farnham Workhouse elsewhere than at Farnham. England abounds in hells upon earth, as we may say by leave of LORD WESTBURY, and with all due respect to what is apparently the esoteric belief of the bishops and clergy. If they believe otherwise, we beg their pardon. But then, let them speak out, and declare to those whom it may concern their opinion that the apologue of DIVES and LAZARUS is not a mere fable, and that the menaces in the book which contains that narrative, against those who treat the poor as the Poor Law Commissioners and Poor Law Guardians, and all those who side with them do, are not ridiculous. Texts need not be quoted; we know what *Falstaff* calls iteration: but Pharisaical, hypocritical, and inhuman sanctimony, calling itself Christian, is enough to make *Punch* preach.

Cosmetics and their Like.

THE subjoined advertisement is faithfully transcribed from the *Post*, *mutato nomine tantum* :—

MADAME RAHAB'S CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY WASH, for giving a fair and brilliant complexion, and the fashionable Brunette Powder, can only be obtained at * * New Bond Street, and at * * * Paris. All persons vending dangerous and destructive compounds in imitation commit a gross fraud upon the public.

We are afraid they don't.

"REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES."—Photographs of children.

THE MAIN CHANCE.—An insurance at LLOYD'S.



"OH! CON-FOUND THESE COUNTRY LOOKING-GLASSES, THOUGH!"

IN RE BUTCHER.

(SONG BY A SOLICITOR.)

THOU who six-and-eight-pence after
Six-and-eight-pence lopp'st away,
Often with unfeeling laughter,
From the bills that clients pay,
Faster goes the cash and faster,
Our insides with meat to fill;
Taxing-master, Taxing-master,
Tax, oh tax my Butcher's Bill!

Oh, the price that beef and mutton
Cost me for my humble board!
Butchers never care a button
Veal that we can scarce afford.
When we lay it on like plaster,
Thou dost take the thick off still:
Taxing-master, Taxing-master,
Tax, oh tax my Butcher's Bill.

Fish with meat hath risen in measure,
Poultry out of reach far fly,
Game is a forbidden pleasure,
Being more than ever high.
Dearth of food's a dire disaster;
Would thou could'st avert that ill,
Taxing-master, Taxing-master,
Tax, oh tax my Butcher's Bill.

Very Appropriate.

THE Edinburgh public dinner to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER took place in the Corn Exchange in the Grassmarket. The Corn Exchange would remind MR. DISRAELI of the alteration in his views on the question of Free Trade; the Grassmarket might make him wonder whether his hearers were green enough to believe all he told them.

THE ROUND OF PLEASURE.—The *trois-temps* step waltz.

FAGIN'S ACADEMY.

"Now, mark this; because these are things which you may not have heard in any speech which has been made in the city of Edinburgh. (*Laughter and cheers.*) I had—if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase—to educate our party. It is a large party, and requires its attention to be called to questions of this kind with some pressure. I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and the country on this question of Reform."—MR. DISRAELI'S Speech at the Edinburgh Banquet.

YES—that it was, my dears, the work o' seven long years,
And little time enough, patience knows, for such a job:
If you'll think that I'd to teach sleight o' hand as well as speech,
Something more than "frisking till," "snaking skin," or "faking fob."

For seven long years I taught 'em, when once I'd been and brought 'em
To Fagin's private school—my own Academy of Arts:
Your CARNARVONS might ride rusty, or your CRANBORNES cut up
crusty,
But most of 'em took kindly to my teachin', bless their 'earts!

First, I taught 'em grace at meat,—their own words how to eat,—
But, mind you, not served up with dirt, in a nasty humble pie;
But with pepper and sharp sauce and *aux fines verbes* of course—
And fine words *do* butter parsnips—them as says they don't, they lie.

Then, the next thing they'd to learn was their coats how to turn,
So as no one mightn't know 'em, and, perticler, the police:
How to slip out of one skin, and another to slip in,
And to look as if it fitted, close as wax, and slick as grease.

And, if copped, to queer the jug, by making up a mug,
Afore the beak, and swearing they'd not changed coats at all:
That to do't's a thing they'd scorn—that the coat was one they'd
worn,
The same side out, from when they was they couldn't say how small.

Then I taught 'em how to twist, with a flourish of the wrist,
Opinions into all shapes, as pr'aps you've seen the man,
Who used to fold a paper, till by an artful caper
It assumed the form of sentry-box, hat, flower-pot, lady's fan!

Then they had to learn the sleight of making black look white,
And keeping a grave face while that little game they play:
First convictions how to hide: qualms and scruples to o'er-ride:
And to swaller down the ticket, if a pledge stood in the way.

Last I had to make 'em fly, not at faking "skin" or "cly,"
But picking a party's pocket of note of hand and bill,
With fains so sharp and true that the party never knew
Till the trick was done, and the prig was gone, and the swag safe
in my till!

PITY THE POOR EXCISEMEN.

A MAN must be uncommonly benevolent in mind to feel much pity for a tax-gatherer who considers he is underpaid for his service to the State. Still we dare say some few people may feel some slight stir of sympathy when they learn that an exciseman, after twenty years of service, is only paid a salary of £150 a year. According to their own account, excisemen do more work than their brother tax-collectors, and receive a great deal less than half as much for what they do. Besides, to show how well they work, whenever stamps or taxes have been issued or collected by the officers of excise, the revenue, they say, has been invariably increased: yet the pay of the excisemen remains at its low ebb. Moreover it is stated that:—

"The local assessors of taxes, who are irresponsible to the Crown, number upwards of 50,000, and receive in poundage for their inefficient services £150,000 annually. By consolidation, and employment of the Excise in the work of assessing, fully £100,000 would be annually saved."

A strike of tax-gatherers is somewhat of an odd event to contemplate: but it appears that the excisemen have really some fair grounds for their demand for an inquiry into the system now pursued for the collection of the revenue; and if they can manage to save us the small trifle of £100,000 a year, we surely can afford to pay them a small trifle extra for their service.

"IF NAP KNOWS IT."—The latest news from Italy makes it pretty certain that for the present at least Rome is "Not for JOSEPH"—GARIBALDI.

TO NON-FRISKY MATRONS.



ALL the tradesmen cheat us awfully. That is admitted by all, including themselves. Now, ladies, a word with you. As you want to come into Parliament, you must learn, you know, not to consider that aman who reasons with you is insulting you, and is a Brute.

No one lady can be expected to make all the journeys that would be necessary to enable her to supply her own household with goods at honest prices. No gentleman wishes to see a lady a slave to her house. But it is worth her while to remember that what would be saved by the purchase of goods

at honest prices would give her boys a first-class education, and would give herself Vienna, Rome, Algiers, in the recess, instead of Ramsgate, Weston-on-the-Mare, Scarborough.

Now you can form your little clubs for all sorts of good purposes, book-reading, clothing the poor, helping the parson, and you manage them very well, for a woman in earnest is the best man of business.

Form little societies among friends and neighbours, and arrange that each member shall take it in turn—say once in ten days, to go to the market, and purchase for the rest of the club. Let her be duly attended by any escort she likes—there are plenty of young men with nothing to do, who would be happy to protect her from chaff or impertinence, and let the Club have its own vehicle for conveying and delivering the purchases.

In six months, the tradesmen would have learned honesty, or you would have learned to do without them, and have saved—as some of your daughters would say—an awful sight of tin.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S LAMENT.

I THOUGHT all women good and true;
But now I've learned a thing or two,
And can't restrain my passion.
From sad experience of the rage
For humbug, in this present age,
When "shams" are all the fashion!

For oh! what innocence was mine,
When MARY JANE appeared divine,
With those fictitious dimples!
How little did I dream that art
The bloom of roses could impart
To what I know is—pimples!

With falt'ring voice and accents low,
I swore eternal love; but, oh!
In time I came to search her,
And found that all my hopes and fears
Had fallen on adhesive ears—
Of coloured gutta-percha!

O Woman! Woman! Man must know
How false you are from top to toe!
In vain you take a pleasure
In what may please the fashion's eye,—
Forms rounded by a purchased lie,
A falsehood made to measure!

O Woman! If, as we are told,
Girls nowadays are bought and sold,
Without of shame a particle;
If marriage is reduced to be
A mercantile expediency—
One ought to get the Article!

But what have I to cheer my life?
A silly, manufactured wife,
All sorts of folly made for!
I've cracked my nut, but—sad to tell—
I find it but an empty shell,
And that I haven't paid for!

SUBSTITUTE FOR A CARD TABLE.—A Deal Board.

THE LOGIC OF FASHION.

THERE is no particular foolishness in *Le Follet* this time, except the following, under the head of "Fashions for November:—"

"No one will, of course, attempt to wear an out-of-door dress, either short or long, without a small crinoline."

Why, of course? By what settled rule? What consideration is there which will, of necessity, prevent every woman from attempting to wear either a long or short out-of-door dress without a small crinoline? Why, *Le Follet* itself goes on to say:—

"For ball-room wear some few ladies have a multiplicity of white flounce muslin petticoats, though, in most cases, these are only worn to disguise the very small crinoline which is worn to support them."

Suppose a lady chooses to wear a multiplicity of muslin petticoats under an out-of-door dress, instead of a crinoline, why shouldn't she? There is a very good reason why she should. It might be cold and damp. A multiplicity of muslin petticoats would therefore be preferable to crinoline, as a fashion for November. Why must every lady necessarily wear a crinoline that may be invisible? Shall we be told that it cannot be invisible? Will our fair friends say that they are all *clairvoyantes*, and can see through each other's clothes? Then all that we can say is, that they have a great advantage over ourselves.

Specimen of Mr. Punch's New English Dictionary.

SYNOD, *n. s.* Derivation: from "syn," the Greek *συν*, "together," and "nod," "to wag the head while falling asleep." Example: "Pan-Anglican Synod." An assemblage of Anglican Divines all "nodding" together.

INSPECTOR, *n. s.* Derivation: from Latin "in" used in the sense of "not" (as in "in-utiles," not useful, "in-habiles" not skilful, "in-humanus" not humane) and "specto," to overlook, to examine. Meaning: One who does not inspect or examine. Example: "Workhouse Inspector," one who does not inspect or examine workhouses.

AN ENTRÉE FOR HIPPOPHAGISTS.—A Tit-bit.

TO BENJAMIN DISRAELI, ESQ.

MY DEAR BEN,

I HAVE given you a tremendous wipe in my Cartoon this week. I hope that you will like it. I think it uncommonly happy.

But to show you that I bear no malice, and that I can applaud brains as well as expose humbug, I hereby certify to you that you made a very excellent point in what you said at Edinburgh about the education of the people.

Says you, or to this effect, and if I improve your language you are welcome to the improvements as if you were my Irish landlord,

"When I hear it said that the English masses are uneducated, in comparison with those of other countries, I refuse to admit the deduction implied. I remember that the English masses have lived under a FREE PRESS, and that has given them an education far better than that enforced by despots."

Very well said, son of my right hand. And no doubt the masses recollect with impassioned gratitude the benevolent and persistent efforts which your Party has always made to get newspaper fetters struck off, the stamp-duties removed, and the Free Press brought closer to the pockets of the masses. Bless you, BEN, people don't see half the fun there is in you, but I see it—and more.

Ever yours admirably,

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

P.S. Tell your "dearest friend" JOHN MANNERS, if he has quite done being sentimental about "Old Scotia," to attend to what I said to him about the Regent's Park water.

Herefordshire Lost Mutton.

ACCOUNTS from Herefordshire say that numerous sheep have lately died in that county from eating horse chestnuts. The fact thus stated will perhaps give some vile punster occasion to observe, that the sheep had been feasting at the expense of the horses. In the Emerald Isle the remark may possibly be made, that the shepherd shouldn't have allowed them to graze like that.

"TWENTY-FOUR THINGS WORTH KNOWING."



UCH is the title of an article in a book advertised as *Everybody's Year Book*. Mr. Punch, not having seen the volume, is unable to say what these "Twenty-four Things" may be—whether cookery receipts, family therapeutics, or points of etiquette; but there are "Twenty-four Things," one for every hour of the day and night (some of them alarms), which he considers to be well "worth knowing," and which he will now proceed to enumerate.

1. That this is the last year of the Lord Mayor's Show, unless the Aldermen who have passed the chair and sat in the State Coach persist in standing on their ancient City ways, in which case the day of the Show will be changed from the 9th of November to the 1st of April. (N.B. No State "Coach" will be wanted until PRINCE VICTOR ALBERT requires a Tutor.)

2. That all the public statues, equestrian or otherwise, which now disgrace the Metropolis are to be taken

down, and sold for what they will fetch for old metal and paving materials.

3. That the present Conservative Government intend to introduce the following (amongst other) measures which they have had at heart for many years, and have been gradually "educating" their party and the country to expect and appreciate—Infant Suffrage and Vote by Ballot, Extinction of Primogeniture, Redistribution of Landed Estates, Suppression of Bishops, Repudiation of the National Debt, Appropriation of the Revenues of the Established Church to Police and Highway Purposes, and Abolition of Standing Armies.

4. That the leading sensational novelists have agreed to restrict themselves in future to one crime per volume.

5. That all those priests, bound by rather solemn engagements to uphold the Church of England, who regard Protestantism as a puerility, and the Reformation as a lamentable mistake, have made up their minds to honesty and the Church of Rome.

6. That the streets of London are this winter to be kept clean by the employment of Vestrymen who have seen better days, so that foot-passengers may traverse them without getting their boots highly embossed with mud.

7. That a spoonful of beer is a great improvement to pea-soup.

8. That all beggars, boys with boxes of lights, girls with bunches of flowers, blind men and women with dogs, street organists, and mendicants in wheel-chairs drawn along the pavement of Oxford Street and Regent Street at the busiest time of the day, are forthwith to disappear, and never more to cause annoyance.

9. That the Trustees of the British Museum have arranged to open that Institution daily. (Sundays for the present excepted.)

10. That the Managers of Theatres have decided to abolish all fees and extortions, and to make their houses as attractive as possible to visitors. (N.B. Should unforeseen obstacles prevent this reformation, drapers and other tradesmen will encourage their young men and women to expect and take gratuities from customers.)

11. That BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress* is not to be the subject of one of the Christmas Burlesques.

12. That London cabs and omnibuses may shortly be expected to be as good and convenient as those of Liverpool.

13. That the next time a luggage-train runs into a mineral-train, and both are run into by an express passenger-train, the Directors of the line will be placed in the dock on a charge of manslaughter, and bail refused.

14. That the ladies of England have determined to discountenance long trains, bunches of false hair, and fictitious bloom.

15. That waiters taking fees will be instantly dismissed by their employers.

16. That people with small and stationary incomes are going to give up eating and drinking.

17. That other places of recreation besides public-houses are to be open on Sundays.

18. That all political parties and religious communities have engaged to unite to obtain a National System of Education.

19. That the Metropolitan Milkmen have bound themselves to pull down their pumps.

20. That the last retail dealer has been convicted for using false weights and measures.

21. That Poor Law Guardians and officials are going to be humane and do their duty.

22. That there are to be no more Great Exhibitions.

23. That the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, after much deliberation, have hired a housemaid to keep the Cathedral monuments clean.

24. That *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1868 is just ready.

CARBONIC ACID OR SERMON?

THE REV. DR. GUTHRIE, at a *soirée* held the other night at Middrie School, delivered an address, in which, with reference to the narcotic influence of bad ventilation in churches, he said:—

"I remember I was once present in a congregation in the Town of Thurso, which contained as many as 1,200 people, and perhaps you will hardly believe me when I tell you that on that occasion I saw what I never saw before, and what, I am sure, you never saw, and what I hope I shall never see again—I saw 600 people asleep!"

This is a statement that will perhaps not seem quite so surprising to everybody as the excellent DR. GUTHRIE considers it. Nor are there, perhaps, very many people who will wonder very much at the further statement of the reverend and worthy Doctor:—

"I happened at the time to be living with SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, a very excellent gentleman, who resides in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. I told him what I had seen in the church. 'Oh,' said he, 'that is nothing to what I have seen myself; I have seen in almost every pew the whole people asleep, with only here and there an exception.'"

"We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin'; We're a' noddin in our kirk at hame." So the Thurso congregation at least, may sing, *teste* GUTHRIE; who, however, earnestly protests that their somnolence was not the fault of their preacher, but was caused by bad air. That may be; but a question to be asked is, whether they ever go to sleep until the reverend gentleman mounts the pulpit? It would also be interesting to know whether Thurso presents much of an exception to the general rule of sleepiness in Scotch churches, and, further, if that is the general rule, how much toddy on an average has been imbibed on the "Sawbath" by each member of every snoring congregation? At the same time there is no doubt that DR. GUTHRIE is quite right as to the stupefying properties of bad air; and that the tainted atmosphere of a crowded and ill-ventilated church is quite enough to make every one in it comatose, in spite of the most awakening sermon.

APOLOGISTS FOR DIRTY DRINK.

THE *Times*, in an article on sanitary science, says:—

"There are men who still maintain by the analogy of the horse-pond, which cattle prefer to the running stream, that water is quite fit for drinking even with the presence of the most foreign and most disgusting matter."

The Thames derives from numerous towns above London very much matter of that description. Both of the epithets applied in the foregoing extract to the matter which some people, by the analogy of the horse-pond, maintain to be good to drink in water, are applicable to the matter with which those towns pollute the Thames. That matter is at once foreign and native. It is foreign to the Thames if native to the towns. All dirt is foreign matter. We don't say that foreign matter and dirt are convertible terms. In calling dirt foreign matter we do not mean to reflect on any other people, whatever provocation may be given by some foreigners. It is only the bigot who glories in an overweening opinion of his native soil.

Those who infer the salubrity of foul water from the fact that cattle prefer horse-pond to rill, might go further, and argue that, because the donkey, on the other hand, will not touch dirty water, and is very particular about his drink, therefore the man who objects to diluted sewage is an ass; which would be an asinine argument.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE EPIGRAM ON BISHOP AND PICKPOCKET BARRINGTON? VERY WELL, THEN. HERE'S ITS COMPANION, BY A STUPIDISH, OLD-FASHIONED FOGY.

TWO ALLENS, this Year, on our Rules did incroach,

And in different Ways to Not'riety ran:

One* was Prais'd for his Wish to keep out of a Coach,

One† was Tried for Attempt to break into a Van.

[This would have been Wit a hundred years ago, you old idiot.—P.]

* Our worthy LORD MAYOR Elect.

† The execrable Manchester Fenian.



A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN FRIEND (WHOM YOU HAVE NOT MET FOR YEARS) IS COMING TO ENGLAND TO VISIT YOU. YOU ARE AFRAID HE WILL KISS YOU. WHEN YOU HEAR THE APPROACHING CAB-WHEELS, YOU RUN UP-STAIRS, THROW OFF COAT AND COLLAR, LATHER YOUR FACE, AND PRETEND TO BE SHAVING AT THE VERY MOMENT OF HIS ARRIVAL UNDER YOUR ROOF, AND THERE YOU ARE!—

GROANS FROM UNDERGROUND.

THE estimable twaddlers who discovered that the air in the tunnels of the Underground Railway is deleterious to health, are now shut up. The scientific men have been to work, analysing the said air, with a gravity worthy of a better cause, and they have, without laughing, managed to assure the wise folks in question that not only is the dangerous element inappreciable, but that it would do them no harm to be kept in a tunnel that was hermetically sealed at each end.

But he who thinks that the Great British Fidget is satisfied, knows little of that estimable animal.

A great variety of other difficulties have to be got rid of before the G. B. F. can take his ten minutes of metropolitan travel in peace. Among the questions which are next to be submitted to the scientific parties are these:—

Is not the passage from daylight into lamplight, and *vice versa*, very injurious to the eyes in certain cases? Or could this evil be obviated by the use of spectacles, of graduated colour, to be put on successively (at the Company's expense) at each landing?

Is not the surprise occasioned by seeing a green signal spontaneously become red, and *vice versa*, calculated to produce palpitation of the heart?



(N.B. IF BALD, DON'T FORGET TO LATHER THE CROWN OF YOUR HEAD.)

May not very sad effects, likely to be felt in afterlife, be caused by the terrifying practice indulged in by the juvenile population, of lying down on the ventilators and screaming down, "I see yer!"

Ought the mind of a traveller, who above all persons should be calm and cautious, to be disturbed by reading the sensation titles of stories advertised along the line?

Cannot the gas, though contained in separate boxes on the tops of the trains, and though not exceeding a few pints, be so expanded by the heat of the carriages, especially on a crowded day, as to explode without the application of fire?

Ought not a check to be devised against the abruptness of manner too frequent among the officials when proclaiming the names of the stations and inviting persons to enter the carriages; the tones of the porters, especially, sometimes being suggestive of actual menace, which is painful to the delicate mind?

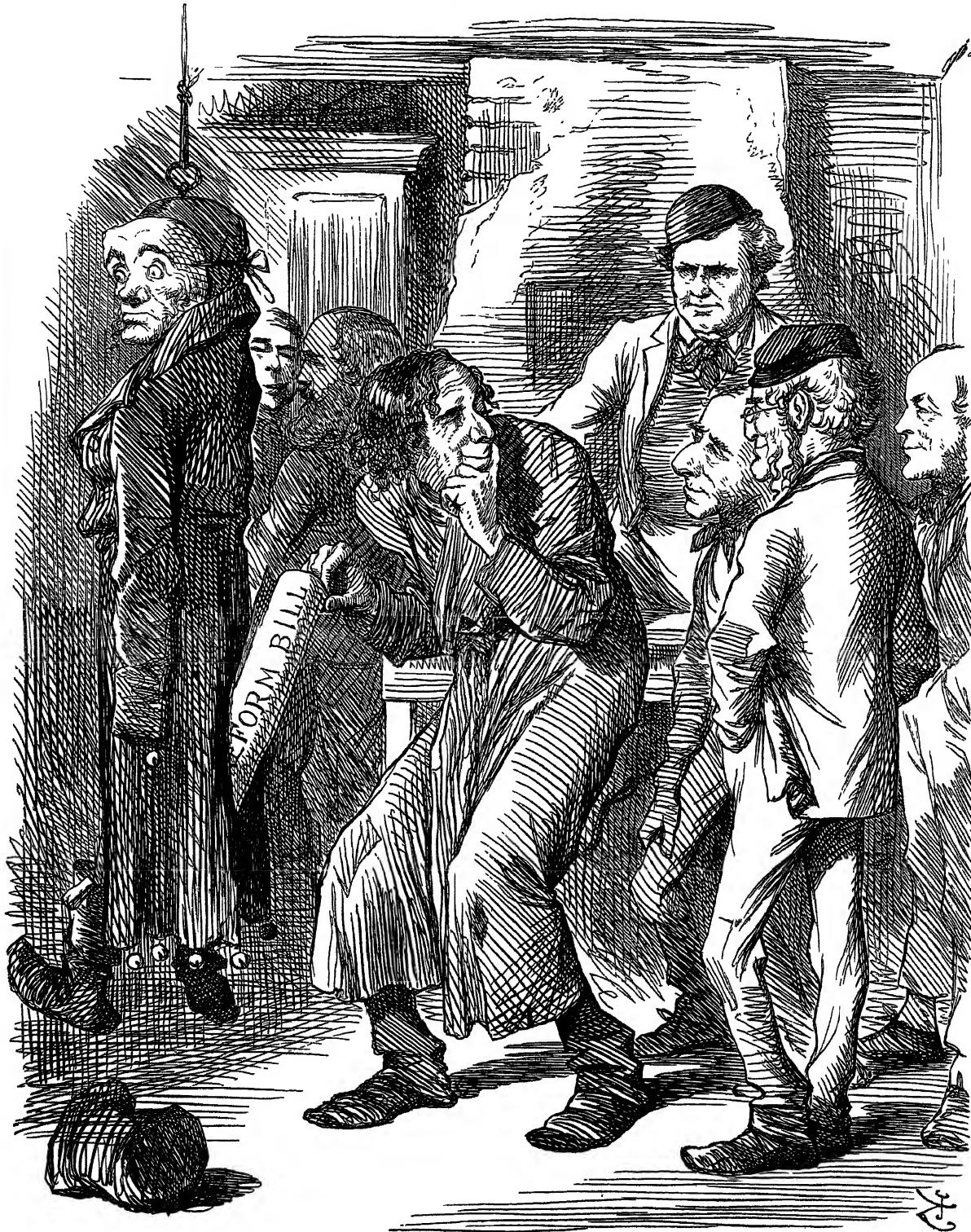
And lastly (for the present) should not the Company take means to prevent the members of the shoeblack brigade from suddenly pointing at the feet of a traveller as he emerges, thereby suggesting to him that perhaps his legs have been cut off, or that some other fearful accident has happened to him?

"Away went Gilpin."

"A LEAP in the Dark," said LORD DERBY, quoting *Mr. Punch*. MR. GILPIN, vainly thinking to improve upon two such orators, says, "No, a Leap into the Light." Yes, GILPIN. Your phrase exactly describes, "Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire." Is that what you mean?

[Advertisement.]

THE "POSTERS" of the New Royalty and the Prince of Wales's Theatre come very close together on several walls. The first has only "An Eye," the second is "Caste." Why not, to save expense, amalgamate the two? Throw the second into the first, and make one large eye squinting; in fact, *An Eye with a Caste* in it.



FAGIN'S POLITICAL SCHOOL.

"Now, mark this; because these are things which you may not have heard in any speech which has been made in the city of Edinburgh. (*Laughter and cheers.*) I had—if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase—to *educate our party*. It is a large party, and requires its attention to be called to questions of this kind with some pressure. I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and the country on this question of Reform."—MR. DISRAELI'S *Speech at the Edinburgh Banquet.*

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

My Funny Friend sits down to smoke. I tell him quietly that if he stops another day with me he must behave himself properly in the streets of Cokingham. This sets him off in a roar. I point out strongly that my character, my position is at stake. He immediately asks me "Why I'm like RIDLEY or LATIMER?" I don't know: I don't care, in fact; but all I want to say is, putting levity on one side—he interrupts me with the answer to his riddle which he insists on telling me, "Because your position is at stake." I think it stupid, and tell him so. He retorts that I have no sense of humour. My repartee is "of his humour," which I flatter myself is a clincher for my Funny Friend. Not at all: he catches at the word and sings out, "Take me while I'm in the humour, tow row row," and so forth. He walks to the window, and pulls the blind aside. "What fun it would be," it suddenly strikes him, "to go out with a good strong cord and tie all the knockers together, so that if you rapped at one house all the others would rap too." I dissuade him from this. "Another notion," he says immediately, "Can't we get some paint and go and change all the numbers in the street." I admit the fun of the idea because of its impracticability. "Blacking would do," he thinks; "they're safe to have some blacking in the house." He is going to find it. I beg him not to try it, as he'll make such a noise. He is annoyed with me now, and complains that I won't do anything. I say "No, it's getting late, and I don't think the New Inn," where he has to sleep, "keeps open after eleven." He won't hear of it: "An inn's bound to keep open," he says: "it's against the law to close and shut a traveller out of the house." He says "I ought to know that, as I am an Inn-spector." He roars with laughter. I say, "Oh, how bad!" and mean it. We have another row about which of us has a genuine sense of humour. He says that my Great Aunt has more sense of humour than I have; which I deny, and he proposes waking her up to ask her the question. I tell him that she'll never forgive me if he does it. This sends him into fits of laughter again. He sees me in his fancy "ruined for life, cut out of the will by my Great Aunt's sense of humour." It tickles him amazingly. He would be more tickled, and the whole house would be roused by his immoderate noise if it wasn't for his suddenly catching sight of Mrs. BUZZYBY's old piano. He will play me a tune. I don't mind, I say, something very soft. He says he'll play something like me, very soft. This is what he calls wit, and is intensely amused with it himself. I hate chaff: I mean I dislike being chaffed. I don't chaff others ("Because you can't," says GRIGG, trying a note or two with one finger) and I don't expect them to chaff me. "If you expected it half the fun would be gone," replies GRIGG. GRIGG's performances on the piano are not artistic, but what he calls "great fun." He imitates the tuning of an orchestra; apparently all fiddles, and a big drum represented by the lowest bass note. This becoming monotonous (I am wondering if they hear it up-stairs) he informs me that he will now play the *Hailstone Chorus*. From this I anticipate an intellectual treat. He also promises me the *Dead March in Saul*. He asks me "Would I like to hear them?" I should, very much. Whereupon he commences. Of all the infernal rows made with a view of disturbing a quiet neighbourhood at half-past eleven p.m. the *Hailstone Chorus*, as arranged by my Funny Friend, is undoubtedly the worst. I beg him to desist. He won't. He says this is the way Herr Von Pyrotechnichio plays, that is (according to my Funny Friend's imitation) shaking his hair wildly, dashing his head down at the keys on the right, going as it were a header with both hands into the treble, splashing about anyhow among the notes, then diving down again and coming up like a porpoise plunging heavily about on the bass. No tune, no distinct note, hand over hand, bang, bang, bang, "*Hailstone Chorus* coming down-stairs," shouts GRIGG; bang, bang, bang, hand over hand with the bass, "Flash of greased lightning," he shouts again, and runs one finger backwards from the bottom to the top of the treble clef. "The ship strikes," he goes on, having now merged into a secular subject, both hands take about ten notes at a leap, "Human cry of distress heard above the storm," he rumbles down into the bass with both hands and shrieks wildly. I implore him to be quiet.

I am certain I hear some one calling on the stairs. I tell him so. It is suggestive at once; "Female voice heard in the intervals of the storm." I could almost swear it's my Great Aunt, or Mrs. BUZZYBY; will he keep the piano a *little quiet* while I open the door. "Stop," he says, "till the ship sinks. Crew hurrying to and fro." Both hands up and down anyhow. "Only two hands left on board," he says, making a wretched pun. Having arrived at this point, that is only two hands on board, there can't be much more shrieking and noise, and the ship will go down quietly, I hope; so I may take the opportunity of opening the door. Before I can say "Hush! listen," he cries, "Fearful fate of the ship. It is blown up. Explosion!" He stamps on the loud pedal, dislocates a couple of strings, (I know

it by the jarring sound), bangs the treble once with his open hand, and jumping up suddenly, sits on the bass; kicks over the stool and the books on which he was sitting, and pretending to be one of the ship's crew blown up by the shock, falls with a bump (hope sincerely he has hurt himself) on the floor, when he pulls down a sofa cushion and clings to it frantically, pretending to save himself from a watery grave, in the carpet. With this, a ring at the front door bell, and the voice of Mrs. BUZZYBY, she herself being invisible in the passage.

The neighbours next door have sent a policeman to complain. Mrs. BUZZYBY (from the darkness, she won't come forward on account of her costume) begs me to consider the reputation of her house. "Have I forgotten," she asks, plaintively, "what is due to my poor dear Aunt? If I want," she says, finally, "to make a noise, I'd better take the gentleman (stress on this word) to the public house, and see (this ironically) if they'll let you both go on like this there."

I promise and vow several things in GRIGG's name: the principal being that he shall go away at once. I am surprised at GRIGG's not demurring to this: on the contrary he goes with a considerable amount of loudly wishing me "Good night," to which Mrs. BUZZYBY on some landing, and, I think my Aunt on the top story, like the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of her Great-Nephew, are both listening. He says, "Good night." I shut the door: the household retires, Mrs. BUZZYBY lingering, I fancy. I bolt the door, chain it, lock it, latch it, and Mrs. BUZZYBY giving up the character of the Invisible Lady, again retires to what GRIGG calls her "virtuous downy." I return to the ground-floor dining-room, where we have been sitting, congratulating myself on GRIGG's departure when I become aware of a considerable draught. The window, looking on to the street, is open. "Odd," I say to myself aloud. "Not at all," returns my Funny Friend, stepping in through it on to the sofa, "Here we are again!" He explains that he opened it before he left, while I was talking. I protest against his return—he pretends to weep. Good gracious, he is going to make another noise: I must stop that. I'll let him stop (I can't be positively inhospitable) for half-an-hour if he'll promise to be really quiet, and go then.

He will go directly, he says, if I'll only give him something to eat—he is so hungry. There is nothing. "Oh yes," he says, "there must be—in the larder." But I don't know where the larder is. "That's the fun," says he, "just what he likes; come along, a voyage of discovery, *Robinson Crusoe*, and a pic-nic." I can't let him go alone, even in the character of *Robinson Crusoe*, or he'll be putting detonating fluid into the pie, or knife-powder into the cold jugged hare. He has got the candle and is leaving the room. I will show him the way—but quietly, do go quietly. The kitchen-latch flies up with a great click. There is a death-like stillness in this region, made more palpable by the steady old clock: I feel like a burglar. If Mrs. BUZZYBY suddenly came in, I don't know what I should do. The Government Inspector under the Olfactory Act found prying about his landlady's kitchen at night—only want a lantern to be a domestic *Guy Fawkes*.

A kitchen at night is a melancholy spectacle, so is a scullery; but of all the distressing things that a man can see on such an occasion, the most painful is the cold vegetables. My Funny Friend is in great force. He pretends to see ghosts, and imitates shuddering. He starts back on me suddenly, and sings in a loud whisper, "Hush, 'tis the night watch! he guards my lonely cell." He plays the Clown with the kitchen poker: he pretends to pocket everything. I show him there's nothing here. "Isn't there," he says, and selects a piece of bread, some butter, some cold hare, and a plate. All he wants is a knife and fork. At last, thank goodness, he is at a standstill. We can't find them anywhere, and I want to get back as I have just seen several blackbeetles. "No, here's a door," says GRIGG. That is the cellar, and luckily, locked. He finds another door: I don't know what that is. My Funny Friend looks in: gives a slight start, and then beckons me cautiously. We look in. MR. BUZZYBY's room where he cleans the knives and forks, and MR. BUZZYBY snoring in bed. MR. BUZZYBY's clothes are on a chair, and his boots on the ground.

The opportunity is not to be lost by GRIGG. In a second, as a matter of course, he has put the butter into MR. BUZZYBY's right boot—the bread in his left: MR. BUZZYBY's hair-brush into MR. BUZZYBY's tail-coat pocket, the soap in one of his stockings, and (this I did not see, but subsequently heard of) finally takes away MR. BUZZYBY's trousers, which (I may add) were found next day in the oven.

On re-entering my room he is radiant with chuckles. We are both too much awake, but he must go now. He points out what fun it'll be when BUZZYBY wakes. What fun when he tries to get on his boots. What fun when he can't brush his hair. What fun when he finds the soap in his stockings.

I shall tell Mrs. BUZZYBY the first thing in the morning. GRIGG goes out by the window again. The New Inn is almost opposite at the corner.

A SYLLABIC AUGMENT.

THE *Athenaeum* speaks of "three riding Cantatas" by three different musical composers. Ought not these works to be called Canter-tatas?



CUB-HUNTING.

Young Bantam. "WELL, GUV'NER, IF THIS IS YER 'UNTING, I'M OFF. WHY, THERE AIN'T A CUB IN THE 'COVER!"

Whip. "OH, AIN'T THERE? WHAT A PITY! WELL, I KNOWS A MAN AS HAS SEEN ONE (OUT)!"

FUN FOR BRITISH TAX-PAYERS.

MR. PUNCH very seldom copies a joke; but he must now depart from his usual practice:—

"THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—We understand that the maintenance of the troops employed in the Abyssinian expedition is to be provided for out of the revenues of India, on the ground that these troops are not replaced on the Indian establishment, and that, if they remained, India would have to pay for them."

This capital joke is borrowed from the *Sunday Gazette*. It will have been seen, however, not to be our esteemed contemporary's own joke, but the joke of the Government; truly an excellent joke, at the expense of India. Do any of *Punch's* readers want the joke explained to them? The Indians do not; although it is no fun for them. Does anybody north of the Tweed possibly not see the point of it? Nay, on the contrary a Scot, surely, of all men, would be the first to laugh at the notion of making India pay for a British war. The reason assigned in justification of this manoeuvre makes it all the funnier. The troops are not replaced on the Indian establishment. Why, just so. They are sent away on an African expedition. If they had remained, India would have to pay for them. Of course. But they don't remain, and yet India has to pay for them. India can do without them, but she mustn't do without paying for them, all the same. That is what is so extremely dull.

Of throwing the burden of our war with Abyssinia on our Indian empire, the *Sunday Gazette* observes, with discriminative acuteness:—

"Whether or no this be just to India, it will at all events tend very much to lighten the pecuniary call on the imperial finances."

On the revenue of the United Kingdom, that is to say—on the pocket of the British tax-payer—certainly it will. "Whether or no this be just to India" is a question which probably never occurred to the authorities who made the clever arrangement of lightening the pecuniary call on the finances of this country by shifting it on to those of that; as good a practical joke as ever was played. But perhaps there is less wisdom than wit in it. They laugh that win, and com-

elling other people to pay our shot is in a sense winning; but they may resent it hereafter, with such effect that we shall be the worse off in the long run, and find ourselves ultimately laughing on the wrong sides of our mouths.

MORE NEW NOVELS.

In fiction, as in fact, it is often very profitable to follow up a success. But we rather fancy it would be doubtful policy for novelists to spend their time on sequels which may merely be suggested by the title of a preceding work. We have little wish to see among our publishers' announcements, such notices as these:—

Never Mort: a sentimental novel, written by the author of *Hever Court*.

Goeth down like an Oyster: a meditative novel, by the author of *Cometh up as a Flower*.

Six Penn'orth of Ha'pence: a realistic novel, being a Sequel to *Half a Million of Money*.

He who Breaks, Pays: a domestic novel, written by the author of *Other People's Windows*.

Less than a Lucifer: a sensation novel, written as a Sequel to *More than a Match*.

A Bad Look-out for Wine-Bibbers.

A PRIZE for "imitation wines" has been awarded at the Paris Universal Imposition, as, in this matter at all events, we think it may be called. One can't help wondering that a country where so much good, real wine is made, should stoop to give encouragement to the making of bad, sham wine. Most men feel real sickness after drinking sham champagne, and we fancy that the drinking of imitation wine will lead to genuine and by no means imitation headaches after it. As a sanitary precaution the bottles surely ought to be labelled "Imitation," just as other deadly compounds from the chemist are marked "Poison."

"DIFFERING DOCTORS."

"The RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI, and the RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT LOWE were then duly invested by the VICE-CHANCELLOR with the degree of LL.D."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

By Senatus Academicus
Vice-Chancellor and all
The *posse comitatus*
Of its Academic Hall,
Legum doctores—teachers
Of Laws, with tongue and pen—
Edina dubs Australian BOB,
And, eke, CAUCASIAN BEN.

Was it Scotch *wit*, or irony
Of mocking fate's decree,
That linked this pair of doctors
Within the same degree?
St. Stephen's subtlest sophist,
And her sophists' keenest foe—
The meteor flights of DIZZY heights,
And the clear, cold light of LOWE?

"Who shall decide," the proverb asks,
"When doctors disagree?"
And when was disagreement
Like that 'twixt L. and D?
BOB, braving Mob for principle;
BEN, Mob's and Interest's slave;
The oracle of Carabas;
The idol of the Cave!

Doctors of Medicine, 'tis said,
Each other's physic spurn.
Doctors of Laws, are you as loth
Each other's lore to learn?
If not, as now St. Stephen's school
Is closed for the vacation,
Suppose you took to teaching, each
The other, in rotation?

Let BEN from BOB learn scorn of Mob,
And cheap and nasty plaudits:
That trick and dodge, however deft
Must face the future's audits.
That dust, though it be diamond dust,
Thrown in folk's eyes, for flattery,
Blinds first, then smarts, and then provokes
Abuse, assault and battery.

That sober truth and rigid fact
Still hold, however humble,
When sophistry's veneerings crack,
And rhetoric's stuccos crumble.
That JOHN BULL is *not* Carabas,
Though VIVIAN GREY may think so:
If counters he deems coin to-day,
To-morrow he won't blink so.

That England can't be caught with chaff,
Her millions fooled with praises,
Cozened by Asian mysteries,
And fed on windy phrases:
That impudence awhile may thrive,
But earns, at last, a licking:
And that the brass which gulls an ass,
Sets 'cutter creatures kicking.

Learn, BOB, from BEN, to manage men,
By humouring their folly,
Nor rub weak wits against the grain,
Till their hair's sharp as holly:
That truth's point may be cut too fine,
Too hard thrust down folk's throattles;
That if you'd store strong wine, 'tis wise
To allow for flaws in bottles.

That one-half of a truth, at times,
Is better told than all of it:
That wisdom's sometimes wise to yield,
When folly takes the wall of it:
That to tread on weak Brethren's toes
Is rude, e'en the best cause in,
May trip the treader up, and oft,
A fair career give pause in.

Thus, Doctors both, from either each
Take what the other teaches,
For though the lesson be un-writ,
'Tis what his practice preaches.
"Physician heal thyself," 'twas said,
If thou would'st heal thy brother,
So, Doctors, if *you* & others teach,
Thus, first, learn of each other.

A MODEST DEMAND.

AMONG the many strikes which we lately have been witnessing, we really wonder that we have not seen announced a strike of Governesses. As a rule, they are extremely overworked and underpaid, and have really far more cause for striking than the tailors. Still, there seems but little prospect of our seeing them on strike while we find them putting forward such advertisements as this:—

A SINGLE LADY, aged 36, with a limited income, offers £20 per annum and two hours' daily instruction to one or two Children in English and the rudiments of music and French, in return for her BOARD.

We have often known a Governess content with a small salary, but it is a novelty to hear of one content with less than nothing, and even offering to pay a yearly premium for her place. An income which is limited may fail to satisfy the cravings of an appetite which is not: still, unless this single lady be uncommonly voracious, she need scarcely, one would fancy, offer £20 a year, and two hours' teaching daily, merely for her board.

MARVELLOUS EVENT AT HULL.

ON Monday last week, at the Town Hall, Hull, a statue of ANDREW MARVEL was consecrated; invested with a new office by solemn rites. At least, a newspaper report says that it was "inaugurated"—see JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*. Of MARVEL's statue we may pretty safely venture to say that it is a marvellous work of Art. Almost every specimen of British sculpture is that; but we trust that MR. W. D. KEYWORTH's statue of MARVEL is a marvellously good one, and represents him as faithfully as he represented Hull.

This MARVEL was a prodigy of integrity. Marvels, they say, will never cease; but such as ANDREW MARVEL have now become very uncommon. Why was ANDREW MARVEL like the celebrated mineral teeth advertised by dentists? Because he was incorruptible. A duplicate of his statue might be subscribed for, by his admirers, and set up in the borough of Great Yarmouth.

HOW TO CLOAK A MEANING.

MR. LUCRAFT, with some other Councillors of the Reform League having brought down a storm on their heads by talking disloyalty in the shape of sympathy with Fenianism, the Council has since tried to undo the effect of their seditious stuff by a very proper resolution, which, however, it did *not* come to a vote upon, "that the League does not counsel private assassination, or secret political assassination." In the course of the discussion MR. MANTLE gave an explanation of MR. LUCRAFT's language—"that MR. LUCRAFT has a singular way of saying things that other people understand in a different sense from that in which he meant them." This may be irony, or it may be earnest. Let us call it flinging the League's Mantle over MR. LUCRAFT.

P. O. Queries.

"The postal duty for a simple letter to or from America has been fixed by the Reichstag Committee at one silvergrosch."

THIS is the news from Berlin. How do the Prussian post office authorities ascertain whether a letter is simple or otherwise? By opening and reading it? And is the postage on a simple letter heavier than on a wise one, or the reverse? And does the rate of postage on letters in other countries, England for example, depend upon their simplicity?

Euphemism Extraordinary.

A LAWYER of our acquaintance, who has acquired great skill in conducting an election, declares that in the course of his canvassing experience he never heard a bribe even distantly alluded to, excepting by the synonym of a "votive offering."

A THOUGHT ON THE KNIFE-BOARD.

THE truth is sometimes told unintentionally. For instance, when one sees *Poor Humanity* on an omnibus!



PRACTICAL JOKING.

IT'S TOO BAD OF FLARRUP, BECAUSE HE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER; BUT HE GOES AS IF "A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY," TO HAVE HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, MANAGES TO MAKE THE OPERATOR DISSATISFIED WITH THE FIRST HALF-DOZEN, AND THEN—MAKING GREAT PRETENCE OF BEING VERY CAREFUL THIS TIME—KEEPS A SHARP LOOK-OUT, AND DIRECTLY THE POOR MAN REMOVES THE LENS, DROPS HIS HAT, AND RUBS HIS NOSE AS IF GREATLY RELIEVED, AND ASKS, INNOCENTLY, "IF IT'S ALL OVER

THE NEW TRAFFIC ACT.

PUNCH hopes that the van-driving, cart-loading, cab-crawling, bus-racing criminals, who now slaughter the peaceable pedestrians of London, are studying the new Act for the regulation of Street Traffic. If not, vengeance will be down upon them with the utmost rigour of the law, and, perhaps, on the whole, a few striking examples will be salutary. However, that they may not plead ignorance (usually a sham plea), *Punch* has put the principal enactments by the new statute before them.

1. No railway van, and no cart of any description, is ever to come into Fleet Street, or any of the streets between *Mr. Punch's* office and his mansion in Belgrave Square.

2. No cab is to be seen crawling in these districts, but a cab, Hansom or gig, is always to be on the spot at the precise moment when *Mr. Punch* has his eyes, and thinks he should like to ride.

3. Any person who feels it to get out of the way.

4. Any person who is a driver, that he does not know "where he is going," is ordered to go, is to be punished in the first instance with penal servitude, and in the second with forfeiture of licence.

5. There is no intention to injure common, and between eleven at night and six in the morning anything may go along any back streets. If the inhabitants don't like this, they are permitted to move, on giving the proper notices.

6. Omnibuses may go along back streets at all hours, and people who want to come into the principal arteries may get out and walk down the connecting streets, and be thankful that they are allowed to do that.

7. Any van-driver who uses a coarse expression shall immediately be transported, and the contents of the van forfeited to the poor of the parish in which the offence has been committed.

8. Cab-drivers are to wear a becoming uniform, a blue waterproof coat and a glazed hat, instead of the rulinly wrap-rascals which at present flap and flop against the front windows.

9. Any tradesman who incites his servants to take out a cart at forbidden hours, shall be disfranchised, and for a second offence his wares shall be examined by inspectors, and his rogueries published in six daily papers.

10. Any person on the top of an omnibus who shall throw coppers to children for gymnastics on the pavement, shall immediately be taken down, and be kicked by the conductor.

11. Any person who, on that place, shall smoke a bad cigar, shall be liable to a similar penalty on complaint of the neighbour he has been poisoning.

There are some other points which require attention, but the persons against whom the new law is directed are proverbially stupid and pig-headed, and therefore a moderate dose of instruction at one time is enough.

The Lord Mayor's Lottery.

THE *Athenæum* says, with reference to the City Feast at Guildhall, that the Chief Magistrate is presented with forty tickets, for which there are four hundred expectants. Of course all but forty of them are disappointed, and perhaps also offended. The LORD MAYOR might, however, avoid giving any of them offence by a very easy expedient. He should have three hundred and sixty blank and forty prize-tickets put into and shaken up in the Cap of Maintenance, and invite the four hundred expectants to draw them.

To Correspondents.

CORRESPONDENTS of all sorts and sizes are referred to No. 1356 of *Punch*, Vol. 53, where they will read the Medean and Persian law, from which there will be no departure.



"BUT FRENCH OF PARIS WAS TO HIM UNKNOWN."

Uncle. "WELL, JOE, HOW DID YOU LIKE PARIS?"

Travelled Nephew. "OH, UNCLE, WE LIVED 'ONG PRAWNCE,' I CAN TELL YOU!"

Uncle (astonished). "LIVED ON PRAWNS!! (Nephew repeats his assertion.) THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'M GLAD I WASN'T O' THE PARTY. WHAT'S BUTCHER'S MEAT SO DEAR, THEN?"

[As Joe said, "What's the good of talking French to such an Ignorant Old Buffer as he?"

A PITIABLE CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WANT to pay a visit to the Zoological Gardens (I highly disapprove of the flippancy of the young people of the present day in calling that agreeable resort "the Zoo"), to see the Walrus. But I am prevented going, although several of my nephews (my sister AMELIA's sons) have offered to attend me, and all my nieces (my sister ARABELLA's daughters) are anxious to accompany me, because I am told that an Aunt-eater has been added to the Menagerie. I have such confidence in the arrangements made by the Society for the safe keeping of the animals exhibited, that I might, perhaps, overcome my fear of personal risk from an accidental encounter with this formidable creature, and enter the Gardens under a strong escort of my blood relations; but I cannot so far forget what is due to the memory of the many excellent women—related to those near and dear to them as I am related to AMELIA's and ARABELLA's children—who must have fallen victims to the strange appetite of this voracious animal and others of its species, as to set my foot within the precincts of the Gardens while it remains one of its denizens. And, indeed, I may as well mention that I shall not think it respectful if any of AMELIA's or ARABELLA's children, to gratify a morbid curiosity, inspect a collection which has received such an unnatural addition. This expression of my feelings on a most painful subject will perhaps have some little weight with those for whom it is intended, when I add that a disregard of my wishes might influence the testamentary dispositions I am about to make in their favour.

One word more. I shudder and require the stimulus of smelling salts when I think of the particular sort of sustenance that must be found for this—this Aunt-eater! Perhaps, like the great snakes, it only requires to be fed occasionally—once a quarter, or so; but even four Aunts a year—the thought is too awful, I now require a little weak brandy-and-water, especially when I reflect that my poor fellow-Aunts must be shut up alive with the monster, if it has these serpentine propensities. And how will the Council obtain the necessary supplies? Volunteers, great as the love for natural history appears to be amongst us, as shown by

the constantly increasing number of the Fellows, they cannot expect will offer themselves; and any compulsory measures—"the ballot," for instance, as for the militia—I am certain Ministers and the Bishops will never permit. My hand shakes so much with agitation that I can write no more, except to subscribe myself (and I am not ashamed to own it),

AN AUNT (Single) OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

P.S. Don't you think that Aunts by marriage ought (if the horrid deed must be perpetrated), to be used first, and then Great Aunts?

PP.S. Can you tell me whether there is any animal whose ordinary diet is Uncles?

A WORD FROM THE WHITEBAIT.

"What's in a name! That which we call a Whitebait
By any other name would eat as nice."
Shakespeare slightly altered.

THAT the Ship and the Trafalgar
Are built up on the fry of us;
That down go HART and QUARTERMAINE
If the public should fight shy of us;

That Thames' most pois'nous odours
Are neutralised by whiff of us;
Fish dinners voted fishy,
An't were not for the sniff of us;

That even Cabinet secrets
Are freely talked before us:
And massacres of innocents
Wash'd down with cold punch o'er us;

That we're adored, *à croquer*,
By swells and pretty sinners:
That the chief grace at meat is
Our work, in Company dinners;

In short, that we're delicious,
Is generally admitted,
When with batter, bread and butter,
Cayenne and lemons fitted.

When thus all ranks and classes
Our merits are agreed on,—
When we're pronounced the thing in fish
For epicures to feed on—

Why fret, you ask, o'er species,
Or question raise of genus;
If we're young sprats or herrings,
Or what's the odds between us?

You fancy that such questions
To Whitebait should not matter,
Born 'twixt Gravesend and Battersea,
Their graves' end, seas of batter.

But fishes have their feelings,
There are ranks in Neptune's borders,
And we won't stoop to be mated
With the fishy lower orders.

Over our silver bodies*
Though Pisciculturists quarrel,
Which of them e'er stood by us,
Except dear old NED YARBELL?

God bless him, as he loved us,
In plain batter or cayenned,
In his History of fishes
He used us, like a friend.

As *Clupea alba* owned us,
A family 'mong fish:
So in his plate baptised us,
So blessed us in his dish.

And still as *Clupea alba*,
We mean to float and fry,
And to low sprats and herrings
Relationship deny!

* See the recent controversy in the *Fall Mall Gazette* between MESSRS. FRANCIS LORS and LAWSON.

SHORN OF THE STATE CARRIAGE.

AN APPEAL BY AN ALDERMAN.

In his State Carriage with what pride,
The City saw the Lord Mayor ride!
And ever, as he went, there rose,
A general cry of "There he goes!"

That gorgeous object, passing by,
Attracted Youth's uplifted eye,
And had a highly moral kind
Of influence on the youthful mind.

The errand-boy's admiring gaze
Was dazzled with its golden blaze;
And then he thought how fine a thing
It was to be the City King.

"And if," within himself, he said,
"The path of industry I tread,
And never loiter on my way,
I, too, may ride in that one day."

So I thought often, when a lad,
In cap, and sleeves, and apron clad—
And so it was that I got on
To rise in time like WHITTINGTON.

Discard the Lord Mayor's Coach of State,
Because 'tis old, and out of date?

Oh, shabby, paltry, mean, and base!
Why, next you'll say "Discard the Mace."

Lord Mayor's State Carriage put away?
Not have it out on Lord Mayor's Day?
And must the Men in Armour go?—
As well put down the Lord Mayor's Show.

We bade our City Barge farewell,
Our Carriage will you likewise sell,
To be in some museum classed
Among the lumber of the past?

Oh, don't! If I could have my will,
I'd make the Lord Mayor use it still.
Reserved, till wanted, in Guildhall,
Aloft, to be admired of all.

And, as BRITANNIA points the eye
To NELSON, in St. Paul's, on high,
Should London's statue striplings teach
That carriage the attempt to reach.

You City Giants—are you dumb?
Gog, Magog, to the rescue come!
You'd better—for, unless you do,
They'll drive us to get rid of you.



MUSICAL FINERY.

We have sometimes thought that women, by the mere use of their tongues, can make quite noise enough in the world; but they are not of our opinion, to judge from this new fashion:—

"In Paris many ladies now ornament the chignon with little rows of curls, having tiny bells attached to them; and many have small castanets suspended in this manner, which make a lively rattle at each movement of the head."

What with the rustle of her dresses, and the ringing of her bells, or the rattle of her castanets, it must be rare for a French lady now to have a quiet moment. A drawing-room in Paris must be as noisy as a parrot-house, when half a score of ladies are chattering together. French women always wag their heads when they are talking, and the rattle of their castanets must be well nigh as incessant as the prattle of their tongues.

We have always thought the lady a vastly silly creature who rode about on horseback, "with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," but surely ladies are as foolish who wear bells in their back hair. No doubt they do so with the object of attracting men's attention, and as there are many fools alive, they have, doubtless, their reward. Ladies aim at admiration by out-dressing one another, and with a similar intention they will probably begin to vie with one another in the noise which they can make. Besides a peal of bells, or a pair of castanets, perhaps a pair of little kettledrums, will be suspended from the chignon, to be played upon by mechanism which may be set in motion by a slight shake of the head. Indeed, we should not wonder if accordions be worn by way of musical attractions, or if miniature street organs be concealed in the back hair, constructed to play lively, sad, or sentimental music, according to the mood in which the fair wearer may be.

A Gleam of Comfort.

THE new gas-lamps in Hyde Park are sightly and ornamental. The First Commissioner often catches it, gets railed at for not sooner finishing the iron fencing, &c., but in this instance he need have no apprehension of being lampooned.

A COPY-BOOK QUESTION.

VIRTUE's its own reward! My Brother,
Dost thou mean it gets no other?

UNEXPECTED EFFECTS OF RECENT LEGISLATION.

"Some bookmakers caught in a by-street were, however, brought up at the Guildhall, and fined £5 each."

Did the framers of the New Metropolitan Streets Act foresee the construction which would be put upon the clause under which this melancholy conviction took place? The announcement has caused great consternation in literary circles, and the serious amount of the fine has not tended to diminish the wide-spread alarm. An appeal to the Superior Courts will probably be resolved upon. The penny-aliners are in great distress, and the manufacturers of padding for magazines are about to submit a case to counsel, fearing that the clause may be elastic enough to include them also. It is an ill wind, &c. Good will probably result from this apparently harsh proceeding. Readers of biographies will be spared many pages of family genealogy, anecdotes of early years, diaries of dinner engagements, and letters of no value to any one but the owners; writers of travels will economise their statistics, and leave the dimensions of the principal continental cathedrals to guide-books, and it is impossible that any novel in three volumes can from the date of this conviction be prepared for the shelves of MURIE and BOOTH. If these anticipations are realised, readers would no doubt be glad to raise a penny subscription and pay the fines already incurred, under a solemn promise from the culprits that they will never offend again.

HARD TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.—The teetotallers highly disapprove of one great change in this year's Lord Mayor's Show—the disappearance of the Watermen from the procession.

OUTRAGE ON ORNITHOLOGY.

A GOLDEN eagle was shot the other day at Dirleton, East Lothian. Thereon the *Haddington Courier* observes:—"Now that the eagle is so nearly extinct in Scotland its appearance so far south is very uncommon." Naturalists, and all other people who are not Philistines, will perhaps be rather inclined to say:—"Now that the eagle is so nearly extinct in Scotland, how stupid anyone must be to shoot it!" Another bird lately shot in East Lothian is described by the same paper as "a fine specimen of the little bittorn—a bird that has never before been seen in this quarter of the country, and is extremely rare everywhere." Perhaps the last specimen of it has been shot. The Little Bittorn may be extremely rare in Scotland, but there seems to be no scarcity of the Great Booby.

FRESH FROM THE FENS.

A MAN named WILLIAM JONES was brought before MR. FLOWERS at Bow Street, the other day, charged with being drunk and disorderly in Covent Garden Market, cursing the QUEEN and the English, and calling himself a Fenian. He said he was very drunk, had no recollection of saying anything of the kind, was no Fenian, and not even an Irishman, but a native of Stamford, whence he had just come up. MR. FLOWERS observed that he was quite sure that if the prisoner was a Lincolnshire man he was not a Fenian. No doubt. There are not any Fenians among Lincolnshire men, but, as MR. BERNAL OSBORNE might take occasion to say, many of them are *Fen-ians*.

A FUTURE ITALIAN OPERA.



NOW ye that there is one thing in connection with the Italian struggle which has been overlooked. The events which have just happened, and others yet to happen in Italy, will inevitably form the subject of an Italian Opera.

What the plot of the piece will be it would be a little premature to say before the conclusion of the drama in real history, whereon it will be founded. We can, however, for instance, suppose that its title will be *Il Rè Galantuomo*. As to the story, one Italian opera is so much like another that

some points may be considered safe. There must, of course, be a heroine. She will probably be the niece of the POPE, beloved by GARIBALDI, and returning his passion. MENOTTI may be suggested as more suitable for a stage lover than GARIBALDI Senior, but one GARIBALDI must be the hero of the piece, and it would not do to make the son snuff out the father. If the opera is written for the French public this difficulty will be readily got over by making a *contralto* in trousers, the tenor's rival; the tenor being the elder GARIBALDI, and the *contralto* the younger. In this case, moreover, the heroine will, of course, be the POPE's daughter, and the other principal female character perhaps an illustrious Empress devoured by a secret passion for either GARIBALDI or VICTOR-EMMANUEL.

In an opera whereof the scenes are mostly laid in Rome, and the POPE is one of the chief characters, there will be no end of scope for processions, chants, choral effects, illuminations, and fireworks.

The tenor, as aforesaid, will necessarily be the hero of the piece. GARIBALDI, in the person of his representative, will stalk about the stage, gesticulating, and alternately singing *Roma o morte!* or warbling something about "*Anima mia!*" and "*amore,*" and "*felicità.*" The baritone, probably, will be VICTOR-EMMANUEL, and LOUIS NAPOLEON is destined for the *basso profundo*.

There are two possible conclusions of the opera; a catastrophe or a triumph. It can end with the sack and burning of Rome; the POPE and his adherents being blown up in the Castle of St. Angelo; while GARIBALDI falls stabbed by a fanatical priest; and the fair FERRETTI kills herself on his corpse. Or it may terminate happily; the Holy Father consenting to sing "*Possumus!*" and also, joining the hands of his children, the two lovers, to intone a paternal benediction simultaneously over them and united Italy. Let us hope that this is the solution of the Roman question, satisfactory to all parties, which will have to be dramatised.

THE TURF.

Amongst the many other nuisances which the New Street Traffic Act empowers the City to abolish, are the betting brutes who block up the pavements to all decent passers-by, and use indecent language while they do their dirty business. Being thus swept from the streets, together with the other mud this sweeping Act should clear away, these blackguards do their business now by means of pen and ink, and the printing-press and postage-stamps. Some date from holes and corners, and some even from hotels, and issue thence their lies about their betting "system," with the view of tempting fools to send them five-pound notes. One of these traps to catch a greenhorn, thus begins, with quite a business-like formality of phrase:—

"Saracen's Head Hotel. MESSRS. FLEECES & Co. beg to return their sincere thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto awarded them, and beg to announce that they continue to execute commissions, on all races, as per system so highly patronised by the Nobility and Gentry throughout the kingdom."

"Highly patronised!" the low thieves! *Mr. Punch* would highly like to patronise them by giving them a lodging, gratis, in the Old Bailey Hotel. Newgate is the proper place for swindling blackguards who pretend to "execute commissions," and in reality pick pockets by

the "system" of their trade. This is how these sharpers lure the flats they pursue into the net:—

"In receiving commissions, MESSRS. FLEECES & Co. beg to state that on an average they can return the following sums respectively:—

"For an investment of £25, £200 will be returned; £500 for £50; £1100 for £100; £6000 for £500; and £13,000 for £1000."

"Investment" and "commissions" are good, solid business terms, and doubtless blind the eyes of many who might shrink from hooking bets. The word "statistics," too, sounds highly proper and respectable, and very likely tempts weak persons to believe such lies as these:—

"Statistics of one week's returns are herewith given, to satisfy those who might otherwise be incredulous as to the profitable nature of the system; viz., at Newmarket:—

Total amount in hand	£12,950
Less cash started with	10
Amount of week's winnings	£12,940

A fool and his money are easily parted, and doubtless there are fools who send their money to these blackguards, or they would discontinue publishing their circulars, and paying for the printing and the postages thereof. Yet no one but a fool can fancy that a system of safe betting can exist, by which with certainty a man with a ten-pound note to start with, can pocket £20,000 within one single week. And who but fools can fancy that a man who in a twelvemonth could become a *millionnaire*, would take the trouble to send circulars about, and tout for "clients" who may share the profits of his system, while he does all the dirty work of going about to races, and bellowing in the ring the odds on which his system obliges him to bet? Moreover, who but fools can be beguiled by stuff like this?—

"Our system being a winning one, and demonstrated by the abundant testimony of facts, must tend to raise betting above the approach of gambling, and men of principle having surplus capital may feel neither shame nor degradation in applying a portion thereof to turf speculation."

We hardly pity fools for being parted from their money, but we fear that fools are sometimes tempted to be knaves when they see the golden promises these betting brutes put forth. Many a shopboy is enticed to "frisk" his master's till, when promised a dead certainty for "putting on the pot." To make it look quite business-like, the circular we have cited has the name of the firm sending it engraved upon the envelope, and was posted to a place of business in the City, where there doubtless is a cashbox quite easy to be frisked. Of how many thefts these betting scoundrels may be every year the cause, it would be difficult to guess; but there is very little question that these fellows might with justice be indicted for receiving stolen cash.

STRIKING LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,

AMONGST your readers there must be many who are also readers of BURNS. It may interest them to know that I have this day made a most important discovery. I have ascertained the surname of the exemplary young woman in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, who has hitherto been only known to us as *Jenny*. Having occasion to examine the Catalogues of the Royal Academy Exhibition, I found, in the one for the year 1843, a quotation from BURNS's celebrated Poem, which ran exactly as follows:—

"The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny Haffins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake."

It will, I am sure, be as great a satisfaction to the admirers of the great Scotch Poet on both sides of the Border to make the acquaintance of Miss JENNY HAFFINS as it was to

Your obedient servant,

Caledonian Road,
Eve of Lord Mayor's Day.

COLSTON BASSETT.

Military Intelligence.

It is with satisfaction that we announce that the Rifled Popgun is about to be placed in the hands of the Infantry. As an arm of precision this breach-loader will, no doubt, be a great improvement on the noisy but ineffective weapon hitherto employed in the Nurseries of British Valour.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

WHEN did the ancient Greeks find it profitable to plough the ocean? In the days of Ce-crops.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.—The Brain.



"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN LEFT TOWN—"

Amelia (who flatters herself they are taken for quite an Old Married Couple). "TELL ME, GEORGE, DO YOU LIKE GREEN TEA, OR BLACK?"
[The Waiter winks, the Chambermaid chuckles.]

NOTE ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

It is a great mistake, *Mr. Punch*, to suppose that, because we Britons object to Popery, therefore we hate the POPE. The fact, Sir, is, on the contrary, that we esteem him, personally, very much. We believe him to be a good old man, and a jolly one too, for all his woes. But besides, we entertain a respect for his present Holiness which is peculiar. He has a great deal in common with one of our own kings, whom we take to have been wrongheaded but sincere. We admire Pius the NINTH as we do GEORGE THE THIRD. There is something grand in the uncompromising obstinacy with which the POPE sticks to his point, and holds his ground against both the demands of his adversaries and the entreaties of his friends. I consider him a fine old fellow, Sir. "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*"

Seated, as it were, aloft before the eyes of Europe, environed with perils, and answering persuasion and remonstrance alike with his dogged *Non Possumus*, he exhibits a spectacle of stubbornness which is absolutely sublime—though a little, to be sure transcending the border of sublimity. It suggests the associated ideas of "*Capitoli immobile sacrum*," and Humpty-Dumpty. The Sovereign Pontiff won't give in; he is game, and he will die game—let us hope at an uncommonly good old age.

The POPE believes in himself and his own pretensions, and he acts out his belief. He disbelieves in modern progress, philosophy, political economy and principles altogether; and he says so. He hates the freedom of printing and speech, civil and religious liberty, toleration, and constitutional government all over the world. He detests the principles of '89, and proclaims his detestation of them to his French protectors. He launches excommunication at the head of the "Sub-Alpine King," and flings a Syllabus in the face of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He condemns and curses all propositions which he considers erroneous right and left without fear, and with little favour. At any rate, he sets the whole world of humbugs the example of speaking out; and his *Non Possumus* is, in its way, equivalent to our British Protestants' "No Surrender."

Then, *Mr. Punch*, in his own peculiar way of business see how

thorough the POPE is; how gallantly he goes the whole hog. He makes Saints as fast as any of his predecessors ever did before him; holds canonisations wholesale: doesn't stick at canonising an Inquisitor. Now, Sir, the anniversary which we have just celebrated with squibs and crackers suggests one bold thing that his Holiness might yet do to the encouragement of the faithful and in rebuke of heretics. Couldn't he resolve to crown the edifice which he has added so many bricks to, namely the Calendar, and canonise GUY FAWKES? Poor Guy was hanged more than two centuries and a half ago. Is it not high time that his claims to a niche were recognised? Then the Fifth of November might be kept by out-and-outers as the Festival of St. GUIDO FAWKES, incendiary and martyr. I should honour the POPE all the more for this—inasmuch as I am your humble servant,

CONSISTENCY.

WEBER IN THE WORKHOUSE.

A POOR person died the other day at St. Pancras workhouse from exhaustion, wanting stimulants and getting none, because the master had removed the control of the brandy from the doctor, and gone away leaving it locked up. The guardians have now resolved that the brandy and other stimulants be placed in charge of the matron and head nurse of the infirmary, and that they be held responsible for the immediate administration of those requisites when prescribed by the medical officer. This resolution doubtless cost the guardians a painful effort in trying to practise a little humanity. It may be the means of saving lives; but the master saved brandy: and this, perhaps, is why he has been let down so lightly as by mere deposition from the dignity of "*The Ruler of the Spirits.*"

Political Extravagance.

THE Trades-Unionists demand the revival of Protection. Political Economy is as necessary as personal for the labouring classes; and its violation will probably lead working men from the Trades-Union to the Union Workhouse.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

BISMARCK. "WHAT! STRIKE A WOMAN?"

LOUIS. "WHY NOT? SHE CAN'T STRIKE AGAIN,—AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELP HER?"

EPICURUS IN THE FIELD OF MARS.



MRICE RESPECTED SIR,

In compliance with your wish that I should visit the Paris Exhibition, I visited it. I did so before its closing. I should have preferred to do so after that, because then they would not have let me in. For I did not in the least want to go. I was taken—as a child, of course—to see our own first affair of the kind. Nothing will come up to that, if we continue our exposures to the end of time. But you said “go,” and I went.

There is some danger, I believe, in making remarks upon the refreshments at

railway stations. In England I think I have heard that you are immediately given in charge to a policeman, if you say that a sandwich is stale; and a jury of tradesmen refuses to award you damages. You will therefore consider the propriety of inserting my remark that the soup at Calais was by no means all that could be desired. But there can be no harm in my saying that at Boulogne-sur-Mer—I returned] that way—I was charged, for a veal-cutlet, a partridge’s leg, and a glass of *vin ordinaire*, the sum of seven francs and a half.

On arriving in Paris at 8 A.M., I naturally went to bed. The result, and breakfast, improved the shining hours till 2 P.M. I am able to speak well of my *déjeuner* (breakfast), especially of some kidneys on the silver spit, an omelette of fine herbs, and a few other trifles. Then I thought that I would walk to the Exhibition, but, finding that it was a good way off, I thought I would not. But, there being a great run upon the vehicles, I had to wait a long while, and to smoke several cigars before I could get upon wheels. Then I remembered that I should like to see the new opera-house, and I took that in my way from the street of Rivoli to the field of Mars. It perhaps would not be thought in anybody else’s way from one point to another, but genius is erratic. I admired the front of the new opera-house. It is very splendid and ornate. There are seven bronze busts of composers looking out at round holes. Five of them are

AUBER, MEYERBEER, MOZART, ROSSINI, HALEVY,

I forget the other two—GLUCK and SPONTINI, perhaps. I need hardly say that no English composer is glorified there. But we will alter that the next time we occupy Paris. The writers of *Champagne Charley* and of *Kafooselem* shall not be forgotten when national melody is honoured.

Examination of this edifice, and the reflections thereby prompted, engaged me until there was so little time left, that I decided not to go to the Exhibition that day. *There is nothing more artistic than the doing anything in less time than it deserves.* I therefore returned to my hotel. It is a very good one, and bears the name of the most majestic of the residences of our beloved Sovereign. Loyalty took me there in the first instance, comfort retained and recalls me. I required a syphon and its usual accompaniment. I had them; and, sitting in a quiet quadrangle, *sub Jove*, I meditated on the past history of Paris, on its singular present, on its mysterious future. When I awoke, it was quite dark, and time not to think of dinner, but to eat that meal.

I dined, in company with a literary friend of much merit, at a Café near the *Bourse* (Exchange). It was chiefly remarkable for being well ventilated, by means of a glass roof, and for the floor being gravel. When two imaginative and highly cultivated poets meet in the social hour, and quaff the sparkling glass, it were strange did they not flash out some verse which the world would not willingly let die. I flashed out as follows:—

“I am sitting on gravel,
And drinking Tavel.”

What my friend rejoined with I am not at liberty to say, but it was fully as coruscant as my own utterance. We talked, in a more removed chamber, far into the night, and I mentioned to my friend that you had wished me to see the Exhibition. He said that perhaps I had better see it, but that he could tell me all about it. I preferred that he should tell me some anecdotes of a French character. In the middle of one of them I went to sleep, which statement is to my friend’s credit as a moralist, if not as a *raconteur*. But I had travelled all night, and in company with the Members—or those who should have been the Members—for Great Snoring, Essex.

The following day, which was that of the defeat of GARIBALDI at Mentana, I rose about eleven. It was scarcely one when I reached

the Exhibition. I rode there in an omniboose, fare fifty centimes, and a female conductor—trim, sharp-eyed, rosy. [Why not a female conductor? In Paris it is not the business of an omnibus official to charge sixpence for a twopenny ride, to assault young ladies and break their umbrellas, and call them Jewesses (with a bad prefix) for remonstrating. MR. PAGET will accept my compliments for accumulating penalties in a way that must convince ruffians that even in England this sort of thing is excess of zeal.] When I got out, I looked for the Trocadero. Does any one know why it was so called? I shall not tell, but remind persons of CAMPBELL’s stanzas to the memory of the Spanish patriots lately killed in resisting the regency and the DUKE OF ANGOULEME—

“Vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.”

An instalment of the latter has come in the fact that the Paris Trocadero has been utterly humiliated, and is now a sort of plantation with elegant steps. But I forbear to pursue this subject. The central court of the Louvre, and a noble thing it is, with more statues to great men than we have got all over England (deducting the late lamented PRINCE CONSORT’s) is at present called after NAPOLEON TROIS. But, as my friend SHELLEY says, “Naught may endure but Mutability.”

I had much difficulty in reaching the gates of the Exhibition. So many of the wares of France were proffered for my inspection by vendors who would have made no objection to my immediately removing the articles, that I could hardly get on without incivility. I was hindered, but was pleased to see that free-trade principles were recognised in France to an extent beyond that which would have been permitted in England. I fear that a policeman here would have caused these exhibitors to stand back. But at length I reached the turnstile, and tendered my franc. As I laid it down, I saw that it bore the head of LOUIS PHILIPPE. I had not intended this insult to Imperialism, but had the officials noticed it, I hope that I am too much of a Briton not to have stood on the very offensive. They took the L. P. money, however, as calmly as somebody else took the L. P. property. I was within the Exhibition. That is, I was on a walk of a garden which surrounded the Exhibition. Tawdry flags, very dingy, drooped dismally from posts. I was not impressed, or rather I was so much impressed, that I looked around for refreshment.

There was plenty of that, my old boy. By Saint Denis, who was for France, there was no end of what my friend RABELAIS calls inside-timber. The Exhibition is a lot of Ovals, and the biggest and outsidest of the Napoleon Ovals is—was, I mean—devoted to the noble art of eating and the noble science of drinking. Restaurant after restaurant, bar after bar, lusherib after lusherib, according to your elegance of mind. There smiled the gracious virgins of SPIERS AND POND, with their bright eyes and golden hair—they have driven the male Parisians wild, and I do not wonder. They would be called prettyish girls in London. But in Paris the majority of persons are so ugly, that I quite comprehend why Paris made a fool of itself about the English waitresses. If the Exhibition has done nothing else, it has finally and for ever stamped out the cant about French women. The English woman is immeasurably handsomer than the French woman, and the English lady is incalculably better dressed than the French lady. I only record the admission of the fact. I don’t want to crow. It speaks well for the Parisians that they admit this, and that Anglomani in costume rages among them. Nay, the gallant youths of Paris have found out that the superiority is not alone with our women. It is seen that an English gentleman’s morning dress is the most becoming thing going, and it is delightful to behold young France toned down into uniform colour and easy garb. I have good hope of them yet. The older fools among them paint and powder their sallow faces, and blacken their moustaches, but these fribbles will decay away, especially under the hard labour of being obliged to clean their nails, (an operation now *de rigueur*,) but the youth seem to me manlier since my last visit.

This is no digression—you told me to see the Exhibition, but if I am boring you, let me shut up. Bless me, do you think it’s any pleasure to me to write?

Yours, &c.,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

[Our contributor has the faculty of self-excitement. We take no notice of his petulance. He can resume next week, or not, as may please him.—ED.]

Not said at the Synod.

THE BISHOP OF GREGORY said a good thing yesterday. An enthusiastically Ritualistic young lady showed him a charming photograph of a group of handsome young Curates decked out in all the lovely church millinery of sentimental schism. “Those are Anglicans,” she said. “No,” said his Lordship, smiling; “but I may say that though *non ANGELI*, they would be *Angeli*—si—I beg pardon for Latin, my dear—if they were only Christians.”

THE GREATEST OF OUR PEERS.—What an enormous size LORD GRANVILLE must be! Speaking of him at the Paris Exhibition banquet, the newspaper says, “His Lordship filled the room.”



SEVERE.

Elderly Equestrian. "GOOD MORNING, KITTY. ARE YOU RIDING WITHOUT A GROOM? I SHOULD NOT LIKE TO DO SO!"
Kitty. "WHY NOT, AUNT, DEAR? YOU ARE QUITE OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!"

A CONVERSATION ON HORSE.

SCENE—BROWN'S Dinner-table.

Brown. SMITH, another slice of beef.

Smith. Thanks: meat is down a little.

Jones. It was awfully dear.

Robinson. Fancy, from eleven to thirteen-pence a pound!

Old Lady. Seems like eating money, a'most—doesn't it.

Smith. It's still very high.

Robinson. Worse than venison—sometimes in more senses than one.

Old Lady (suppressing a titter). Now, go along with you.

Brown. We must get beef and mutton, from South America—and from Australia.

Jones. The antipodes to beef and mutton. [General cries of "Oh!"]

Smith. Who knows what we may come to—horse, perhaps.

Old Lady. Ugh!

Smith. They say it is very good: the French are taking to it.

Old Lady. Nasty, dirty, horrid creatures! But there, we know that they'll eat anything.

Briggs. Eh, what, then, have they left off frogs; eh, because frogs are scarce, and have taken to horse?

Jones. Cats' and dogs'-meat.

Ladies. Shocking!

Smith. Oh, but some of our fellows have eaten it, and think it capital. They dined the other day with a French hippophagist—ate nothing but horse.

Brown. Except potatoes.

Smith. Except potatoes, which were dished in horse-oil.

Old Lady. Yah! It really makes me feel quite ill.

Briggs. Take a little drop of brandy, Ma'am.

Smith. It's funny though, eating horse. They might both eat horse and talk it. Fancy one saying to the other, "How do you like your roast-chesnut?"

Jones. Yes, and the conversation passing from horse-stakes to sweepstakes.

Robinson. And back again to saddle of horse.

Smith. There would be two ways of discussing the favourite.

Robinson. And of a horse being in for the plate.

Jones. Do they make mare's-tail soup?

Brown. Have they any horse-veal?

Smith. As calf is to veal, so would colt be to what?

Robinson. We could make nothing of *poulain*. Perhaps we should say foal—foal cutlets.

Jones. Chump end; kidney end of a loin of foal.

1st Young Lady. The idea!

2nd Young Lady. Perfectly disgusting!

Smith. Fillet of foal.

Jones. Fillet of filly.

Brown. Well, gentlemen, this is all very well; but how are you to get cheap horse. The high-mettled racer may go to the hounds dog-cheap in his old age, but prime horseflesh would be an expensive article. It would be cheaper to eat an ox than a horse, say, warranted to go quiet in harness.

Smith. Yes, but the fact is that a horse past work is not therefore past eating. Up to a certain age he will fatten for the table. Then lots of horses, disabled by accident, are young and healthy. If horseflesh were popular, there is one thing which alone would make it cheap.

Brown. What's that?

Smith. Granite road-pavement, which ruins the horses. Often in one moment reduces a horse from a hundred guineas in value to the price of his carcass.

Jones. For example the granite paving from the Marble Arch to the Bank of England.

Robinson. For that and all such horse-killing pavements, thank the Vestries.

Smith. On the part of all hippophagists.

Brown. If there are any—who should present them with testimonials for cheapening horse-meat.

Omnes. Hear, hear!

[Some closes.]

From the (Y) East.

THE Romford ale, we are told, is in great request in India. This is not surprising, for what fitter mart could be found for the beer of *Ind* than India?

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND. TABLEAU VI.—MY SENSIBLE FRIEND.

I go up-stairs to bed. How shall I shake GRIGG off to-morrow? I wish FRED LANGSON was here (portrait No. 6, my Sensible Friend), he'd advise me. LANGSON always advises me: or rather, I always go to LANGSON for advice. While I am thinking of this, a tremendous shouting and knocking in the street below. At our house? No. "Hi! Hi! Hi!" like a man in a horse-circus. Then bang, thump, thump. It's that fool GRIGG again. I'll be bound. I suppose he's locked out. Let him be, I'm sick of him. Whereupon I jump into bed sharply. Too sharply, or else the bed's badly made, for I'm brought up with a jerk, and rather hurt myself in trying to kick my legs straight out as usual. Odd. I'm in a sort of bag. Suddenly the remembrance of the expression "Apple-pie bed" occurs to me. Also that I let my Funny Friend come up here to wash his hands. Hang the fellow! (Bang, bang, bang, with a stick at a door on the opposite side of the street.)

My light is out. I have matches—patent ones—which will only strike on their own box. Not one will answer. My Funny Friend again—confound him! I shall have to let him into the house, to ask him what the deuce he's done with the matches. (Bang, bang, "Hi! hi!" in the street.) No, I won't. I'll make my bed in the dark. I try. The sheets don't seem big enough, or the blankets too big. Somehow, I can't make the bed without the blankets being out at most uncomfortable places. If I get the sheet at the head, I can't get it at the foot; if at the foot, there's none at the head. Then my pillows tumble down. Now I've lost my pocket-handkerchief. Never mind, I can get a clean one out of my drawer. I know where they are in the dark, as I keep everything in such regular order. I go to the usual place; put my hand in. *Boots!* My Funny Friend again: again confound him! The banging in the street has been going on all this time. I hear a gruff voice. A policeman. Hurrah! GRIGG will be taken up. People are looking out of their windows—my Aunt and her maid are—asking if it's fire. The policeman answers no. Is he going to walk GRIGG off? I've a great mind, if I could only disguise my voice, to say, "Take him up, he's a nuisance: I give him in charge for disturbing the peace," or words to that effect. The Policeman does not take GRIGG up. On the contrary, he joins him in shouting, and presently takes to throwing stones at the New Inn windows. An elderly gentleman looks out from somewhere, and to whatever he says I hear GRIGG reply, "Don't make such a noise, I can't hear myself knocking." At last, the Innkeeper, whose household must be in the habit of taking morphine, looks out, "having," as I hear him say, "been asked by his Missis if there warn't somebody knocking." The door is opened, and GRIGG and the Policeman disappear within.

The neighbourhood is at peace; but I can't get my apple-pie bed into anything like apple-pie order. I try to sleep on the sofa. * * * Hang the fellow! * * * this is the last I'll see of him in a hurry.

Next morning. GRIGG not up. Don't wonder at that. My Aunt not up: very unwell, requires a course of ginger. Don't wonder at that. There is a train to town in fifteen minutes' time. I leave GRIGG to my Aunt, injured MRS. BUZZBY, and her outraged husband with the butter in his right boot. I go with a view to consulting my Sensible Friend. While away (I may mention here) I received notice from Head Quarters that my attendance as Inspector under the Olfactory Act at Cokingham would be dispensed with. *No reason assigned.* I am in future to be restricted to London and the Home Circuit; that is, though they don't say so, under surveillance of the authorities. Do I know why? I think I do. Between my old and new duties there is an interval of holiday. But, being in town, my Sensible Friend is the man to go to, under the circumstances.

FRED LANGSON, my Sensible Friend was, on the cold day I called, sitting before what I admitted at once was "something like a sensible fire." He was ready with his reason for the blaze, "Because," said he, "it's cold." Such a sensible fellow! We were both glad to see one another, and said so several times. I told him I'd recently come from Cokingham, and he immediately replied, that he was sorry he "couldn't offer me anything," giving his satisfactory and sensible reason, "because there's nothing in the house."

I said I was cold, whereupon he returned, "I advise you to sit near the fire." On my saying that I'd rather not smoke his tobacco, as it might make me unwell, "Then," he said, "I advise you not to do it." Good sound commonsense. Happening to complain of my old umbrella being useless if it should rain, he sensibly observed, "I advise you to get another as soon as possible." A story is told of him (and I believe it) that he once saved a man's life by advising him not to stand near a target while rifle practice was going on, and I know that it was on his recommendation that a man of my acquaintance who couldn't swim a stroke was deterred from jumping out of a boat into sixteen feet of water. He is, in fact, a very sensible fellow, and when my Hearty Friend alluded to him as a "wooden-headed donkey," and "a thorough

old humbug," it created a breach between us which time has never thoroughly healed.

In defending my friends of course I am obliged to admit that everyone has a right to his own opinion, and therefore when I hear LANGSON called an ass, a fool, an idiot, and a boshy old impostor, my only reply is, "Well, of course, everyone must speak of a man as he finds him," which I feel to be an unsatisfactory mode of resenting these epithets, which do seem to imply that one must be rather a queer sort of a fellow to have such a friend as an adviser. LANGSON is, of course, too sensible to mind what is said of him. He said as much to me one day when I mentioned to him a few of the names I had heard him called; I recollect it well, because he added that no man of sense ought to care for abuse; and he was sure that I would take no notice of a man who called me behind my back a weak muf, an effeminate snob, a shallow-pated credulous, harmless, sort of lunatic, which he said represented the various opinions of people who professed to be my friends.

I asked, "Who said that?" and he wouldn't tell me. I said I'd keep it quite secret if he'd let me know, but he wouldn't. He laughed, and repeated the names (he needn't have done that), and I said such fellows were beneath contempt. "Because," as I argued, "I was sure I wasn't a snob, and as to being weak or a muf, or confound it, shallow-pated, that was absurd." However, I never told him again what names I'd heard him called, because I really am grieved to think there should be anyone who considers me as a snob, or shallow-pated, or a muf. I ask myself, am I? or am I not? Is there any truth in it, and I do not humbug myself when I say, not a bit. So I determined not to let this sort of thing rankle in my mind for a minute. It *does* rankle, though. I should like to know who said it.

My Sensible Friend possesses, for a young man, sensible advantage in his appearance. He is almost bald; therefore (this is what people who talk against him say) he is set down as clever: a kind of man who has *thought his hair off*. He wears a heavy moustache, joining a beard tinged with grey: this looks patriarchal, and in a general way so ancient and eastern, that even scoffers would be inclined to take the early history of the world upon his single testimony.

He speaks slowly and sedately. You might call GRIGG "the laughing philosopher," and LANGSON "the crying philosopher." You might, but it wouldn't be good, as LANGSON doesn't cry. I tell him that I fancy I am in disgrace at Head Quarters; that GRIGG is, as the song says, "the cause of this anguish;" and that "I want my Sensible Friend's advice as to whether I'd better explain it all at Head Quarters,—or what?"

When he has heard my story, he puffs at his long heavy pipe, (his smoking is in itself a solemn religious function), and I wait anxiously for the first expression of his opinion. He removes his pipe from his lips, and regards the fire steadily. I watch him. He is evidently turning the whole matter over and over in his mind. This man a wooden-headed ass, a humbug, poph! He is arguing the points pro and con, whatever the points may be, with himself, before delivering judgment. He bends forward. He has come to some conclusion, and will speak. Well? He takes a long breath, leans back again in his chair, replaces his pipe and frowns.

EPISCOPAL PERFUME.

THE BISHOP OF NEW YORK has been much pleased with his visit to Old England. Specially has he been delighted with his brother hierarchs. One piece of information which the good bishop gives will be interesting to most persons:—

"He had visited the palaces of several of the Bishops, and the atmosphere which prevailed at those blessed places was such as to cause a glow of happiness to take possession of one's soul."

Will any of *Mr. Punch's* episcopal friends (he has many) inform him how this blessed atmosphere is generated, and where the material can be procured, and whether the same result can be obtained in a secular mansion? The "savour of such good ointments" would be worth cultivating. It must be a much nicer thing than the odour of sanctity, which Popish saints prepare by masterly inaction in the matter of lavation. Would MM. PIESSE AND LUBIN, or M. REMMEL call upon one or two of the bishops and investigate? We predict great popularity for *Bouquet de Bishop*.

A Company with a Queer Name.

A JOINT-STOCK association is advertised under the name of Accident Insurance Company (Limited). One might think that the surest of all accident insurance societies would be a mismanaged railway company, with signalmen and pointsmen underpaid. Limited liability for the consequences of parsimony or carelessness insures numerous accidents on most lines.

MACBETH ON POSTERS.—"Hang out your Bangers on the outward walls."



CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Julia (reads)—"A palace lifting to eternal summer
 'Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
 'Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
 'Whose songs should syllable thy name! * * * *
 'Dost thou like the picture?"

ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, AUGUSTUS?"

Augustus (Civil Service, but no poet). "OH, UNCOMMONLY! BUT MY DEAR GAL, YOU KNOW WE SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO DO THAT SORT OF THING ON OUR FIVE HUNDRED A-YEAR!"

SPECULATIVE FLAT-FISHING.

FISHING for flat fish is a profitable employment, but it is not half so lucrative as fishing for flats. There are countless ways in which this occupation is pursued, one of the commonest now being the announcement of a "system" of safe betting upon races, a bait by which no doubt some flats are often caught. Another bait which very frequently is thrown out by the flat-fishers is the prospectus of some bubble company or other, with a letter from a bubble broker, recommending the investment, and offering some shares. For instance, some fine morning the flat finds upon his breakfast-table a business-like big envelope, containing the prospectus of a gold mine in the moon, or some other distant country, and a letter which begins by calling him "Dear Sir," and, after a profusion of apologies for intruding on a stranger with "lengthy printed documents, which might at a first glance seem pressing you to join in a speculation," proceeds to dangle just before his eyes this rather tempting bait:—

"We are not philanthropists in desiring to give away a fortune to others, but we wish to offer you—your name having come across in the way of business—a limited interest in this company, now that there can be no question of its success, at a very moderate premium or profit to ourselves, feeling that we shall probably secure in the future thereby a share of your investing favours, to, we hope, our mutual benefit."

Charity begins at home, and philanthropy with business men begins with number one. There is small need to disclaim the possession of such virtues when selling bubble shares, even on such vastly advantageous terms as these:—

"We offer you, subject to a reply within four days only, ten or any less number of the paid-up shares £5 each for £5 10s. net per share. We have no hesitation in saying that these shares are now worth £2 to £3 premium, still less in asserting that within one year from date they will be selling at from £50 to £50 per share."

Promises are made far more easily than profits; and, as fools are rather plentiful and proverbially are easy to be parted from their

money, there need be little "hesitation in asserting" that a bubble will increase in value ere it bursts. A rise from £5 10s. to £50 can be hardly deemed a "fortune" when restricted to ten shares: but great flats are not seldom caught with very little bait. It may scarcely seem quite business-like to tempt a man into one's office by offering him an investment below the market price: but flats know nothing about business, and any day will walk into a bubble broker's parlour—like the fly into the spider's—if they fancy there is anything which they may gain by going there.

The letter we have quoted pleasantly ends thus:—

"Hoping you are in a position to secure the small interest offered, and that, having done so, you will not forget us as your advisers in the matter,

"We are, dear Sir, yours [hieroglyphically] GAMMON and SHARP."

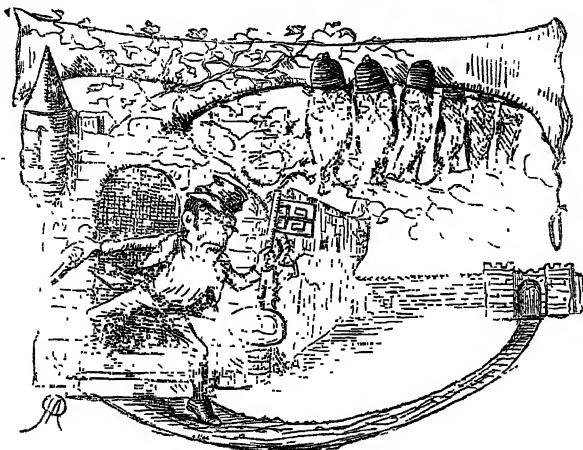
A flat who puts his faith in prospectuses of mines is not likely to "forget" the man who lured him to believe in them. New mines are mostly gambling places opened underground, and only flats and sharpers will have anything to do with them.

AUGMENTATION OF CURATES.

THE newspapers inform us that during the past week important meetings on behalf of the Curates' Augmentation Fund have been held at Ipswich and at Winchester. Is it the object of the Curates' Augmentation Fund to augment the numbers of Curates, or the bodily proportions of every individual Curate to the slenderness of whose means they correspond? The more Curates, perhaps, the better for the neglected classes, if the curators of souls are themselves enabled to keep body and soul comfortably together. This condition implies the physical augmentation of many a Curate whose dimensions are ridiculously smaller than those of an average Rector or Dean. A Curate ought to be augmented to a certain rotundity in order that he may have sufficient weight in the pulpit, and fill it properly.

SHERIFFS' EXCUSES.

"Yesterday, at the nomination of Sheriffs, in the Court of Exchequer, many gentlemen sought to be excused on various grounds, and a considerable number of memorials, petitions, letters, and medical certificates were handed in."—*Times*, November 13.



THESE "various grounds" of excuse occupied a considerable space in the *Times*, but *Mr. Punch* has good reasons for believing that an irresistible appeal was made to the kind feelings of the Reporter not to publish many more which were adduced. *Mr. Punch*, however, who was present, and wore his gold robes of office, and did his best to follow the Queen's Remembrancer when he administered the

oath in Norman French, is fabricated of sterner stuff, and feels constrained by a violent sense of duty to acquaint his county friends with some more of the pleas urged by the commoners of England, in the Court of Exchequer, on the "Morrow of St. Martin."

ENGLAND.

Agriculturalshire.—MR. MARMADUKE MAXIMILIAN HAUGHTISON of Greatswells. Would be glad to be excused serving till 1870, as it is not convenient to him to put his servants into new liveries before that year. Also his grand piano is out of order.

Sundlandshire.—SIR VAVASOUR VIVIAN of Bijou near Edenthorpe. Is newly married. Young wife timid, and objects to his being exposed to any unnecessary risk in these agitating times.

Wessex.—MR. REGINALD RAYMOND OTHO DE ROUNCEVILLE of Quivering St. Aspens. Is particularly sensitive to physical pain, and therefore prays to be excused, because he understands the sheriffs are "pricked," a cruel operation which he thinks HER MAJESTY should be advised to omit. (Medical certificate.)

Stumpshire.—SIR WILLOUGHBY BOWLER BAXTOPPE of Great Over, Bailsmere. Lives but for cricket. Is afraid that the Summer Assizes would interfere with the great match in which he is engaged to play, between the Eleven of the United Kingdom and Twenty-two of Bailsmere and district.

Wesfolk.—MR. PLANTAGENET TUDOR TRESILIAN of Ermengarde Castle. Has just lost one of his carriage horses and finds great difficulty in matching the survivor. If his Shrievalty could be postponed for a year would be willing to give HER MAJESTY's representatives four piebalds instead of a pair of bays.

Huntingshire.—LANCLOT ALURED EVERINGHAM HAMILTON TAILLEBOIS (commonly called LORD VULPSLEY) of High Breeding, near Foxford. Is a Master of Hounds, and cannot possibly spare time to be a Sheriff.

Potentateshire.—MR. COPPERTHWATE JOBSON TREDDLES of Normanville Abbey, Great Saxondale. Has only recently retired from business as a ship-chandler at Martport, and purchased the Abbey of the last of the FITZ-ODOS. Is, therefore, not yet quite at his ease in County society, and would be glad to have a year's breathing time.

Humberland.—SIR ANNESLEY HUBERT BIPONT of Roxabel. As a man of taste and comfort, with an eye for the artistic and the æsthetic, protests against being obliged to spend several days in the year in the Court House at Briborough, which is, both outside and inside, one of the ugliest and most inconvenient public edifices in the kingdom.

Shopshire.—MR. SYDNEY CONYERS DE WALDO BLATHERWYCKE of The Pleasaunce. So extremely short-sighted that he is confident he should not be able to distinguish a Chief Justice from a Puisne Judge. (Medical certificate handed in to that effect.)

Essex.—MR. BELLINGHAM BARRINGTON BEAUCOURT of Woodbine Grange, near Brinkley. Eldest daughter, LEONORA CHARLOTTE SOPHIA, will be married at the time of the Spring Assizes; youngest, NEA AMY ALICE ADA (the darling, and going out to India for fourteen years at the least) will be similarly circumstanced just as the Summer Assizes commence. If there was a Winter Gaol Delivery in his County could not possibly be present, as he is subject every year, at that time, to an attack of Pheasantitis.

Hareshire.—SIR CAMBRIDGESHIRE ST. LEGER, of Bonvivant Lodge. Can he have a guarantee that the Spring "meeting" will not clash with Newmarket? Ready money not too plentiful.

Trentshire.—MR. PHILIP BLYTHE JOLY of Debonair House, Devonside. Is enlarging his dining-room. It will not be papered and painted ready for the entertainment of the County until after next Summer Assizes.

Woldshire.—SIR HUGH GRANBY ALDRINGTON of Yore. Hates fuss, crowds, trumpets, javelin-men, deputy Lieutenant's uniform, church bells, public meetings, badly ventilated courts, great dinners, and county elections.

WALES.

Penillionshire.—MR. HUGH EVANS PRICE THOMAS DAVIES LLOYD LEWIS WYNNE WILLIAMS PHILLIPS of Llamplagarn-goedilofaw. Called the attention of the Court, by memorial, to the remarkable and unprecedented circumstance that not a single gentleman of the name of JONES had been summoned to serve from any of the Welsh counties.

Eisteddfodshire.—MR. DAVID OWEN REES RICHARDS JENKINS, of Ow, would only consent to serve on the positive understanding that the Judge on Circuit should be a Welshman. If, to the disgrace of England, none of the ancient race are now on the Bench, one to be immediately added.

Mr. Punch could not advise his colleagues, of whom it is only necessary to mention the LORD CHANCELLOR, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and the three Common Law Chiefs, to listen to any of the excuses preferred, except MR. P. B. JOLY's of Trentshire (as an encouragement to that declining virtue, hospitality), and SIR HUGH GRANBY ALDRINGTON's of Woldshire, with whom he cordially sympathised, being himself the devotee of seclusion, and sequestration from the blare and bustle of the world.

THE SUMMONS TO THE NEW SCHOOL.
AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

Now gather, little boys,
Fresh from your long vacation—
From your tasks and from your toys,
Your toil or recreation.
Be't like GRANT DUFF from "shinning"
Impartially all round,
Like OSBORNE from broad-grinning,
Or LOWE from sense too sound.

'Tis not the usual meeting
This in November fog,
But a Master waits your greeting,
Who's King Stork and not King Log.
With new brooms to sweep clean, boys,
New birches to swish smartly:
New bounds, new schools, new cribs, new rules,
Gowns partly new, turn'd partly.

No cut-and-dried Whig fossil:
No dead-alive old Tory:
As little of the RUSSELL,
As the STANLEY of old story:
No GLADSTONE, though he mixes
Hues as incongruous quite,
And on Tory bases fixes
His Radical New-light.

Impossible to say, boys,
What there is he mayn't teach you:
Nor the weight of dulness weigh, boys,
Spite of which he mayn't reach you:
In seven years of tuition
He made Radicals of Tories,
All by braving a small scission,
And telling a few stories.

But *one* art is his chiefest boast—
Political gymnastics:
In which he proves himself the most
Elastic of Elastics.
No leap i' the dark will give him pause;
In party Acrobatics,
He at defiance sets all laws
Of Parliamentary statics.

Puts his head where his feet should be,
His feet 'twixt his shirt-collars:
Nor only does this feat, *per se*,
But teaches it his scholars,
Until his pupils in his tracks
All gravity a-spurning,
Upon themselves to turn their backs,
—CASTLEREAGN's feat—are learning.

MOTTO FOR THE WALRUS. — Not "WILKES and Liberty," but "Wheels and Confinement."



A POST-PRANDIAL HAZARD.

Uncle (Gentleman of the Old School). "K HERE GEORGEH, THIS-'H WAY I SH' PLAY THIS-'H SHTROKE!!"

A SAMPLE OF SPIRIT-POETRY.

(From our Superstitious Correspondent.)

KNOWING you to be an obstinate disbeliever in Spiritualism, I send you the following specimen of spirit-poetry, in the assurance that it will overcome incredulity as inveterate as even yours is as to the reality of spiritual communications:—

"When spirits guide your trembling souls,
And love flows down incessantly;
Though loud on earth the thunder rolls,
In heaven you 'll rest eternally."

The foregoing extract is part of about five inches and a half of the same kind of verse in the *Spiritual Magazine* for November. I do not quote any more of it, because I think that the half-inch that you will now have read is on the one hand quite as much as you would care to read, and, on the other, quite enough to convince you of its spiritual origin. Its style unmistakably manifests real and genuine poetical inspiration. The whole of the metre of which it is a taste scooped, as it were, out of a cheese—which you may say, if you like, is not at all the cheese—proceeded from the pencil of a young lady who sits with pencil in hand and paper before her, waiting for spirits to come and work the former, so as to make it versify on the latter. A correspondent of the *Spiritual Magazine*, who sent her pencil's work in a letter to that judicious miscellany, says:—

"I should like to ask any of your readers who may deny the reality of spirit communion (if you have any such) whence these verses come? The lady through whom they were written has sometimes held her pencil for a whole morning without result; and when the influence came it was sudden and decided, and with such results as I have here stated."

This statement is confirmed by the quality of the verses traced by her pencil. They are evidently not those of the Medium. You may say they are. You may assert that they are plainly the produce of mediocrity. This may be a pun, but it is not an argument. I go further. I rank them below mediocrity. I consider the Medium whose pencil wrote them to have been inspired, but not like the Swan of Avon, or

MIRACLES OF MECHANISM.

This is good:—

"I understand that his Holiness has visited the wounded and the prisoners, and has taken so much interest in the events of the day, that he had the mechanism of the Chassepot rifle explained to him by a French soldier the other day when he passed through the Popolo gate to the Borghese Villa."

Thus writes the Roman correspondent of the *Post*. Considering whose Vicar the POPE calls himself, and is supposed to be by his spiritual subjects, he must, whilst having the mechanism of the Chassepot rifle explained to him by a French soldier, have presented a somewhat edifying spectacle to the faithful bystanders. Fancy the Representative of the Prince of Peace attending with interest to instruction in the mechanism of a breech-loader! So occupied he should have been sketched for an historical picture. The curiosity of the Holy Father, however, is quite intelligible. He knew that the Chassepot rifle had "done wonders" for the temporalities of the Holy See. He naturally wished to know the contrivance by means of which those wonders were wrought. People who are credibly informed of any wonders mostly do. There are those who deny that the age of miracles is past. Certainly the wonders of the Chassepot rifle appear to have been the only sort of miracles of late done for the Papacy. A few years ago we used to hear of others. Certain pictures and statues, for example, winked and made faces. Now, one good turn deserves another. The POPE knows, or at least ought to know, by what machinery the grimaces of those images were occasioned. His Holiness has had the mechanism of the Chassepot rifle explained to him. Will he, in return, be so kind as to explain the mechanism of the winking Madonna of Rimini?

A Man of Two Months.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has been called the Man of December. His friends call him the Elect of the French Nation. On Monday the fourth instant the Elect of the French Nation, by his troops, assisted the POPE's army to crush the Garibaldians, and thwart the choice of the Italian nation. He has now, then, earned a right to be called also the Man of November.

WHAT books would most appropriately be read while you're eating boiled mackerel? The works of FENELON.

your friend in the Isle of Wight. There are degrees of inspiration in quality as well as in quantity, according to the class of spirits whence it comes. The divine WILLIAMS and the illustrious ALFRED wrote under the influence of spirits of the higher spiritual orders. Mediums often write under that of the lower. Thus it was in the case of the one in question. How do I know this? Step into any old churchyard. Read the gravestone poetry. Don't you see that her verses are exactly the same stuff—*farina ejusdem*—with "Affliction sore long time he bore," and "A loving husband and a father dear," &c. The fact that this sort of poetry is peculiar to churchyards intimates its derivation from disembodied spirits. They are mostly illiterate spirits, who contribute to their own epitaphs through the medium of the sexton, parish clerk, or stone mason. I maintain that the verses of which I have given you a sample, proceeded from spirits of that description, and I hope you are convinced.

TYNDALL'S *ARS POETICA*.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is a great man, and his Lectures on Sound are delightful and instructive and suggestive reading. But he says something of which we fail to understand the precise meaning.

The PROFESSOR saith:—

"Music resembles poetry of smooth and perfect rhythm; noise resembles harsh and rumbling prose. But as the words of prose might be, *prose arrangement* be reduced to poetry, so also by rendering its elements periodic, the uproar of the street might be converted into the music of the orchestra."

Well, we have been trying (with our coat off, in spite of the cold) to get at a proper arrangement by which to reduce the PROFESSOR's words of prose into poetry. We have done it, certainly. See!—

"But as the words of prose might proper by
Arrangement be reduced to poetry,
So also by rendering its elements periodic
The uproar of the streets might be converted into music."

But really we don't think much of this poetry. It is scarcely better than the poetry of WALT WHITMAN. Will the PROFESSOR reveal to us some better art of arrangement?



COUNTRY-HOUSE STUDIES.

(HABITS OF THE YOUNG LADY VISITORS.)

"A HAIR-BRUSHING." WHICH MEANS, PRETTY DRESSING-GOWNS, AND GOSSIP IN EACH OTHER'S ROOMS, FOR ANY NUMBER OF HOURS, AFTER SAYING "GOOD NIGHT!" DOWN-STAIRS. [N.B. Only confidential Friends admitted.]

LOWE IDEAS.

MY DEAR DR. BIRCH,

I KNOW that, as a rule, you never dream of reading anything more modern than *Horace* or *Herodotus*, still, I dare say you have glanced over the speech on education which ROBERT LOWE delivered the other day at Edinburgh. I can imagine how sonorously you pish'd and psha'd at him for venting such inanities as this :—

"As mathematics are now studied, they either remain foreign to the mind or the student (committed to his memory, but never incorporated with his understanding and his thoughts), or else they enslave and dominate his mind, so that he is only able to think in abstract formulas, and becomes a useless being, except for the most abstruse calculations."

Moreover, as you went to Oxford, and the classics are your strong point, you doubtless sneered at him still more for being so absurd as to say such stuff as this :—

"Surely if we make languages a part of education, the English language has prior claims to Latin and Greek."

After such rank folly, you were of course prepared to hear him sneer at classic verse-making, the stronghold, we well know, of all our English public schools. A scholastic mind like yours must shrink in horror from a man who thinks that making Latin verses is not the aim and end of a good English education, and who is not ashamed to put forth such rank heresies as this :—

"It is the idea of the pedantic mind that nothing can be good for education, or good for mental discipline, unless it will be utterly useless in future life."

I was for just six years at a public school myself, and cost my father something near two hundred pounds a-year. What I learned there, I do not with much certainty remember, excepting that I knew the paradigm of *τοῦτο*, and, assisted by a Gradus, could write Jambics (as we called them), Hexameters, or Sapphics, with a fair amount of fluency, and also of false quantities, on whatever unsuggestive subject might be set. By dint of constant practice, I could write them far more easily

than a letter in plain English, or than I could describe the position of Kamschatka, or discover the solution of a sum in rule of three. Of Greek and Roman history I learned the merest smattering, and of English I knew nothing that a common village school will not teach in a month.

But I learned to be a gentleman, you will of course insist: and for answer I may tell you that, on entering the school, in four-and-twenty hours I had learned to tell a lie, and, thanks to brutal fagging, in six weeks I had learned to become a skilful sneak. If you doubt what the effect of fagging is on small, weak boys, read what SYDNEY SMITH has written in the *Edinburgh Review*; and remember SYDNEY SMITH was a parson like yourself, and equally incapable of telling an untruth.

Fagging, you may tell me, is no part of education; and under proper regulations may check despots of mere muscle, and conduce to the good government and order of a school. But fagging and nonsense verses go hand in hand together, and the champions of the one are the defenders of the other, and that is why I venture to find fault with them both. English mothers now hate fagging, and are more than ever earnest to prevent their boy from being such a tortured little slave as I was when at school. And English fathers are beginning to think with ROBERT LOWE that something far more useful than the art of nonsense-verse-making should be purchased for their sons for two hundred pounds a-year.

Hoping you and other pedants may learn to see the need of public school reform in the points which I have noted, believe me, my dear Doctor,

Yours sincerely,

STULTUS SMITH.

Domestic Discourse.

THE principal topic of conversation everywhere in the servants' hall just now is what JOHN, THOMAS, and MARY call the Butcher's Round Robbing.

A CHEAP BATH.—A farthing dip.

THOSE BUTCHERS' BILLS.

THOSE butchers' bills! those butchers' bills!
How many a mind their total fills,
Reflecting, at this costly time,
On loin and leg, on coarse and prime!

Those happy days are passed away,
When sixpence round we used to pay,
And sometimes, if the joint was veal,
A sweetbread graced the closing meal.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,
Those butchers still will lay it on;
And other bards, with other quills,
Will write about their heavy bills.



A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU VI.—MY SENSIBLE FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

I feel, though he has said nothing as yet, that the case is a far more important one than I had at first thought it. I also feel, though I've not the slightest notion of what turn his meditation has taken, that I agree with him so far. Somehow we both take the fire into our confidence. While my Sensible Friend continues silent, I find myself regarding the fire in this manner, steadily, and trying to put my difficulties to myself in several points of view. Gradually other people's names who've nothing at all to do with the subject come into my thoughts, and give rise to ideas which wander and wander away. (I am perfectly aware of it, but I have no inclination to stop them, as I feel that my Sensible Friend is thinking for me.) From the matter in hand, until I find myself in the South of France wondering what kind of straw hats the vineyard people wear, and then whether that case of wine I ordered some time ago has arrived, and (imperceptibly) to a promise that I would go with some one next Sunday to hear the service at the Foundling Hospital, until, after visiting America and wondering if any man was ever hung for bird's-nesting, I am reminded by a sudden collapse of coals, that I am still waiting for the opinion of my Sensible Friend.

"Well," he says, nodding at the fire, "it's a very difficult question." I am glad to find that so far he agrees with me, which shows I was right in coming to him for advice.

After a pause he adds, "Very."

It occurs to me, though I am afraid of doing him injustice by admitting the suggestion for an instant, that, either he has not mastered the subject, or his thoughts have been wandering in Foundling Hospitals, America, and the South of France as mine were just now.

I repeat the case substantially. Before I come quite to the end of

my recital he says, "Yes, yes, I perfectly understood." (The idea of this man being a donkey or a humbug! Absurd! I've almost a mind to tell LANGSON my Hearty Friend's opinion of him. Stop! Am I getting impatient with him, because he doesn't give me advice in a hurry? No, no. I've come to my Sensible Friend, and I'm going to hear what he's got to say.)

"You see," he says, and I am all attention, for I am sure he has hit the right nail on the head now, "the question is whether your Chief at Head Quarters," how well he masters terms; "Chief at Head Quarters," quite the proper expression; I nod and smile because I feel that he is on the right road to a solution: he continues, "whether your Chief at Head Quarters is cognisant of your friend's conduct, or," here he looks round at me and puts the alternative, "not."

"Just so," I say. He's evidently on the right road, because this is exactly what had already occurred to me; and it's flattering to find that a clever man takes the same view as you do yourself.

"Exactly," he continues, "Ex-actly," and hereupon he rises from his chair, and leaning back against the mantelpiece, looks towards the window. "It's a very difficult matter," he says.

Quite what I'd thought—quite my opinion. Satisfactory this. "It is," I reply, and then, by way of bringing him to the point, though I'm afraid I'm doing it too abruptly, "What do you advise?"

A pause. He raises his eye-brows (great character in his eye-brows) —By the way, there's a notion for a publisher, "On the Eye-Brows of the Ancients," in one volume quarto—and murmurs "well," thoughtfully. Then, shifting his position, he answers, "Pon my soul, I hardly know *what* to say." I am disappointed, but it shows how correct I was in thinking this case of such great importance, when even a clever sensible man like LANGSON finds a difficulty in advising upon it.

"If," he goes on, slowly, "you had by any overt act offended, or by any dereliction of duty had placed yourself in antagonism to your Chief at Head Quarters, that would be another thing."

I say, "Yes, that, of course, *would* be another thing."

"But it is *not* so," he says positively, as if contradicting some assertion of mine to the contrary. Perhaps I didn't put the case quite clearly.

"Again," he continues, "if you had refused to undertake your usual duty, or had without permission delegated your authority to some one else, your friend GRIGG, for instance—(to GRIGG, heaven forbid!)—then the case would have been different."

I can't help saying, "Of course, it would," with a little irritation in my tone; because it strikes me, though I don't like to put it so rudely to him, he has but been saying that if the case wasn't what it is, it would be, in point of fact, something else.

I should be sorry, really sorry, to think my Sensible Friend a humbug.

I suggest that perhaps he would advise my calling at Head Quarters? After some deliberation he thinks he *would* advise me to call at Head Quarters, if there was anything to be gained by it, which last proviso upsets me.

I turn it over for ten minutes in my mind, and then ask him whether on the whole it wouldn't be better to leave it alone.

"Well," he says, "I really think, if you'll take my advice—"

Of course I will; it's what I've come to him for.

"Well then," he says, "I think—after all—you'd better let it be as it is."

This decides me. We shake hands warmly, I tell him I am going away for a holiday before recommencing my inspecting duties. And so I leave my Sensible Friend; only I'm not quite sure if he is as sensible as he used to be.

CAPS FOR SINGLE COMBAT.

THE *Figaro Programme* contains the particulars of a duel fought, the other day, near Melun, between M. COVILLE, a writer in the *Nord*, and M. D'AUNAY, a contributor to the *Figaro*. These gentlemen concurred in attempting to shoot each other in consequence of an article signed by the former of them. At a given signal, COVILLE let fly, but did not hit his adversary. Then D'AUNAY pulled the trigger, and his pistol missed fire. Whereupon, "M. COVILLE invited M. D'AUNAY to put on his cap and repeat his shot, but the latter refused, demanding that the duel should recommence." This course, however, the seconds opposed, and withdrew their men. They would have done well to invite both of them to put on their caps, that is to say, caps suitable to the heads of gentlemen willing, for a contemptible provocation, to blow out one another's little brains.

Spiritual Fears.

THE present is a good Pear season. Bishops'-thumbs, in particular, are plentiful and cheap. Can this be owing to the late Pan-Anglican Synod?

A REASON WHY YOUNG LADIES SHOULD AVOID RITUALISM.—It makes them *fast*, and *cross* withal.

"THE RIDERS! THE RIDERS!"



SCENES in the circle of our childhood, here you are again in High Holborn! Here we are re-introduced to the gentlemen in white waistcoats and military trousers who saunter into the ring as though they had just left the dinner-table, smiling at the last "good thing" of Mr. Merryman, and encasing their hands in the dear old large white gloves. Here we have the H'less Clown, the banners, the hoops, the horses, the ever-restless band, the long whip, the old jokes, the pretty ladies, and the daring gentlemen. We make acquaintance with new wonders, too, in the form of the NAINS, a couple of eccentric, clerical-looking individuals, who twist and twirl their elastic bodies about in a manner which defies anatomical description; and a gymnast that makes one shudder in spite of his gracefulness.

We congratulate the management on their programme, and give honour-

able mention that none of the many performances occupy too much time.

"PUT IT DOWN."

You know me, Sir, as the Author of *Typical Developments*, frequently alluded to in these pages. As you are aware, I carry a note-book for the purpose of making mems. for my great work. Admiring friends who, so to speak, hang on my lips, are perpetually saying to me, "You really ought to put that down"—alluding to some trite remark of recent uttering. I refused for some time to comply with these sincere and earnest requests until one morning at breakfast I observed, quaintly, "A good thing, like a bad thing, ought to be put down." I explained (I hate explaining) to my wife (and, above all, to my wife, for whom it is impossible to make allowances) that I used "put down" in a double sense. She supposed, she returned, that I meant sense and non-sense.

My wife sometimes says a good thing, the effect, Sir, of the atmosphere wherein she dwells. This was a good thing; one which even my friends admitted might be put down. The two mems. stand thus:—

1. A note, like a nuisance, ought to be put down at once.
2. Men have five senses: words only two, that is, Sense and Nonsense.

[The effect of seeing this in print will, I fear, make my wife conceited about her intellectual powers. We shall see. This warning voice in brackets is not necessarily for publication. You understand.]

Having hit upon the form, I have consented to give the world what I have "put down;" with such explanations and annotations as from time to time the text may appear to require.

H. T.

What I put down in the Country.—On Eggs.

I.
An egg, like CÆSAR's wife, should be above suspicions.

II.
Is it probable that the old fowls lay stale eggs, and only the young hens fresh ones?
[This was put, sarcastically, to my Gardener, who looks after the farm-yard. Every one said, "How good!" So I put it down.]

III.
Eggs resemble roses, being propagated by Layers.
[Some one on this occasion said I was a bore, so I did not pursue the subject further.]

IV.
A hen cackles when she lays an egg, and so some stranger benefits by her production. Moral: Never cackle.

V.
A fowl and her eggs are soon parted.

VI.
Eggs are eggs be they never so eggy.

More anon. H. T.

THE COSTERMONGER AMONG THE CORONETS.

AIR—"The Allegro in the Overture to William Tell."

I DEALS in costermongery,
But in my callin' makes no noise;
For 't ain't amongst the hungry
As I cries tatures and savoys.
Some goes a hollerin', squallin', bawlin';
Them's a lot of low-bred snobs.
Gently, in peace and quiet, diet
I takes round to all the nob's:
Stow your bam and duffery;
To all of your fakements I am fly;
I never wants no puffery:
I'm a moderate Ax-my-eye!

Now all their things of me they buys,
Cause why, the nateral reason is
That cheap as ever I supplies
What them shopkeepers all has riz
I reskys 'em from the butchy's clutches,
Chargin' far above his due,
Hand from the screwin', doin', jewin'
Fishmongers and grocers, too.
Stow, &c.

At every mansion of a swell,
On which I makes my mornin' call,
I gently knocks, and rings the bell,
And softly patters, mild and small,
Here's yer vegetable marrer, sparrer-
Grass, your Brussels sprouts, and kail,
Here's yer noble lords' and legislators' tatures,
Here's yer turnips cheap on sale!
Stow, &c.

Yer cabbages and cauliflower,
Yer lettuce, cowcumber, and beet,
And, you as dwells in Beauty's bower,
Here is your inions all so sweet.
Here's for you as rides in char'ots carrots,
Here's yer peas and here's yer beans.
Here's fit for e'er a feast at Greenwich, spinnidge,
Suited to the lowest means.
Stow, &c.

Here's your mutton, beef, and weal,
Prime as hever met the eye;
I'm the cove with which to deal:
What'll yer honour buy, buy, buy?
Here's fresh fish, no story, dory,
Skate, soles, salmon, turbot, brill;
Here's yer cod, mackerel, and mullet, pullet,
Chicken, goose, and here's cheap BILL!
Stow, &c.

I ham a coster, that is true,
But, since fair profit's all I win,
Don't cost so much as others do;
So deal with me and save yer tin:
Limitin' great expenses sense is:
Hand my moke-cart you'll all try,
As soon as you comes to know me, blow me,
I'm a moderate Ax-my-eye!
Stow, &c.

To Corporation Functionaries.

MUCH has been heard lately of the Aldermen who have passed the chair. The expression is somewhat obscure. Will the Remembrancer, or the Secondary, or the City Marshal, in their leisure moments, inform us what description of chair it is which the Aldermen have passed (a dining-room chair?) why they have passed it, to whom they have passed it, and when the event took place? If the phrase had been the Aldermen who have passed the bottle, the meaning of it would have been as clear as crystal.

IN DR. MAVOR's spelling-book the juveniles are informed that the flesh of the pig "produces" pork. Ought not the youngsters to be informed at the same time that it "produces" nightmare?



“THE GREY MARE,” &c.

Mrs. B. (taking the reins). “NO, BROWN, I WILL NOT HAVE THE PONY BACKED! NO! THAT PERSON MUST HAVE SEEN US COME INTO THE LANE FIRST; AND IF THE MAN’S GOT COMMON POLITENESS—”

Mr. B. “BUT, MY DEAR, WE’VE ONLY JUST TURNED THE—”

Mrs. B. “I DON’T CARE, BROWN! NO! I WON’T GO BACK, IF I STAY HERE TILL—”

Farmer. “ALL RIGHT, SIR!—I’LL BACK, SIR. I’VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER VIXEN AT HOME, SIR!”

A CASE FOR COMPENSATION.

TO MR. PUNCH, ONNOURED SIR,

You being a friend of Lubbaby and a enemy to hoppersion, I ope you’ll say a word for us poor injured innocents, us bookmakers and betting men, and Welchers, as they calls us, which we’re threatened with Extinction, not to mention bankruptcy, by this here new, tyrannical, and hinfamous Street Traffic Hack. Sir, me and my mates, which I hand you in all cornfidence our names, ave been driving for months past a werry tidy little trade, ard by the railway harches close to where the old Fleet prising used formally to occupy. There we congregated daily, and bet upon the Darby, or the Ledger, or Seize Harry Witch, with young coveys as were green enough to trust us with their tin. To make the thing look businesslike, we used to sport a betting book, and make a solum entry of all the sums they auded us, which our system was to grab the cash afore we booked the bet. By offering long hoddos we drewed a deal of tin, and that from shop-boys, and such like, as could arldly have the income for to justify their going so to say upon the turf. Whether betting ever tempted ’em to fake a cly, or flash a cheque, or frisk their governor’s till, is more than I can say, but as for arf crowns bless you! they could shell ’em out like smoke; and I’ve often seen a fiver in the fist of a young feller as couldn’t ave been urning more than six shilling a week.

Well, in course I needn’t say that, if the race had gone against us, we made ourselves all jolly scarce when settling day came round, and so we managed to pick up a decent sort of living, you may fancy, when you see what some of us could do:—

“Several responsible bookmakers were to be found there, and some of them have taken as much £100 or £700 per day, in sums varying from 5s. to £20.”

Not aving the good fortune to be looked on as “responsible,” I’ve

never ad the luck to pot my £700 a day. Still, I’ve sometimes pouched my £50, and that’s a tidy swag. But now this blessed Act is down on us, we finds it awful ard to urn a honest fiver, for you’re quodded if you’re nabbed now betting in the streets. To show how some of us is suffering, only look at this:—

“All the bookmakers were ‘moved off’ on Friday, which ought to be designated ‘Good Friday’ ever afterwards. Two or three who tried to carry on the game were locked up and convicted in a month’s imprisonment, and it amusingly transpired that when searched two of these would-be ‘bookmakers’ possessed the splendid sum of ninepence halfpenny between them to meet their liabilities.”

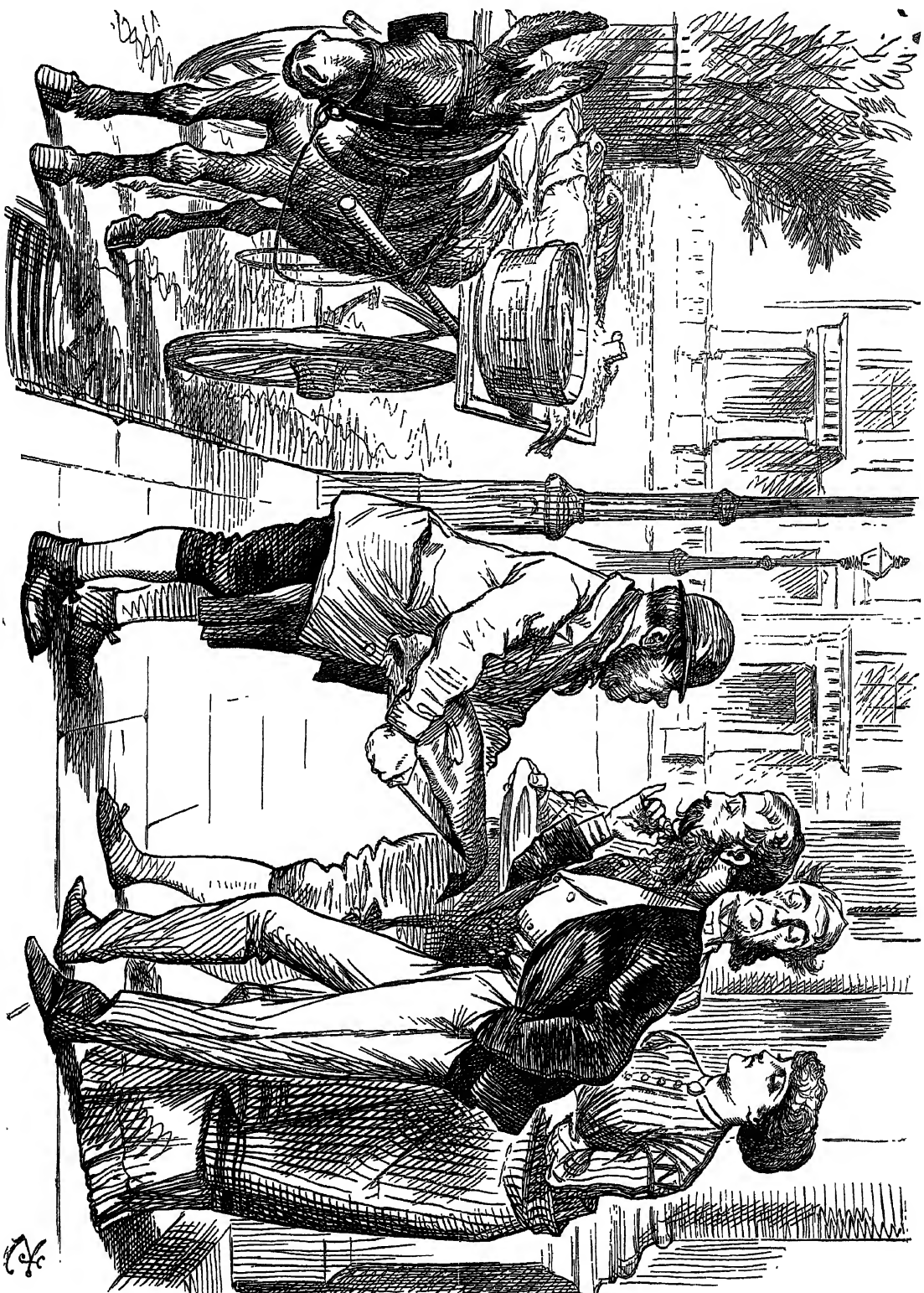
Having had, unluckily, a taste for gin and bitters, not to mention dry champagne, I haven’t put by nothing for to meet a rainy day, and now that, like *Othello*, my Hockeyption’s gone, my pocket is an aching void, and to steal my purse were trash. After living pretty comfortable, and smoking our cigars, and never doing no ard work, it’s hardish lines for us poor Welchers to have to turn apprentice now to learn a honest trade; and, as hours has been destroyed by a brutal Hact of Parliament, the Guvment ought in fairness for to grant us compensation, and I think it highly probable you’ll wish that we may get it. So I beg leave to remain, Sir,

Yours obedient,

A WICTIM.

P.S. There’s been some gushing harticles in sentimental penny papers, saying as something andsome should be guv to the pore costermongers, whose trade have also been destroyed by this here hinfamous new Hack. But them costers have their funded property to realise, their taturs, and their turnips, and their barrers, and their mokes. Whereas a dirty betting book is all *our* stock in trade, nor have we even a good character to serve us in our need.

“STILL WATERS.”—Whiskies.



SOONER OR LATER; OR, WHAT IT MUST COME TO.

LORD FITZPATRICK. "YAS! A REMARKABLY FINE FISH, AND DECIDEDLY CHEAP. GOT ANY OYSTERS?"
COSTER. "YES, MY LORD, PRIME NATIVES, A SHILLIN' A DOZEN."

EPICURUS IN THE FIELD OF MARS.

DEAR SIR,

As you have privately, and not unhandsomely, apologised for the objectionable remark you appended to my first letter, you receive my second. "Sorry for it, is all a gentleman can say." We are friends, and I prove my friendship by saying that I think you are very fatuous to irritate a valuable—an invaluable—Contributor. Suppose I had transferred my services to the *Christian Observer*?

I left myself about to refresh myself at the Paris Exhibition. As I said, there was plenty of choice in that outside Oval. But I did not see anything that I thought I should like, and I am too old—I mean too wise—to buy anything I don't like merely because a pretty young lady sells it. At last, however, I came to a bar where, beholding a long row of little American eagles in silver, or what looked like it, I concluded that I should find good liquor, and I concluded to try—observe the Anglo-American amalgamation of phrase. Sir, let me make Honourable Mention of that bar. There was brewed and fizzed for me a drink—well, it was a drink. Pineapple, cream, soda water, ice, and several other good things were so artistically blended into one refreshing and delighting draught, that I had a great mind to take another, and that is the highest praise man can bestow. But I refrained, and departed, more than ever convinced that America is a noble country.

Then, Sir, I might have turned into the building, and begun to inspect furiously. An ordinary man would have done so, but, as LADURÉLAD says when he dives into the water to kill the Beast, "Not like man am I." My thought was that the morning was fine, and that the afternoon might be wet. Therefore, I addressed myself to outdoor work while the sun shone. The Ovals have a Park around them, studded with mosques, lighthouses, heavy houses, electric-light houses, and other edifices, Egyptian, Japanese, Italian, Albertine, Mexican, Henry Coline, Chinese—and a dozen more. Into most you went for your original franc, but you were done at the gates of the best—in fact I may say, once for all, to the honour of the French nation, that no device by which half a franc extra could be screwed out of their visitors, was neglected. I remember no shows at our Exhibitions for which people were asked an extra sixpence—we shall know better in 1878. None of these copies were fit to be named on the same day with the courts in the Crystal Palace, but we must not be too hard upon foreigners.

England came out well in the Park. Specially splendid was her display of big cannons and all that belongs to such toys. I was pleased to see that the French glared angrily and enviously at these monstrous guns. I was pleased to notice the eager delight of a lot of English boys, from some school in Paris, who came rushing through this part of the show, every lad explaining everything to every other, and all at once. They looked clean, and fresh, and boy-like, and were not pretending to be little men who knew everything, like Parisian lads, who by the way do know a precious deal more than they ought. I suppose that is why grown-up Frenchmen are so ignorant. But as I have said, we must not be too hard upon foreigners.

There was also a Reserved Garden, which charged half a franc more for abandoning its reserve, in your favour. It struck me as not only reserved, but rather sulky. There was a particularly stagnant serpentine gutter in it, meant for a stream, only it did not flow, and wanted attention from the Board of Health. But there were two good things in this garden. One was a large aquarium, in which were many good fish, and a vast carp from Fontainebleau, said to be a hundred or a thousand years old, I forget which, and one as likely as the other. Also, there was a lovely sort of kiosk, which had been furnished much as I should have done it myself, that is, divinely, for the Empress. Here I had luck. My companion had a pass which took us in. I was glad to look at the pretty inside, but that was nothing. The pleasure was to see hundreds outside shoving and pushing and flattening their ugly noses against the windows, and to stalk haughtily out among them, and be asked why you obtained entrance, and to answer loftily, but in the purest French, "*Parseker, Mossoo, je s'voce un journaliste dangletaire, ay un reducteur de Mossoo PUNCH de Londres.*"

I do not wish to disparage the French intellect. Some Gauls have done clever things, though the world won't be humbugged into believing that PASCAL taught NEWTON, or that NAPOLEON licked WELLINGTON. But I must say what I saw. There were many objects of interest outside the Ovals, but the greatest crowd stood about a two-penny invention that twirled round and squirted water. The effect was a good deal less than that which is produced by one of my own gardeners when he waters one of my flower-beds with a hose, but it enchanted hundreds. Happy is the ruler of a nation that can be so easily amused. A lady who has lived many years in Paris looked with finer but less indulgent eyes at this display, and said, "All Frenchmen are great babies." "I hope they will never be weaned," was my philanthropic response.

In the aquarium I saw some prawns, alive, and they reminded me that the sight of some dead ones might not be amiss. You will easily catch the clue to the train of thought to which this led me. But I felt that I was in Paris for a duty, and duty I seldom neglect when I

cannot get anybody else to do it for me. You wished me to see the Exhibition, and in I went. I make no boast of having done your errand, but it is right to record that I did it. But I did not want to go in. I would much have preferred going to a Café, and ordering my dinner, and lounging on the Boulevards until it should be ready.

By cutting across the Ovals, you saw segments thereof right and left, and noticed that there were many articles on view. Pushing onward, not to be distracted with too many things at once, you reach a little garden, which is the centre of the Exhibition. And, my dear Sir, the heart of this garden, the centre of all these monster rings, which made you feel as if you had got into Saturn, was a little money-changing office. I liked this cynicism. It was frank. How much better to be truthful, and stick up that tiny temple to Mammon, the god of the show, than to stick there a statue of Universal Brotherhood, or of Peace waving an olive branch. I took a liking to this little garden, and immediately sat down and smoked. Promptly was I darted upon for payment for my chair. I paid, and the estimable person who watched the chairs then tried to get payment out of my friend, who had not taken a chair at all. He spoke French fluently, and his ironical reprimand actually brought colour to her cheek. We established the fact that one French person can blush.

There were, however, statues in this garden, and plenty of them, and mostly what we call undraped, which is a faint word when speaking of French art. It does manage to make so very much of the fact that a figure wears no clothes. That's all I mean to say on a subject on which one can't help saying something, seeing that the fact I have mentioned was forced upon your eyes at the Show and all over Paris.

By going out at the opposite end of the garden, and cutting across the Ovals on the further side, you saw more segments and more articles. And this bold and skilful manoeuvre I performed with much precision, turning aside neither to the right nor to the left, but walking straight out at the other gate of the Park. I fulfilled your wish, and saw the Exhibition. To have examined it in detail would have occupied me seven months, and I had only about five-and-twenty minutes, and I had scarcely emerged when I heard a vast bell tolling violently. Remembering that I was a Protestant in Paris, I began to think of St. Bartholomew, and prepare to resign my theological convictions at the shortest notice. But the sound was not from St. Germain l'Auxerrois, but from the Exhibition itself, and was the death-knell of the Show. The only connection with St. Bartholomew was in the appearance of the larger Oval, where, art and science not being enough for the Parisian grown-up Baby, he was regaled with the Chinese Giant, the Decapitated Head (how do you decapitate a head?) and several other shows which we look for in a Fair.

Such, Sir, is a full and elaborate report of the contents of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. It is delightful to think that England has not only covered herself with glory by what she showed—triumphant in all departments save those of art and luxe—but by having paid in three distinct ways towards the affair—by her Parliamentary subsidy—by great injury to her own neglected watering-places—and by the hideous extortion to which her children were individually submitted. But I have no complaint of that last kind, and you will be glad to hear that my labours in your cause were singularly required. A Christian friend—a noble Scot—invited me to dine at the Café Riche, as a conclusion to my visit. The dinner was worthy of the donor and the guest. It is yours, Sir, to thank the former as he deserves. From circumstances, the latter was, I believe, unable to do so.

Yours respectfully,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

A BUTCHERLY BATTUE.

THANKS to universal trespassing, game is sadly scarce in France. Still, in some places there must be a tolerable supply of it, to judge by what the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA the other day was able to bag at Compiègne:—"Breakfast was served in the forest, under a temporary shed, and at the close of the day 4,500 head of game had been brought down, the KAISER being credited with the death of 600."

A French breakfast is usually served about mid-day, and probably the shooting ceased at four o'clock. So, the KAISER had three hours, or less, for killing his 600 head, and must have bagged them at the rate of three or four a minute, as fast as a crack shot could slaughter pigeons from a trap. As he probably missed twice for every time he killed, he must have banged away well nigh 2000 shots in the three hours, and we hope he liked the headache which deservedly was earned by such a butcherly day's sport.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.—(In the Olympic Playbills).—"The Way to Get Married, if I had a Thousand a Year?"—By holding up my finger. (We are surprised that MR. WEBSTER should think it worth while to make the inquiry.)

DOING AS ROME DOES.—Occupying oneself.

HUNTING THE RABBIT À LA FRANÇAISE.



MONSIEUR BLAGUE DESIRES LA CHASSE.



THE DEVOTED LAPINS HOLD A COUNCIL.



THE RESULT OF THEIR DELIBERATION



MONSIEUR BLAGUE RETURNS FROM LA CHASSE.



HINT TO NEAR-SIGHTED OFFICERS.

BEWARE OF SHORT-CUTS ACROSS THE DRYING GROUNDS, WHEN LATE FOR PARADE, ESPECIALLY IF IN YOUR HURRY YOU FORGET YOUR EYE-GLASS !

ROME'S LAST PAGEANT, NOVEMBER, 1867.

"Yesterday the entire City went out of Porta Pia in carriages and on foot to greet the captives, and were met by a long train of the wounded. * * * The melancholy procession was watched by 40,000 spectators. * * * But the vast crowd preserved an unbroken silence, only uncovering to the Garibaldians."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, November 12, 1867.

OPEN thy gates, O Rome, to those that come,—
Open thy gates and let the vanquished in.
Thus—with no measured sound of fife and drum—
Thus—with no ransomed people's joyous din,
Silently meet thy conquered children, Rome!
This is their welcome to their ancient home!

To Porta Pia, down the paven road,
Go forth the crowds to meet the dreary train,—
Wearily drag the waggons with their load
From the bright hills across the dusty plain;
Those hills from whence they watched St. Peter's dome,
And dreamed, that they were waited for in Rome.

And Rome waits for them.—By the long, dead walls,
Where hides Torlonia's Villa with its state,
From where the water in the Piazza falls
To the low cypress by St. Agnes gate
Romans, by tens of thousands, watch to-day,
And crowd the stones of the Nomentan way.

Poor was the victory—little is the show—
Lo! Rome's deliverers—wounded beggar-boys!
When Romans, richer, older, wiser grow,
They think of winter-trading and the joys
Of piled polenta. Let the POPE remain—
And let his subjects make their righteous gain!

Yet there is something stirring in their heart
For those who fought to conquer or to die.
No cheers. French bayonets are not far apart,—
Yet, as the moaning freights go slowly by

Each head uncovers. So they enter Rome—
Their prize erewhile—their prison now—their home.]

Dishonoured City! Glory of the Past!
Shame of the present—is there left to thee
A Future? Will thy chains be ever cast?
Thy priests, God's servants? and thy people free?
And will thy children ever learn to fear
That King alone, whose Kingdom is not here?

Hopeless our hope! Thy lowest fall is now;
Shrine of long memories, happy are thy dead.
Blest are the wounded captives lying low—
But thou art fallen—thy earthly light is fled.
"Ilicet." All that made thee great is gone—
Our only reverence is for earth and stone.

If thou art desert in the future times
If daisies in the DORIA's palace grow;
If ivy round thy RAPHAEL's Loggie climbs,
Thou wilt be better, nobler, than now.
A marble cumbered plain—a ruined Dome—
That is the only Freedom left for Rome.

A Great Utterance.

MR. LOWE'S Edinburgh speech on Education, blazing with common sense, and far more amusing than many a piece at the theatres, is now published. Everybody should buy the pamphlet: it is well worth a "Bob." MR. LOWE will of course be our first SECRETARY OF STATE FOR EDUCATION, when the time arrives for Public Instruction to have a Minister all to itself, with a seat in the Cabinet, to which position there are even now people who think it has almost as good a claim as the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, or the Custody of the Privy Seal.

WHAT NEXT?—A man, otherwise an excellent fellow, was cruel enough the other day, in our presence, to take a lady's face to pieces.

FANCIES FOR THE FLEET;

OR, "BLUE SPIRITS AND GRAY."

MR. THOMAS GRAY, head of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, with a view to assisting such memories of nautical men as do "run to the contrary," has composed a few simple touching verses for the use of steamers, and has issued them in thousands, by the hands of the Admiralty Publishers, with the approval of Authority, to the various custom-houses and outposts, and these new GRAY's *Poems* are, we believe, to become part of the course of instruction given to naval youths in our training-ships.

MR. GRAY has doubtless already told everything on this subject to the Marines, and therefore it does but remain with Rare-Admiral *Punch* to put before the general public these precious rhythmical instructions, upon which henceforth will depend the safety of our adventurous fellow-countrymen, who, before they give up sitting "at home at ease," will do well to devote some little time to "thinking upon the dangers of the seas."

MR. GRAY's verses should be sung by CAPTAIN CROSSTREE, R.N.; or in another form these Naval Notions would form a charming companion to CLOSE's *Lyrics*, with a frontispiece of the Ancient (Gray) Marine stopping some of the boys going up the side of a training-ship, and teaching them the Rhyming Rule of the Road. Here are the Rules, *permisso superiorum*:

"Two Steam Ships meeting.

Meeting Steamers do not dread
When you see three Lights ahead—
Port your helm, and show your RED."

But supposing the Captain who learns this by rote (going, poor fellow, into the pap-boat and nursery rhyme stage once more) should possess a good ear for rhythm, it might strike him that "go to bed" was the finish of the third line instead of "Show your Red." Or again, if the Skipper be an uneducated man, or one whose habit of "h" dropping has never been overcome, the three words "Show your Red" would sound to him like "Show your 'ead."

GREEN to GREEN—or, RED to RED—
Perfect safety—Go ahead!"

To which might be added,

If you're smashed, what *can* be said?

"Two Steam Ships crossing.

Note—This is the position of greatest danger: there is nothing for it but good look-out, caution and judgment.

ART. 14 of the Regulations is as follows:—If two Ships under Steam are crossing so as to involve risk of collision, the Ship which has the other on her own Starboard Side shall keep out of the way of the other. This Rule may be remembered by the following rhyme:—

If to starboard RED appear,
'Tis your duty to keep clear;
Act as judgment says is proper:—
Port—or Starboard—Back—or, Stop her!

But when upon your Port is seen
A Steamer's Starboard light of GREEN,
There's not so much for you to do,
The GREEN light must keep clear of you."

But why wasn't the prefatal note put into verse, MR. GRAY? His ear must have been struck by the note—

Ships to cross; which to budge meant?
Wanted caution, look out, judgment.

Of course this is not equal to anything of MR. GRAY's, and is only intended as a humble suggestion.

The simplicity of Rule No. 3 is delightful. "If to starboard Red appear, 'tis your duty to keep clear," i.e. to keep your head clear: no six bells and grog. But the third line shows us that after all no rule is of any use. "Act as judgment says is proper," i.e. the skipper's judgment: unless, indeed, it refers to some legal decision in the Admiralty Courts. But this is not in keeping with the simplicity of Rule No. 3, or of MR. GRAY in general. The next stanza is playful: the Poet is about to tell you what *your* conduct is to be when you see a Green light on your Port; but in the third line he artistically excites your curiosity by saying, "There's not so much for you to do," that is, as in other cases, and in the fourth line he shows you, with an intense appreciation of his own humour, that *you've* in fact got nothing at all to do in this event, and that this instruction has, for any practical purpose, as much to do with the *Rule of the Road* at sea as with the tip of NELSON's cocked hat on the Trafalgar Square monument.

General Caution.

Both in safety and in doubt
Always keep a good look out;
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her!—Stop her!—Turn astern!"

This might be called GRAY's Puzzle for Middies at Christmas, or perhaps it is a riddle only to be solved by a Sailing Ship and a Steam Ship coming into collision.

The first couplet might be rendered—

Both in doubt or in safety,
Always mind your weather eye.

Then comes the riddle, "If you have no room to turn." Well what do you then? Why you don't turn is the natural answer. Yes, but that's *not* the answer; it is, "Ease her! Stop her! Turn astern!" So you *do* turn after all. Let us make a triplet of it:—

If you have no room to turn,
Ease her! Stop her! Turn astern!
What I mean you'd better learn.

Mr. *Punch* may return to this subject.

"UNDER A CLOUD."

"Whatever may have been the luck of those more fortunately situated, it may very safely be said that no Londoner saw the star shower which occurred, or did not occur yesterday morning. The early part of the night was clear, but towards daybreak the sky became densely clouded, and just when the meteors were expected a London fog came up and obscured everything"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

In the regions of sport and of money,
In the circles of East-end and West,
In the haunts where they eat up the honey,
In the holes where the bees never rest;
On the turf, where "the plungers" go croppers,
In the ring, where the bookmaker's loud,
Snobs and swells, county magnates, clod-hoppers,
All alike have passed "under a cloud."

The meteors of flash financiering,
For whom, till "Black Friday" brought smash,
The flat-fish still hookwards kept steering,
And whose bills were as current as cash;
Who no bubble could blow but it floated,
Set no bait but it nobbled its crowd,
Like their shares, at a discount are quoted,
Like their stock, have gone "under a cloud."

The old party-cries, party-colours,
Which for ages braved battle and breeze,
While for handles they served the wire-pullers,
And the place-men for Treasury keys,
In the chaos and clash of last Session
Mixed, muddled, transformed, disallowed,
Leave Dizzy the man in possession
And public men "under a cloud."

What with Poor-Law-Board *laches*, misfeasance,
And Union-Infirmity bells,
Where truth seems the blackest of treasons
To Inspectors without sights or smells:
What with War-Office muddles and meddles,
Curragh-wrens, soldiers' wives, crying loud,
Abyssinian mules, guns, and saddles,
Red-tapeism is "under a cloud."

'Twixt Papist and Protestant quarrel,
Orange MURPHYS and CULLEN & Co.,
With Nemesis pointing the moral
Of ascendancy-ruled Long-ago—
'Twixt squireens, squatters, blarney, and bottle,
Tenant-right, laudlords'-wrong, fields unploughed,
With Fenian pikes at her throttle—
Poor Ireland is "under a cloud."

With Trades' Union BROADHEADS arranging
For shooting black sheep in their beds,
And feuds internecine estranging
The hard hands of toil from its heads;
Her orders transferred to her neighbours,
Her credit by fraud crush'd and cow'd,
Spite of iron and coal for her labours,
Old England seems "under a cloud."

Then what wonder the star-showers should follow
The example they find all about;
And, like other things gassy and hollow,
Fall with last year's *fool* to come out?
If the meteors due in November
In fog their brief glories enshroud,
And like much that once bright we remember,
Confess themselves "under a cloud"?

A SEAT IN THE CABINET.—One of the Forms of State.



AWFUL TO THINK OF!

Affectionate Wife. "OH, WILLIAM, DID YOU SEE THIS IN THE PAPER ABOUT THESE FENIANS? THEY THREATEN TO SACRIFICE ALL 'THE PROMINENT ENGLISHMEN!' NOW, DO KEEP INDOORS, FOR THINK HOW PROMINENT YOU ARE!"

IMPROVEMENT AT THE HOME OFFICE.

THE Home Office, as represented by MR. GATHORNE HARDY, may be said to be looking up in comparison with what it did when MR. WALPOLE blubbered over BEALES. Or rather perhaps we ought to say that it is now looking down on the partisans of traitors and murderers. It has at any rate treated them with contempt. MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, in his *Shooting Niagara: and After?* had occasion to observe that:—

"BEALES and his ragamuffins pull down the railings of Her Majesty's Park, when Her Majesty refuses admittance; Home Secretary WALPOLE (representing England's Majesty) listens to a COLONEL DICKSON talking of 'barricades,' 'improvised pikes,' &c.; does not order him to be conducted, and if necessary, to be kicked down-stairs, with orders never to return in case of worse; * * *

The newspapers, however, told us, one fine morning last week, that the day before, a deputation from a meeting which had been held on Clerkenwell Green, having attended at the Home Office for the purpose of presenting a memorial to the HOME SECRETARY, praying that the lives of the condemned Fenians at Manchester might be spared, was, if not conducted down-stairs, at least ordered by an attendant to be off, and obliged to go. And, with particular respect to the gallant officer named by MR. CARLYLE, we are informed by one journal that:—

"LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DICKSON and five or six other persons arrived at the Home Office at two o'clock, and were informed that MR. HARDY would not be able to receive them. They then left."

This is satisfactory. The necessity of conducting a sometime officer of the British Army down-stairs, would have been deplorable. That of kicking him down would have cost muscular exertion, more deplorable still. COLONEL DICKSON and his associates did wisely to leave the Home Office when they were told. The gallant Colonel had doubtless read what MR. CARLYLE had written as to the possible necessity of ejecting him at the tip of the toe. He spared MR. HARDY the need of having that done. For the sake of the honour of Her Majesty's Service, in which COLONEL DICKSON once held a commission, everybody must be glad that his prudence has saved it from the scandal of an indignity which persistent indiscretion might have brought upon the model of a loyal officer and gentleman.

THE BEST POSSESSION.—Self-Possession.

JUSTICE'S TWO SCALES.

"Two respectably-connected youths—AUGUSTUS HIGGS, aged nine, and WILLIAM GREENWOOD, aged thirteen—convicted of stealing from the stalls of the Crystal Palace, and remanded in order that their medical attendant might prove they were afflicted with 'epileptical kleptomania,' were yesterday again brought up before MR. ELLIOTT, at Lambeth, when some medical evidence appears to have been given as to the nature of this strange malady. All we can gather from the newspaper report is, that one of the boys was subject to fits, but we are still left in the dark as to the connection between epilepsy and kleptomania. MR. ELLIOTT said he felt a difficulty in disposing of the case on account of the youth of the boys, that he was bound to deal with them as if they had been common little boys not respectably connected, and then dismissed them with an admonition."—*Fall Mail Gazette*, Nov. 21.

WHEN dirty little boys
Are detected frisking tills,
Or boning savelloys
From pork-shop window-sills,

Or from Covent Garden baskets
When poverty steals apples,
Does Justice ever ask its
Antecedents, ere it grapples

The offender by the throat,
And to the beak straight drags him,
Who hears, and takes his note,
And for the due term "lags" him.

He has taken and been taken—
The abandoned little urchin!—
How should he save his bacon,
From prison, and a birchin'?

But when nice little boys,
"Respectably connected,"
Stealing Crystal Palace toys,
Are unhappily detected,

Their medical adviser,
Is called to prove *insania*;
Or—as larger words look wiser—
"Epileptic kleptomania."

Which though put in as buffer
"Twixt prigs and beaks" stern dealing,
Means that the young rogues suffer
From dangerous FITS—of stealing.

Then MR. ELLIOTT ponders
The case with deep heart-searchin's;
"What *can* I do," he wonders,
"With such 'respectable' urchins?—

"Besides, an 'epileptic
Kleptomaniac' set scourge on!
Where's the unfeeling sceptic
Such cruelty would urge on?"

"To quod send children, bless 'em,
Of respectable position?
Impossible—dismiss 'em,
Both with an admonition!"

Respectability, really,
Sin in the dock thou shrivest,
Through Justice's pike freely
While thus thy Gig thou drivest.

Crime itself, in thy livery,
May take its fling *cum venia*;
What in the pauper's thievery,
In thee is "kleptomania."

Learn, each justice of the peace,
From ELLIOTT's meanders,
That sauce for ill-dressed geese
Isn't sauce for well-dressed ganders.

Members and Marked Men.

THERE are certain gentlemen (so-called) of whom it is safe to predict that, in the event of any rebellion, their names will figure in any petition or debate that may give them an opportunity of showing sympathy with the rebels. Every constituent who is not a traitor would do well to consider whether any one of that lot is a fit and proper person to represent him in Parliament.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OTHER THEODORE, King of Abyssinia, who, himself a savage, has made the British Parliament savage also, for it has had to assemble at an unwonted time, in order to provide the means of castigating His Majesty. So, on

Tuesday, November 19th, 1867, commenced the ABYSSINIAN SESSION.

Our QUEEN, with a gracious apology for calling us together at an unusual time (*Mr. Punch* begs that his Sovereign will not mention it—what does he live for but to do her service?) caused the following Remarks to be made, *via* LORD CHELMSFORD:—

1. An expedition for the purpose of obtaining the liberation of several of the QUEEN's subjects, now THEODORE's captives, has been sent out—and for that purpose alone.

[Well remarked, LORD STANLEY. The last words mean that you have no intention of annexing Abyssinia, or of making a present of it to Egypt. But if anything happens to the captives, we presume that "alone" will be held to mean the hanging of the ferocious king.]

2. All powers express friendly feelings towards us, and there is no reason to apprehend the disturbance of the general peace.

[Is not this second statement a glorious proof of the advance of civilisation? After 1866 years of Christianity, we just venture to say that there is no immediate dread that the great Christian nations are anxious to be cutting throats. Hooley!]

3. Italian volunteers, without authority from their own Sovereign, have attacked the POPE, and have been beaten by the French. It is hoped that NAPOLEON, by speedily withdrawing his soldiers, now not wanted in Italy, will "remove any possible ground" of misunderstanding between himself and VICTOR-EMMANUEL.

[Beacon them to a more renowned ground, in fact. They have made ghosts enough. This paragraph is highly proper. England practises non-interference with the domestic affairs of other nations, and has a right to preach it. Her own fight with the first NAPOLEON is not to the purpose, as NAPOLEON, of whom PROFESSOR GORDWIN SMITH well says, that there is no Viceroy in his body, was a pestilence, and therefore an enemy of the whole human race.]

4. The treasonable conspiracy called Fenianism, repressed in Ireland, has assumed in England the form of organised violence and assassination. These outrages require to be rigorously put down.

[Most true, your Majesty, and your loyal subjects rely upon the vigour of the Government. The example which it was unhappily necessary to make at Manchester on Saturday last, when three Fenian murderers died for slaying a constable in the discharge of his duty, was made with the approval of all classes worthy of consideration.]

5. The Estimates will in due course, and so on.

[Madam, nothing can be done without money. While MR. DISRAELI is taxing, couldn't a penny stamp be enacted for Photographic Portraits? The revenue arising from the sale of *Mr. Punch's* alone, would pay for the Abyssinian Expedition.]

6. Irish and Scottish Reform Bills.

[*Mr. Punch* foresees some dreary material for the Essence, but he will do his best, and not even *Mr. Punch* can do more. But, O'Boo darling, bounie McWurkey, life is short, don't make speeches long.]

7. The English Electoral Boundaries Commissioners have been hard at work, and we shall have their Report as soon as possible.

[The Boundaring Brothers have been out in pairs, a lawyer and a soldier together, staring all over the country. They must have had some fun with the local folk, who have tried to humbug them awfully. But we fancy an officer of Engineers and a barrister ought to be a match for most.]

8. We are to have a Bill for the prevention of bribery and corruption.

[We almost fancy we have heard something like this before. Does the Bill re-enact the pillory for the bribed, and will the Law ask the briber to lend her his ears?]

9. And the Public Schools Bill again.

[Will MR. BOS LOWE do *Mr. Punch* the great favour to appoint a day for delivering to the House of Commons the thundering good speech which he made at Edinburgh, on Education. Meantime, let anybody with fourpence send thirteen of them to Messrs. ELDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS, Auld Reekie, N.B., for the author's edition.]

10. The general question of the Education of the People requires our most serious attention.

[Rather. To adopt one of the wisest and most brilliant things ever said (of course it was in *Punch*) Educate the Masses, or they will educate you in a school that gives no holidays.]

11. Measures will be submitted for the benefit of the Mercantile Marine.

[Who is he? We never heard of him, but if he is as gallant a fellow as his namesake in the Queen's service, (to whom one is always referred when one wants a simple-minded listener) we shall rejoice in anything that does him good.]

12. We are to relieve the Home Cattle Trade from vexatious restrictions, and to facilitate the introduction of Foreign Cattle.

[The latter shall be welcome, down to the poor Papal Bull, for man must laugh, as well as eat.]

13. Measures for the Amendment of the Law will be submitted.

[Uncommonly general, but there is unlimited room for indefinite improvement in every department of the law.]

14. Other questions, apparently calling for legislative action, have been referred to Commissioners, whose reports shall be presented.

[Whose English is "apparently calling"? Not the QUEEN's. Apparent means visible to the eye, which we do not think a call is, unless it is a cat-call. The promise refers to Ritualism, *inter alia*, we suppose. Certainly that is visible to the eye, whence its professors may be called the Eye Church.]

15. The usual proper and pious paragraph.

[To which *Mr. Punch* heartily responds "God Save the QUEEN!"]

In the Senate, the Address was moved by the new EARL BROWNLOW, lately the HON. ADELBERT WELLINGTON BROWNLOW-CUST, of the British Grenadiers; and seconded by the first LORD HYLTON, who was created last year out of SIR WILLIAM GEORGE HYLTON-JOLLIFFE. The EARL RUSSELL said that both had done their work with great judgment and propriety: so we hope they are happy.

That Earl himself then proceeded to comment on the Speech. It was proper to summon Parliament. THEODORE's conduct was outrageous, and a case of war had been made out. He hoped that due judgment had been used as to the best means of waging it. Was sorry that an expedition had been sent to Rome in order to test the Chassepot Rifle. The EMPEROR had violated international law. A Conference would be useless unless the POPE and the KING of ITALY agreed to submit. Were we going into one? Are the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills to be two more Leaps in the Dark? He should submit his own views about Education.

LORD HARDWICKE said that much clap-trap was talked about Education. All the working-man wanted was to read and write, so that he might read his Bible, and begin to understand the principles of his religion. The gallant Admiral evidently thinks that England is a Quarter-deck, on which he can give orders. Also, taking his view, what is the use of the writing? unless he means that the working-man is to write to his bishop, requesting theological light.

LORD CARNARVON was not sure that there was no other course open than fighting THEODORE. We might have dazzled him with an Indian officer and an escort.

LORD HOUGHTON did not see evidence that the Romans now thought strongly that Rome ought to be the Italian capital.

The EARL OF DERBY, Premier, explained fully and regretted duly the Abyssinian necessity. Parliament had received the earliest possible intimation. The extra-Indian expenses will be borne by the Imperial Revenue. Abyssinia is 160 miles from the Red Sea. [We have acquired that knowledge, at all events, by the war.] The EMPEROR NAPOLEON's sentiments agree with the QUEEN's. We have neither consented nor declined to attend a Conference, but it will be a waste of diplomatic time if His Holiness and His Majesty will not submit. But for the Catholic Bishops, the question of Irish Education would long have been settled, and the late LORD ROSSE [a word of honour to the memory of the maker of the grandest of telescopes] would have been at the head of a commission for the purpose. Address agreed to.

In the House of Representatives whatever inclination there might have been to attack the Government was dispelled by affliction in the house of MR. DISRAELI. As was certain, MR. GLADSTONE's reference to this was of the most delicate character, and was becomingly acknowledged. MR. GLADSTONE reserved opinions, and MR. DISRAELI gave fitting assurances. MR. HORSMAN and LORD STANLEY fenced over Italy, and some Catholics and Protestants contradicted one another about the Garibaldi business. But the opening evening, here, was a flat one, and over before VILL.

Wednesday. Nothing worth note, except an anti-Garibaldian speech from MR. MAGUIRE, who exultingly declared that the Church of Rome was multiplying and increasing in America. LORD STANLEY quietly replied that the staunchest Protestant would not object to her occupying in Italy the same position as she holds in the United States.

Thursday. MR. MAGUIRE (not the gentleman last mentioned, but the

one who was convicted and pardoned) has been received back into the Royal Navy. (*Cheers.*) MR. MAGUIRE, M.P., made an appeal to Government to spare the lives of the other convicts, and a debate ensued, of which it may be enough to say that SIR P. O'BRIEN and MR. FAWCETT supported him, and that SERJEANT GASELEE and SIR C. O'LOUGHLIN were for further inquiry into a legal objection which JUDGE BLACKBURN had pronounced to be "monstrous," that MR. HARDY (*cheered*) declined to call on the Judges to review the judgment, that MR. GLADSTONE approved this refusal, and that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL confirmed the statement that to demand such review would be illegal. No verbal answer was given by the Government as to the carrying out of the sentences, but SHORE was relieved, on the ground that he was not proved to have been armed.

MR. HARDY has taken compassion on the poor Costermonger. He is not to be annihilated. This is well.

Friday. LORD PORTMAN attacked the BISHOP OF SALISBURY for Popish doctrines in his late Charge. The BISHOP allowed that he was a High Churchman, but pleaded that he was most tolerant, and added that there was less Ritualism in his diocese than in any other.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN MANNERS (is reported to have) said that the water in the Regent's Park lake had been drained off. Not a drop has been removed, and there must be a mistake somewhere. We went and looked on *Saturday*. "What are you about, JOHN?"



NEXT HIDEOUS "SENSATION CHIGNON."

COUNTY COURT DRESS.

AMONG the comic news of last week, as reported by several contemporaries, you will have read with pleasure, I am sure, *Mr. Punch*, the statement that:—

"At the last sitting of the Tonbridge County Court the Judge, MR. J. J. LONSDALE, made the following observations: 'In consequence of several parties having business in the Court coming in their working apparel, he wished to state, that all persons who came to that Court, which was the Queen's Court, should be properly dressed, and not in their working clothes. . . . Very frequently people came to the County Court just as if they had been fetched out of the street to a Police Court. It was very disrespectful to himself, and very annoying to a well-dressed person to sit beside a miller or a baker who was in his working clothes. He certainly should be very strict in this matter in future, and should most decidedly disallow any person's expenses who came to the Court dressed in a manner which he considered was disrespectful to himself and the Court.'"

You know, Sir, what a Court Dress is. It has, I think, been described in your columns as the uniform of an embroidered Quaker. So much for a Court Dress, if you please, but what is a County Court Dress? The same, one would think, in the view of MR. LONSDALE, "He wished to state that all persons who came to that Court, which was the Queen's Court, should be properly dressed." In Queen's Court dress, then? In laced chocolate collarless coats, flowered waistcoats, satin shorts, silk stockings, and buckled shoes? Should they also wear swords? Morning costume is an indefinite expression, and may be logically held to include working clothes. Does MR.

LONSDALE expect all suitors and witnesses in attendance at his Court to be dressed as for an evening party? Are white ties *de rigueur*? Must the ladies leave their bonnets and *fanchons* outside, and appear with low dresses? Must they also wear feathers? Will the local journal that reports the Tonbridge County Court publish a list of the suitresses' dresses? There is one class of persons on whom at any rate MR. LONSDALE can hardly intend to impose the impossibility of full dress, Court or plain evening. He acknowledged that:—

"Of course, if parties had no best clothes to put on, they were to be pitied."

These parties to a suit would of course be utterly unable to attire themselves in the suits proper for evening parties. In their case MR. LONSDALE may perhaps be willing to admit the relaxation allowed at the Opera in the after-season. "Restrictions to evening dress not enforced." A working dress ought not to put a miller out of court if he has no other, and the same may be said of a chimney-sweep, but a wide berth should be given to them, and it would be well for both their sakes to keep them asunder. Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*, a considerate,

BEAU NASH.

FANCIES FOR THE FLEET.

MR. PUNCH sees in MR. ASSISTANT-SECRETARY GRAY's new idea a vast poetical system, not to be confined to naval instruction, but to be carried into our Military Schools, our Classical Colleges, our Universities, and our Public and Private Seminaries. Beginning with the nursery we would have it thus, *e. g.*:—

What do you say?

First letter A.

Oh yes, I see,

Second is B.

(*Then laughing.*) He! He! He! He!

Third one is D.

To a child of tender years toddling towards the fender—

Though the fender is of wire,
Children mustn't touch the fire.

In the Army, among rules for a Field Marshal to recollect:—

When you see the ene-*my*,
Take your gun and hit his eye.

Again, for a General when his victorious troops are in pursuit:—

When the enemy is running,
Tell your men to keep on gunning.

To a Lieutenant-General when his men are prepared to receive cavalry:—

When the enemy are there,
As you was and as you were!
Let the men walk two and two
March! Present! Make ready! Boo! }
That's the proper thing to do.

For the Artillery:—

Take care, TOMMY, how you load,
Or the cannon may explode.

For the Reverend Chaplain-General in attendance at a battery:—

Legates à latere,
Sit in a battery.

To the Cavalry, when the three squadrons of the enemy are charging them in front, and a detachment of infantry are harassing their rear:—

When you see
Such things can be,
Run away, and don't mind me.

For Riflemen and Sharpshooters placed in pits taking aim at the enemy, and the enemy from an elevated situation taking aim at them:—

Get in a pit,
And make a hit;
Take a pop
At a man atop;
Pot him true,
Or he'll pot you.

Mr. Punch will continue this new poetical system of education at his leisure: in the meantime he begs to return his sincere thanks to ASSISTANT-SECRETARY GRAY for the present admirable Admiral suggestions.

A HINT TO HEAD-MASTERS.—The dietary of our Public Schools would be greatly improved by the addition of one article hitherto almost entirely overlooked—English tongue.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

Frugal Housewife (has a large family). "OH, MR. STICKINGS, I SEE BY THE DAILY PAPERS THAT THE PRICE OF MEAT HAS FALLEN TWOPENCE A POUND. I THINK YOU OUGHT TO MAKE SOME REDUCTION IN YOUR CHARGES!"

Country Butcher. "VERY SORRY, MUM, BUT WE DON'T TAKE IN NO DAILY PAPERS, MUM!!"

CHECK TO KING MOB!

WHATEVER the leader we follow,
BEALES or MANNERS, JOHN BRIGHT or BOB LOWE;
Whether "DIZZY and DERBY!" we holloa,
Or huzza for GLADSTONE & Co;
One leader all parties will kick at,
Old Tory or Rad, Swell or Snob,
Merging all shades of platform and ticket
In a general "CHECK TO KING MOB!"

What parties soo'er the stage cumber,
Whatever the cry rules the storm,—
"Greatest happiness of Greatest number,"
"Church and State," "Ancient Ways," or "Reform;"
Though we change creeds and colours with leaders,
But to vary, mull, muddle, and job,
There's one cry will find no seceders,
And that's the cry, "CHECK TO KING MOB!"

Discontent may be rife, and with reason,
The State and Society through,
All may know some indictable treason
'Gainst duties or rights to undo.
And what evil's like *this* King's Evil,
The State's blood and marrow to rob?
What sev'n devils like the great devil
Exorcised by "CHECK TO KING MOB."

Then close your ranks, friends of good order,
Whate'er your side, calling, or creed;
There is left in fair England's wide border,
Work for all men's good word and good deed.
That the duty of duties for all men—
Hand or brain toiler, commoner, nob,

Strong or weak, rich or poor, great or small men—
Is to chorus a "CHECK TO KING MOB."

Many-headed 's this 'king-beast, and on it
Is more than one crown to be seen—
Eighty-nine's bloody Phrygian bonnet,
Rough's billy-cock, Fenian caubeen;
Iron mallet in hand, he dissembles,
The mud caked with gore on its knob,
But, in spite of his sceptre, he trembles
When faced with stern "CHECK TO KING MOB."

EMPLOYMENT FOR SOMEBODY.

HERE it is, and a very good idea too:—

THE 13-STOP HARMONIUM, with SWELL. Thirty Guineas. Full
Lists sent on application.

Why shouldn't a Swell do something for himself in this way? Of course, in applying for the 13-stopper you'd ask the following questions:—

1. Does the Swell play the harmonium?
2. Does he require much pressing?
3. If he won't play (being sulky, or not well, for instance) what may you do to him to make him go? Of course, "If I had a donkey what wouldn't," every one knows all about that, but in the case of a Swell the mode of treatment is scarcely so clear.
4. If a family hires the harmonium, will the Swell take his meals with them, or by himself, in his own harmonium?
5. Can the Swell be let out? Let out with safety—and, if so, may he be depended upon to come back?

Many more interrogatories might be put to the enterprising advertisers, but in any case we have done our duty in making the above suggestions, and *Caveat emptor!*



✠

CHECK TO KING MOB.

FREEDOM IN FRANCE.



THE other day, some persons having met together peaceably in the cemetery of Montmartre, were pounced upon by the police and carried off to prison, on the charge of having formed a treasonable assembly. The liberal French journals, having ventured to demur to the legality of the arrest, have been flooded with a deluge of "communiqués" from Government, and ere long doubtless will be "warned," in future, to abstain from criticising the police. In France it is an axiom that policemen are infallible, like Popes, and can never be mistaken in making an arrest. We think, however, that the question What is an assembly? should be legally debated, that Frenchmen may know, with some degree of accuracy, what

number of persons are held by law to constitute a treasonable meeting: and some notion should be given of the proofs by which the Government can now convince its law courts that, when a score or two of people have chanced to come together, their meeting is intended for a treasonable end.

The French Government at present seems so much to fear a crowd, that we really almost wonder that the theatres are suffered to perform attractive pieces, lest by doing so they happen to obtain a crowded house. We are surprised, too, that French playgoers are not by law forbidden to assemble in the street, before the opening of the doors. Conspirators might readily arrange to meet together, and stand quietly *en queue* until the time came for admission, and thus it would be easy for them all to sit together, and hold traitorous assemblies in the gallery or pit.

For the benefit of strangers, the word "assembly" should be clearly and legally defined; else some day we may hear that MR. SMITH has been arrested for happening to join an assembly in an omnibus, or that unhappy MR. JONES has been clapped in a French prison, because, while stopping for a moment to stare at a shop window, he chanced to be surrounded by some half-a-dozen persons, who stopped to do the same. Any pressure in a crowd just now is perilous in Paris, for in the streets as in the newspapers, the Government sets its face against the freedom of the press.

AMONGST THE MASSES.

SPECIAL Commissioners accredited from the Court of St. Punch—it may interest, but cannot surprise Everybody, to hear that the competition for these posts of honour was of the keenest, not to say of the savagest intensity, especially when it became known that the remuneration was twice as much as Revising Barristers and Boundary Commissioners are awarded by a penurious Government—have been engaged during the Parliamentary recess in ascertaining by a personal and daily inquiry, with an interval allowed for luncheon, how far the various tribes of the people who, under the new Reform Bill will acquire votes, are educating and fitting themselves for the proper discharge of their important function, with or without the aid of stimulants and local solicitors, at the next General Election, and in what light, lurid or sunny, they regard the responsibility of the Franchise.

A few of the cases cited in the Commissioners' voluminous reports (accompanied by Maps, Plans, Appendixes and Evidence,) written after dinner in the leading London Restaurants and best provincial Hotels, on foolscap half-margin, slightly smelling of smoke, and delivered by Queen's Messengers at all hours of the night at our Bureau, may be useful reading for the Legislature now in November assembled, and all orders and degrees of men—and with both eyes to the possibilities of the future—women amongst us.

It will be observed that the S. C. have, in most instances, given the sentiments rather than the exact language of the representative men whom they interrogated.

WILLIAM MOAKES, costermonger. Education imperfect in youth. Finding that the Reform Bill would give him a voice, rather a hoarse one he admits, in the representation of Hoxton, began from the very

day the measure became law regularly to attend an Adult Night School, that he might be able to peruse the bills on the walls in different colours, explaining the different political opinions of the different Candidates, and decide, after careful consideration, to which of them he could conscientiously give his vote on the proud occasion of exercising, for the first time, his electoral privilege, and, not for the first time, his donkey, by whose agency, wreathed with artificial flowers, tastefully constructed out of carrots and turnips, the residuum of his stock, he intends to make his debut at the polling-booth. His class having been recently under oppression, feels it to be more than ever his duty to get into words of three syllables as fast as he can, that he may make no mistake, but vote only for those Candidates who will pledge themselves—one of them he understands is likely to be an opulent paw-broker in Whitechapel—to stand by the coster's barrow, and put their shoulder to his cart-wheel. Being unmarried, his house in Little Back Trotter Street is kept by a maiden sister, who, since she heard that single women will have votes given them by the next Reform Bill, has always a Political Treatise in her hand at meal-times, and in the few minutes she can snatch from peeling potatoes and other domestic duties. Every evening, on his return from the Night School, they dictate to each other over a quatern.

THOMAS HODMAN, bricklayer's labourer. Every morning when he awakes says to himself but in a subdued tone, that he may not disturb his wife who has a bit of a temper, "And I, too, am an elector." Takes a weekly paper, but instead of reading as he used to do the trials at the Old Bailey, police cases, railway accidents, and fights for £50 a-side now cares for nothing but the leading articles, parliamentary intelligence, and letters from "Plebicola" and "Harmonious Harristoghton" on the evils of primogeniture, the profligate waste of Capitulur Establishments, and the injustice of promotion by purchase in the Army. Reflects on these and other anomalies in our political system, as, following his daily calling, he goes up and down the ladder, and balances the merits and demerits of Administration by Boards. His last thought before going to sleep at night is the same as his waking whisper—"And I, too, am an elector." Black-eyes never seen now. Thinks BRIGHT a great brick, and hopes he will get on the top round of the ladder.

JOSEPH BADGLEY, omnibus conductor. Passes the Houses of Parliament many times every day, and never without thinking of the personal interest he will soon have in the Westminster line. Considers the extension of the Suffrage a step in the right direction, and hopes it will be a good thing for poor people who are not invariably "full inside." (Is told that the same thing has been said before, but then as a joke.) Not much inclined for study when he goes home after sixteen hours' work, but reads the paper by bits every day, particularly the leaders, subject to interruptions from passengers (especially the females) plucking at him, punching him with their umbrellas and sticks, inquiring whether they are right for Knightsbridge when they are close to Astley's, and wanting change for half-a-sovereign in the midst of a heavy shower. Doesn't know much about the Constitution, except that wet weather is bad for his, and won't vote for any Member who will not support a Bill to give him and ARRY (driver) every other Sunday to themselves. As a matter of secondary importance, would be glad to see timekeepers abolished. Used to fancy he knew the difference between a Tory and a Liberal, and that it was as great as between a black and a bay, but confused now, and thinks they are more like piebalds than anything else.

GEORGE WRIGHTMAN, Porter.—Has given up public houses, skittles, smoking, and every other bad propensity, and stops at home at night reading the debates in Parliament aloud to his family. Attaches great weight to the speeches of those Members who talk about carrying good measures and easing the country of some of its burdens. Never now goes near "The Old Black Horse," except to the meetings of the "Emancipated Serfs," a Debating Club which assembles there on Wednesdays and Saturdays at eight, discusses the events of the week and the affairs of Europe, and breaks up about twelve.

LIONEL D'ALMAINE DE BEAUVOIR.—Five-and-thirty. Five thousand a year. Director of several Companies. Member of sundry Clubs and Societies. Has been in Parliament for Young Sarum, but unseated on petition. Income being all derived from Public Securities, Shares, &c. and as a bachelor living in lodgings, never had a vote, never wished for one, and now that he comes under the Lodger clause in the Bill is very doubtful whether he shall take any trouble about registration, and almost certain that the Members for Pimlicoopolis will not derive any advantage from his name being on the Electoral Roll. Valet has had a vote for many years; he, or rather his wife, keeping a lodging-house in Great Wriothesley Street.

(Extracts from Country Reports reserved for another communication.)

High Stakes.

MEAT is lower, thanks to joint action on the part of consumers. The butchers have been brought down on their marrow-bones. But they must be looked after, and not forgotten, now that the dead season is over, or they will screw their courage to the sticking-point, and soon saddle us again with a penny or two too much in the pound.



"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

SO THOUGHT CAPTAIN KALADORE, WHEN AT LAST, BY A LUCKY ACCIDENT, HE OBTAINED ONE GLANCE FROM THE SUPPOSED LOVELY GIRL WHO FOR HOURS HAD BEEN LEADING THE WHOLE FIELD.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU VII.—MY LATE FRIEND—MY FUNNY FRIEND (INTERVENING)
—DOMESTIC AFFAIRS—A QUIET DINNER IN STATE.

I SHOULD have gone away for my holiday at once, I want it after Cokingham, if it hadn't been for my Late Friend. Not deceased (may he live a thousand years, and then many happy returns of the day to him) but simply "late." Late in every sense of the word except the one above mentioned. I couldn't give you any account of his "early childhood;" as there never was anything *early* about him. I tumbled across him in the street, he couldn't stop a minute, as he was late for dinner, and was just going home to dress. He *did* stop a minute, however, indeed he stopped ten. In that space of time he had settled to accompany me to Germany, France, Italy, Spain, wherever I might be going for my holiday tour. He couldn't stop now, he said, but he would drop in upon me at night, and talk it over; and off he went in a Hansom, with a lean grey horse that trotted slouchingly along, hanging down its head as if it was ashamed of its position, (having perhaps once been on the turf and allowed himself to be "pulled") and fairly sneaked round the lamp-posts at the corners, the driver being a small fat person, who overweighted the machine behind; an arrangement, on the whole, most irritating to a man in a hurry. On these occasions my Late Friend does wonders with his umbrella. I've had experience of him under similar circumstances. He knocks up the trap of the Hansom suddenly, his umbrella springing out like the sixpenny toy-fiend in fur with a red face and an interior life of circular steel spring, and he (my Friend, not the toy-fiend,) asks the driver why the dash he doesn't go quicker, to which the man merely replies "tchk!" and gives the horse some slight temporary encouragement with the whip-lash, which induces reminiscences of happier days on the animal's part in an attempt at a canter, which, after two minutes, he abandons, with a sorrowful shake of the head for his common-place trot.

Up goes the trap again. My Late Friend adjures the man with his

umbrella. Either he announces definitely that the train starts punctually at such and such a time, and they've only got five minutes to do it in, or he is vague in his reasons, and merely tells the cabman that it is very late, and he must get on quicker. He threatens up to almost the moment of arrival at his destination, that "if he doesn't get on, he (my Late Friend) will jump out and take another cab."

So much at present for my Late Friend in a cab; except that after disappearing within the gates of St. James's Park, leaving me at the corner of Pall Mall, he re-appeared again (luckily or unluckily the sequel will show) to ask me where I was staying in Town. I mentioned my Great Aunt's house, which not being let (for a wonder)—she's always letting it and getting the benefit of it herself, billeting herself, (the old soldier!) upon me in the meantime—I look forward to enjoying *en garçon* for a couple of days before going abroad. It is conveniently situated in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and I wish she'd give it to me entirely. Being in it *en garçon* is delightful. I hire a man from GUNTER's for a couple of days or a week (if I'm there as long), and he's equal to a family butler, and better than a valet, with GUNTER responsible for his proper behaviour, (if I complained, he'd put delinquent in ices) and the temporary nature of his office has never been once suspected by any one except my Funny Friend, who having, it appears, met him in connection with the guardianship of a large barley sugar basket at various evening parties, saluted him with "Ullo, MR. SAMUEL SUGARSTICK!" as if he was a twelfth-night character, and in the passage immediately sang—

"All among the barley-
-Sugar let us be."

Whereupon the hireling laughed behind his hand, and "hoped he saw MR. GRIG. well." From that moment the reputation of my Great Aunt's establishment was in GRIG's hands. Her domestics consist of her own maid (a permanency, as explained before—a sort of "perpetual curate" in petticoats); next, the cook, by the job; a housemaid, some relation, I believe, to the permanency, who comes for a week or two *en amateur*, or as a friend, just to trifle with the dust a little, and is, I really believe, in league with the extra-charwoman who is absolutely

needed to "clean up" after her departure. Then there is JOHNSON from GUNTER'S; three-fourths of JOHNSON going down to my account, and one-fourth of JOHNSON to my Aunt. Reckoning from head to foot, and dividing JOHNSON into four, JOHNSON is mine down to the knees, and the remainder is at my Aunt's disposal. She is obliged to ask my permission to use JOHNSON, or rather to use her part and lot in JOHNSON, with this formula, "You don't want JOHNSON (meaning my three-fourths of JOHNSON), at this moment, do you, dear?" Then I answer "Yes" or "No," or I say, "Why not send HENRY?"

HENRY is my Aunt's page—a page *pro tem.*, the son of our washer-woman, who, looking forward to seeing her boy in service, is glad of an opportunity of giving him some practice, for even a fortnight at a time, under JOHNSON. He is provided by Government (I mean my Great Aunt and myself) with a uniform, and may be described as "Our Militia." He is called out for two months in the year, drilling (so to speak), and living in barracks (the house near Berkeley Square) for a fortnight at a time.

He is a dullish boy, ready to grin at a moment's notice, and easily distracted from any work in hand. He has what Catholics call a "special devotion" towards my Funny Friend. He worships GRIGG, and GRIGG thoroughly appreciates such homage as even this poor uneducated child can offer.

By the way. I've made it up with GRIGG, and read him a lecture, which I don't think he'll forget in a hurry. He owned that he had been in the wrong (this was when we met on the steps of the Burlington Arcade), and he begged my pardon, offering to go down on one knee. "To err," said he, "is human"—here he stretched out his hand in declamatory fashion, purposely, I believe, for he was obliged to apologise to the tall beadle, whom he addressed as "My Lord Mayor"—"to forgive," he continued, "divine." I was on the divine side; and so, really wishing to get rid of him, shook hands, and said "Good-bye."

I shan't forget it in a hurry. I was in festive attire, being on my road to call upon my Beautiful Friend (Miss SOPHIA TERESA CHERTON, the youngest of four—farther on in the book), and my gay fawn-coloured trousers shone out beneath my snow-white vest and purple-tinged coat, while my light grey gloves, giving airiness to my hands, matched the revived gloss of my medium-crowned hat, which again found its balance in the even polish of my last new boots.

There were many people by the entrance of the Burlington Arcade. Something stopped the way, when GRIGG called me back with a "Hi!" He was getting into his (hired) brougham. I returned, for I feared he would send a policeman after me, or cry "Stop thief!" or, in fact, play some infernal trick in spite of his recent penitence. I approached within a couple of paces of him. His "Hi!" had attracted the loungers, and from the step of his brougham he thus addressed me, loudly, and with a frown, "Oh, by the way, send my coat home punctually, or I won't have it at all." Taken aback, I couldn't help saying, "What?" At this, he, having suddenly jumped inside, and shut the door, looks out, pretending (the fool!) great anger, and repeats, "Punctually. And mind," he adds, "that my trousers fit me this time. Drive on!"

This thing was not done in a corner, and I was the laughing stock (I saw and felt the titter) of the crowd. Until, by way of proving I wasn't a tailor, I called a cab and told him loudly to drive to Belgrave Square, where I wasn't going originally, but it sounded well at the time, and I turned him into another course when we'd got clear of these grinning idiots.

This evening I dined at home alone in state, being waited upon by GUNTER'S JOHNSON now entirely mine, my Aunt not sharing her fourth when out of Town, ("Mine, mine!" as the *Bottle Imp* says in the play when he also adds, hoarsely, "You must learn to love me!" which JOHNSON is trying to do at a pound a week and his board) and the boy HENRY.

Dining under these circumstances of pomp is nervous work, and I have once or twice a sort of notion that the boy HENRY is so far forgetting himself as to try to make JOHNSON laugh by tickling. It's sneaky to turn suddenly or I would. JOHNSON coughs. HENRY sniffs. I don't think there's fair play going on behind my back with the salad. I try to read during dinner, and keep the soup waiting until I can decide upon a book. I've read all the works in our house, and I've seen all the newspapers. I ultimately select the works of MASSINGER and FORD ("Good opportunity this," I say to myself, "to read MASSINGER and FORD,") in one very large volume which knocks over the water bottle when rested against it, and is too heavy for a tumbler. So I support it with three volumes of *Plutarch's Lives* ("also a good opportunity for reading *Plutarch's Lives*: will do it quietly after dinner. Try *Julius Cæsar*, if it's there,") and attempt a desultory study. Whether it is that the action of dinner is totally at variance with serious reading, or whether the presence of JOHNSON (entirely mine) and the boy HENRY possesses some counteracting influence over me I don't precisely know, but I can't read four consecutive lines comfortably, or with any but the most confused idea of their sense. I keep up the farce of reading, acting, as it were, a part before the

limited audience of JOHNSON and the boy. It seems to me—like Saint Anthony in the song, when molested by evil spirits,

"But the good Saint Anthony kept his eyes
So closely fixed on his old black book,"

Which is my case precisely.

"Shouts nor laughter, groans nor cries,
Could ever draw from him a look."

Of course, if JOHNSON and the boy HENRY were to take to this course of proceeding, *i.e.*—shouting and laughing, groaning and crying—it would draw from me a look.

But (it occurs to me while pretending to read) if they did suddenly break out, what *should* I do? What *should* I do, when it came to the point? Supposing JOHNSON began shouting and laughing, and the boy HENRY groaning and crying, or by permutation and combination the boy HENRY shouting and groaning, and JOHNSON laughing and crying, that is, a couple of wildly hysterical servants, *what should* I do? Call for a policeman—where? Go out for one, and leave the house in charge of one poor cook in the power of demoniac hirelings? Send the cook out—how am I to get at her? Can I leave the room to be ravaged by these hysterically possessed? If I ring she wouldn't attend, because *they* are up here, and she wouldn't understand my ringing. No, 'twould certainly be better not to allow them "to draw from me a look."

However, I am but dreaming over my book, with a sort of waking indigestion (I must *not* read during dinner) and neither JOHNSON nor the boy HENRY are doing anything but clearing away the outlets and substituting a pheasant and *purée* of chestnuts. I expect my Late Friend (of course "late" so I'll allow him plenty of law) to arrive some time after dinner. We are to discuss our holiday tour.

* * You see even the photograph of my Late Friend comes in, consistently, too late for this present Number.

ADVICE TO AN EMPEROR.

SIRE, my good brother, health and benediction, as your friend At Rome says. May it please you to a warning voice attend? His most dear son he calls you; so he's grand sire to your own. Would you have that young gentleman succeed you on the throne?

To making that seat safe for him devote, then, all your care, And cease to intermeddle for his grandpapa's elsewhere. Between the two consider what a hazard you do run. You have your Holy Father to decide on, or your son.

Small of successor is the chance to Pro Nono's crown; You, if you mind what you're about, may hand your sceptre down. If you had rather not, obey the bidding of the Black, Crusading for the Pope-KING with a priest upon your back.

Feels France, yourself who what you are created by her voice, No share when her Elect forbids another people's choice, Sends forth her sons, her sister's sons, with mission to enslave, And sully with their cousins' blood the fingers of the brave?

Will battle won by numbers and the Chassepot rifle make Weight against BISMARCK's triumph and the Mexican mistake? Set at defiance by the strong, foiled, baffled, do you seek Prestige lost to recover by coercion of the weak?

All mighty fine this trick may be, but glory it is none, And not the way to settle your dominions on your son. Throw the Jack Priest that rides you, if you would that boy should reign, And not yourself be, possibly, mere BONAPARTE again.

TELEGRAPHY AND TORTOLA.

THE Atlantic Cable does tell such lies!—to this country; let us hope not from it. *Query*—What are the comparative numbers of falsehoods on an average daily issuing from this end of the Cable and that?

All the electric wires, however, from abroad, bring so many false messages, that "telegram" will soon be synonymous with "crammer." Whenever anybody says the thing which is not, his hearers will observe, "That's a Telegram!" and when you tell a girl anything that she doesn't believe, she will exclaim, "Oh, you Telegram!" instead of "Oh, you Story!"

Nil Desperandum.

OUR friend BLACKSTONE COKE is at length rewarded for the patience he has shown in waiting for employment since he was "called." He has become a Revising Barrister. Yesterday, we found him correcting a proof.



HAIR-DRESSING IN 1867.

Lady. "MY HAIR IS NOT SO THICK AS WHEN YOU LAST CUT IT, I FANCY?"

Hair-dresser. "WELL, MA'AM, I MUST SAY IT IS NOT SO VOLUMINOUS AS IT WAS; BUT, REALLY, ONE CAN IMPROVISE IT SO WELL NOW, THAT ORIGINAL MATERIAL IS NOT OF MUCH CONSEQUENCE!"

GEESE UPON THE TURF.

THE horse is a noble animal, and so, too, sometimes is its backer. But the equine nobility have this advantage over the human,—they have no family estates to put in jeopardy by racing. Whereas, in the past twelvemonth, a good many noble sportsmen have travelled several downward stages on the road to ruin, through their gambling on the turf. In consequence a panic has ensued in the ring, and the betting men have pulled most dismally long faces at the short supply of cash. See here what sad news a turf writer reports:—

"Complaints, and of an angry tone, were prevalent all last week in the turf markets at the dreadful settling over the past Houghton meeting. Several noblemen and gentlemen who are the heaviest backers were unable to meet their liabilities, and there was quite £70,000 short, which, of course, seriously depressed the financiers."

Poor fellows! one is pained to hear of their distress. It is grievous to reflect that many a worthy bookmaker, instead of being able to afford himself champagne, as a wherewithal to raise his spirits from depression, may be reduced to gin-and-water, or plebeian half-and-half. However, as the song says, they "May be happy yet":—

"Money to meet the severe losses at the Houghton will, doubtless, be forthcoming; but it is sad to think that more estates may have to be sold, more timber cut down, or, worse than all, sixty per cent. discounters have their cash-boxes filled with those terrible pieces of 'paper' which seem to possess the startling virtue of annihilating three months."

Charles Surface when sore pressed had little hesitation in "knocking down his ancestors with their own family tree," and many a noble loser doubtless would be glad to put his family tree to auction, if he could but get it valued as a portion of the timber on his family estates. It is sad, no doubt, to think of fine old oaks and beeches being ruthlessly cut down in order to bring money to pay a racing bet: but men, who have a taste for gambling on the turf, have vastly little taste for the charms of sylvan scenery, and little care what gaps are made in old ancestral woods. They would never dream of singing "*Woodman Spare that Tree!*" merely on the ground of its ornamental value, and

they would chop up all the cedars of Lebanon for firewood, in order to raise money for a grand *coup* on the turf. On the effects of this vile mania the writer thus remarks:—

"It is no secret that backing horses is now carried on to the most extravagant extent; and where sportsmen were content at one period to win their hundred or so, they now 'plunge' recklessly and seek to win their £10,000 by every *coup*. Where this wholesale gambling is carried out race after race it requires but little adverse luck to bring about such a panic as that of Monday. The evil will, however, prove its own corrective, and next season there will be far less of the passion for such enormous speculation, which in time would make the turf more enemies than any one of its vices."

We rarely put much faith in any racing prophecy, but we should rejoice greatly if this one were fulfilled. Every spring, however, sees a fresh young flock of greenhorns going on the turf, where they are plucked as readily as geese upon a common: and after they have parted with their fine old family timber, they usually find themselves completely up a tree.

A New Rule of Court.

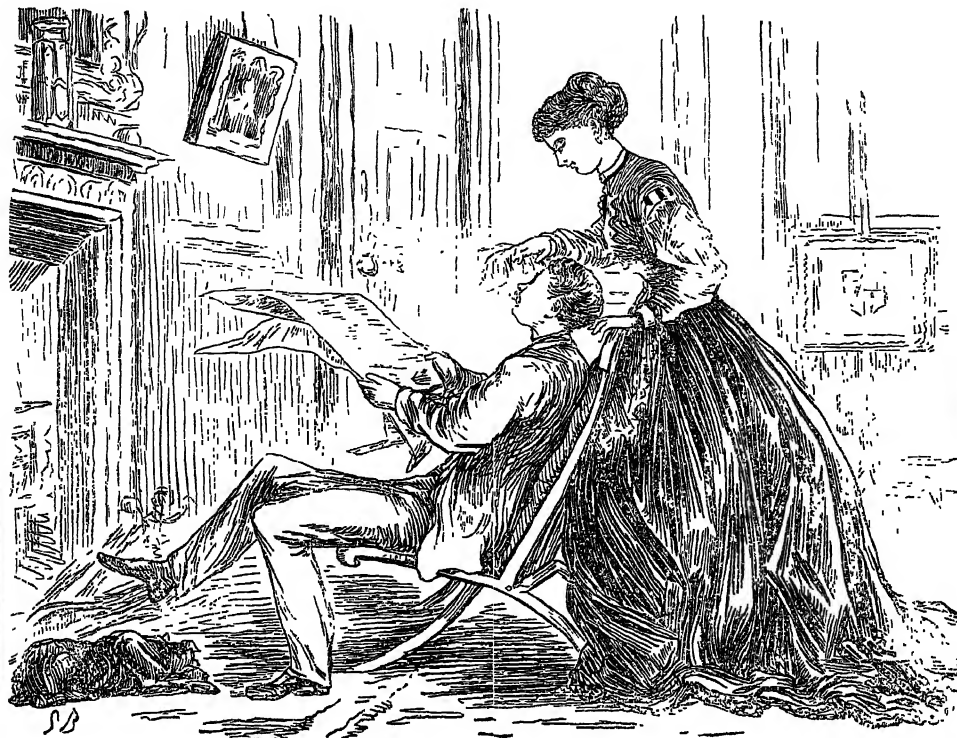
"MR. J. J. LONSDALE, the County Court Judge at Tonbridge, has created a considerable sensation by announcing that henceforward litigants must appear in his Court dressed in their Sunday attire."—*Full Mall Gazette*.

Court dress may be going out, but County Court dress is coming in, which, with a fitting adaptation to the legal place where it is to be worn, is a Sunday suit. If, as is not improbable, litigants should grumble at being compelled to appear, from the commencement to the close of their case, in their best garments, no one will demur to their plaint or think it unreasonable. Our verdict is against the Judge—let him be non-suited.

QUESTION PUT.

The Sharks on our Coast. What does this article mean? Is it an exposure of The Swindlers at our Watering-places?

AN ARTICLE OF LUCK'S.—Matrimony.



CAUTION TO SISTERS.

Harriet "I SAY, CHARLEY, I'VE BEEN STEALING SOME OF YOUR SCENT; BUT IT ISN'T VERY NICE—SOMETHING ODD ABOUT IT—SMELL!"

Charley. "NOT WIPED YOUR LIPS WITH IT, I HOPE? IT'S THE NEW STUFF FOR MY MOUSTACHES—BRINGS 'EM OUT AN INCH EVERY NIGHT!"

CRYSTAL CONCERTS.

MR. PUNCH, who stood as godfather to the Crystal Palace, and first gave it the name which, like his own, will never die, is pleased now to invent a title for the Concerts, for which the Crystal Palace has for many winters been renowned, and which posterity will thank him for now naming Crystal Concerts. That glass is musical has long been known, for who has not heard long ago of "SHAKESPEARE and the musical glasses"? Still, that glass could be the means of giving such good music as may now be heard at Sydenham any Saturday in winter, we must thank the Crystal Palace for happily discovering.

MR. MANNS, although a Protestant, is a Catholic conductor; and although no doubt he inwardly protests against bad music being played by his good band, he yet is catholic enough to acknowledge that all tastes should be discriminately catered for. So, after serving in grand style the "roast beef of old HANDEL," or the turtle of BEETHOVEN, he throws in a French *plat* or two by AUBER or by GOUNOD, nor does he disdain to dish up now and then a music-shoppie *entrée* for those who have no relish for turtle or roast beef. Moreover, MR. MANNS, as becomes a skilful *chef*, is ever on the look-out to serve up something fresh. A new symphony by MENDELSSOHN, and some new Songs without Words, were among the tit-bits chosen in his *menu* for last Saturday, and all epicures in music who were able to be present must have thanked him for the treat.

To hear ARABELLA GODDARD perform a piece by MENDELSSOHN is worth going not to Sydenham merely, but to Salisbury or Siam. How sweetly her piano sings these pleasant wordless songs! and how little are words wanted, when, thanks to her interpreting, the notes express the meaning which MENDELSSOHN intended! How delightful must it be to have BEETHOVEN, BACH and MENDELSSOHN ever at one's fingers ends, and be able to discourse most eloquent music with them!

Besides new compositions, MR. MANNS is to be praised for bringing forward at his Concerts new singers and performers. Many a good artist, and now a public favourite, has to thank him for a first introduction to the public. To the piano, which so sweetly sang the songs of MENDELSSOHN, many nervous *débutantes* have tremblingly been led, in terror lest the public should condemn their "execution." Few perhaps have been more frightened than Miss AMY COYNE, whose

FROM OUR FOREIGN OFFICE.

EUROPE has discerned the possibility of a provisional arrangement which will terminate in a solution of the Roman question.

The Holy Father declares that he must absolutely maintain his *non possumus* as far as regards the territorial demands of Italy.

It is added, on authority, that his Holiness is bound by his oath, but he considers it by no means impossible that his successor should enter into negotiations with the Italian Kingdom.

On this point the sentiments of the Holy Father are in accord with those of M. PUNCH. The eventuality contemplated by his Holiness is not impossible. Nevertheless the endeavour of the approaching Conference must be to take the requisite precautions that it shall not occur.

Those precautions will centre in the careful provision that the successor of the Sovereign Pontiff shall succeed him only in his Pontificate.

The temporarities of the Holy See, on the demise of the Tiara, will be guaranteed to the Kingdom of Italy.

Thus the circumstances under which *non possumus* could be the rejection of an overture will have ceased to exist. The Powers will not reproduce the situation.

Italy, confident and tranquil, will afford to wait for a reversion secured on a legal basis.

M. PUNCH will be decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and no end of Orders. He will also be liberally remunerated by the Powers for the hint which, with a sagacious generosity, he has supplied for their direction.

nervousness, however, did not prevent her hearers from relishing her otherwise most promising performance. MR. PUNCH has reasons of his own, not unconnected with his works, for feeding a paternal interest in Miss COYNE, and commends her for her judgment in choosing for her entrance some bits of real music by BACH, MENDELSSOHN and CHOPIN, and not some trashy tawdry "air with variations," or such music-shoppie stuff. The more men hear of music such as BEETHOVEN's or MENDELSSOHN's, the less taste they will have for noises signifying nothing, such as vacuous vulgar street-songs and blatant brazen brayings, which haply may seem musical to long ears at a music-hall, but at our charming Crystal Concerts are not suffered to be heard.

MARTYRS AND MARTYRED.

SING *De profundis* for your martyrs, sing.
Peace to the souls of traitors may it bring,
Help them to full release from murder's guilt,
Though a true Briton's was the blood they spilt,
Peace to the souls of Fenians, being fled;
Now justice has been done; and rest the dead!

But while you chant the penitential strain
For them, the slayers, recollect the slain.
Which, say your priests, is like to need it most,
Flitting, forewarned or unforewarned, a ghost,
Sped with a blow, or sent at leisure due?
The Fenians, or the victim whom they slew?
Sing for your martyrs' souls; but don't forget
That other martyr, poor Policeman BARRET;
Sing for the murderers all the psalms you can:
But sing as many for the murdered man.

Light and Dark.

A NOVEL has just been published, called *Fair Women*. Are the blondes to have undisputed sway? Is there no author who, in the cause of the brunettes, will gallantly write a story—it cannot fail to please, if of a gloomy complexion—and entitle it *Dark Women*?



EVIDENTLY.

First Youth (aged five years). "AH! BUT S'POSE HE WAS TO RUN AWAY?"

Second Youth (aged ditto). "RUN AWAY? WHY, BLESS YOU, A CHILD MIGHT MANAGE HIM!"

POOR PAY IN A POORHOUSE.

ONE of the most degrading disclosures in the Farnham Workhouse Inquiry is that the doctor has been getting only £55 a-year for daily attending on the average some five-and-fifty patients. To be sure, there is an extra fee allowed him in some cases, but this can hardly pay him for the extra time and labour they involve. Sometimes as many as eighty patients are submitted to his care; and, as his work upon the average takes two hours every day, he receives the splendid salary of eighteen-pence an hour, which is less pay than a chimney-sweep's for cleaning a foul flue. Out of this large sum, however, he has to find the drugs for the medicine he dispenses; and, unless he chooses to be largely out of pocket, the black doses he makes up had need be cheap, as well as nasty.

Blackguardians may say that physic good enough for porkers is quite good enough for paupers; and, while they keep their poorhouses as filthy as their pig-styes, no doubt they will consider that invalided paupers should be cured about as cheaply as invalided pigs. Indeed, we really are surprised that they should go to the expense of a regular practitioner, even although they pay him such starvation fees as those we quote above. A veterinary surgeon would surely be quite good enough to look to the infirmities of those who, in most poorhouses, are treated as mere beasts.

A Lesson to Grumblers.

WHY should small people complain of the dearness of provisions when the upper classes are so patient under similar privations? Look at the Members of Parliament who have been summoned on the 19th of November, to be prorogued in the first week of December. You don't hear them complain of such decidedly "Short Commons."

THE OLD COMIC-SINGER.

I met a pale and shabby man :
I thought I knew his face ;
It had no more expression than
A flounder or a plaice.

Ri tol de rol de riddle lol,
Ri fol de rol de ray ;
Ri tol de riddle iddle dol,
De ri fol lol de day !

And yet it wore a wooden smile,
As of the days of yore ;
And "surely," said I, "surely, I'll
Have seen that face before !"
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

I know, if I aloud had said
What passed within my mind,
The shabby man had answer made,
"No face is seen behind."
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

For, by the way he cocked his hat,
And wore each careful rag,
And by the sign of this and that,
I saw he was a wag.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

And yet, I say, his face did not
The faintest thought express ;
It was a manner he had got,
But how I cannot guess.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

He turned his elbows out, and let
His hands hang from the wrist ;
"He is," said I, "for any bet,
A comic vocalist."
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

And now I look again, his face
Unto my mind doth bring
A recollection of the place
Where once he used to sing.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

Oh, dreary, dreary were the rhymes,
And wicked were they too.
My son, I'm glad that purer times
Than those have dawned for you.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

For though new ditties vulgar be,
And poor in wit or sense,
The coarsest of their kind are free
From filth, at all events.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

Oh, dreary, dreary was the room,
And wicked were its ways,
Where gloomy nights brought on the gloom
Of sad regretful days.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

My son, I do with heart rejoice
That, since thy youth began,
Thou never heard'st the hateful voice
Of that pale, shabby man.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

He turned a corner in the Strand ;
He did not stop to drink ;
He bought a baked potatoe ; and
He went straight home, I think.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

Close up, close up, in pity, this
Begrimed and graceless page.
But let not YORICK starve, in his
Dishonourable age.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol,
De rol de dol de day ;
Ri fol de rol de riddle dol,
Ri tol de rol de ray.

FOOD FOR THE IMAGINATION.—Fancy Bread.



FAMILY PRIDE.

First Boy. "MY FATHER'S A ORFICER."

Second Boy. "WHAT ORFICER?"

First Boy. "WHY, A CORPORAL!"

Third Boy (evidently "comic"). "So's MY FATHER—HE'S A ORFICER, TOO—A GENERAL HE IS!"

Fourth Boy. "GO ALONG WITH YER!"

Third Boy. "SO HE IS—HE'S A GENERAL DEALER!"

SYMPATHY AND SPECULATION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—Ave yer enny idee of wot Scientific Jottins is? cause here's wun of 'em out o *Gallynawony's* noospaper:—

"In 1830 there was such an abundance of horses in the Island of Marajo, belonging to the delta of the River Amazon, that a president of the province of Para made an agreement with a company to allow them to kill as many of these animals as they chose, for the sake of the skins which fetched fifteen francs each, while the live horse did not cost more than six francs."

wot d'yer think o that now for a Scientific Jottin? Orrible to relate is ow i shud ed a account of sitch a massicer of that Nobel Auemle the Oss. It goes on to say that by levin' the car Cases onberried the consekwns was dangerus Infekshun witch coodent be got Ridd off nowow cept by settin fire to the oaliland as wos All over Wood: and this Cause the deth of All the osses as wos Left sins witch it av bin impossabel to reinterdose a oss Into the iland every one direckly fallin a wicktim to parralysis of the ind legs. Doorin many yeer of experiance on the Stand waitin for Ire, nothink moar arowin to Reed off never Accurr'd to mee in the Ole coarse hof my Reedin.

now, ser, Ear's anuther o them Scientific Jottins witch i'll alow is scientific enuf perwided it's Trew:—

"In 1837 a land proprieter of Bazas in the Gironde, perceived some gigantic white oaks which struck his fancy. He picked up some of their acorns, and had them sown in a very meagre, clayey, and calcareous soil. The young trees thrrove, and eleven years later excellent truffles were discovered in this soil which had never borne any before, and from that period they have never ceased to multiply. The most curious circumstance is that no truffles were ever found in the vicinity of the original oaks from which the acorns were got."

there now Ow d'yer Account for that? Hif there warnt no truefles nether ni the Hoax hon the Wun and nor in the Calcairus sile on the Tuther wear did they Cum from? Wooden't the growing hup o them troofels be a Case of wot Them as don't consider the meanin of wurd

"LILY MAXWELL TRIUMPHANT."

OR, THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.

"In the course of the polling, a lady, duly entered on the register as LILY MAXWELL, appeared to record her vote for Mr. JACOB BRIGHT: as the name was found on the register, the vote was duly recorded."—*Manchester Papers*.

HUZZAH for the great Female Movement's
Pioneer in the Manchester school,
That still leads the race of improvements,
Whose "exceptions" ere long "prove the rule!"
To the fair LILY MAXWELL a bumper,
Who in petticoats rushed to the poll,
And for JACOB BRIGHT entered her plumper,
MILL's first "person," singular, sole!

As in old times, by heralds dwelt much on,
For heroes who great deeds would dare,
The Sovereign bestowed, in their scutcheon,
Arms of honour, appropriate, to wear,
So now in LA MAXWELL's coat-armour—
Or petticoat—*Punch* would propound,
This device,—which he's certain will charm her—
"Argent, wavy,* a Bright Lily crowned!"

And when in the course of the ages,
Which in good time all good measures bring,
Our *femmes soles*, like birds out of cages
Released, on the register sing,
To the poll, as on steel-stiffened pinions,
Once doves, henceforth eagles, they press,
Let a Bright Lily badge deck their chignons,
And be clan-Maxwell tartan their dress.

As the name seems to show that North Britain
Gave her blood to their fair pioneer,
A tribute to Scotland might fit in
With a change whose convenience is clear.
As long clothes ill fit crush and quarrel,
And male roughs are hard to control,
To the work, ladies, cut your apparel,
And in kilts make your rush to the poll!

* If this be bad heraldry, the "blazon" must yield to the verse.

Butter upon Bacon.

WHEN MR. THADDEUS STEVENS tries to persuade the people of the United States that the public debt is to be paid off in green-backs, he will only find green backers.

calls Spontanus cumbustion, cos it ain't Spontanus but only Appens when yer Putts sitch and sitch things together like for Instans Cross o Norredge did wen they Sed e made the insex with Galwanism out o Flint? Ixcuse this Scientific Jottin kind of cummewnacacion from a bit of a fellosoffical

CABBY.

p.s. Wot cuncesion in Scientific Jotins is there between killin osses and growin truffles? It semes in france among the moosooos truffels an ossflesh wery often goes together.

A Political Gem.

MR. ALBERT PELL, the Conservative, after a gallant battle in South Leicestershire, has been beaten by MR. PAGET, the Liberal. MR. PELL, in one of his speeches, said that he hoped the electors would find him a Little Diamond. We don't hint that he was flawed, but he has to wait to be set.

Complementary if not Complimentary.

OF "complementary colours,"

If the theory be true,
Reflected in the "*Yellow Book*"*
NAPOLEON may look blue.

* The official *résumé* of French foreign policy.

THE NEGUS OF ABYSSINIA.

APROPPOS of the Negus of Abyssinia, there is no want of Whine (in some of the papers), but the real difficulty is, to say where the *water* is to come from.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, November 25th. Now, how much does a Pensive Public want to know about the Abyssinian debates? For it occurs to Mr. Punch that there is not precisely a frantic desire on the part of that tolerably respectable body to hang on the lips of the various orators who prosed or scolded on the subject. He has no wish to bore anybody—a result which of course would be impossible if he were speaking for himself; but which is just within the compass of possibility when

he analyses the utterances of Imperial Wisdom.

It may be good that Mrs. Grundy should know,

First, that the Abyssinian War has begun, and therefore must be carried on until the British Lion is victorious.

Secondly, that the present estimate is that it may cost Four Millions, but it is quite impossible for anybody to say what it will cost.

Thirdly, that Two Millions are wanted directly.

Fourthly, that the House of Commons has authorised MR. DISRAELI to borrow that sum out of the Consolidated Fund.

Fifthly, that India is to bear the expense of the expedition, so far as the ordinary pay of the troops and shipping goes.

Sixthly, that England is to bear the rest of the expense.

Seventhly, that we begin by being charged an Extra Penny on the Income-Tax, which is to be raised from Fourpence to Fivepence, Mrs. Grundy.

Eighthly. But sufficient for the pay-day is the tax thereof. There will be a deal more money wanted, and though of course a Chancellor of the Exchequer instinctively flies to the tax which is the most easily collected, and against which little complaint is made by the patient Middle Class, and although he almost hints that he means to stick on another Penny after this, the tea-cup and the gin-bottle will catch it one of these days.

That is what chiefly concerns the Pensive. We respectfully hope that they will like it. Now a word or two more. It will naturally occur to Mrs. Grundy to fly into a rage, and ask what business our Consul had to meddle himself into a mess with KING THEODORUS, and what right missionaries have to go bothering a man who may be at least as good a Christian as some other Kings and Emperors who break into other people's territories, and commit slaughter with needle-guns, Chassepots, and the like? To the second demand it is the business of Exeter Hall to reply. To the first, Punch will merely say this:

If a certain Prisoner comes home, he will have something to say which may make Mrs. Grundy think that much greater persons than our prisoners brought about the war. He may perhaps tell her (though LORD RUSSELL and MR. LAYARD will not) something about an Egyptian Raid into Abyssinia (the ladies of that country are very handsome, and a certain Pasha has good taste in that line), and also something about Cotton, and he may offer some explanation of the reason why a course was taken which enraged KING THEODORUS.

Therefore, though Mr. Punch knows better than to suggest to Mrs. Grundy, or any other lady, to restrain her indignation, he recommends her to sputter it broadcast against all officials whomsoever, until she has more trustworthy (not reliable) information as to the exact culprits. And, unless he is bought off at a most thundering price, he intends to say something in the matter himself, as soon as he may deem it fit to do.

Touching the talk on the subject, Mr. Punch merely registers, that on the above date, EARL GRANVILLE demanded the Papers, which EARL DERBY promised, the gladder that they are admitted to be rubbish, and that they throw no real light on the affair. That on

Tuesday we had a set debate. MR. DISRAELI gave a history which Parliament was asked kindly to receive as a full, true, and particular account of the origin of the Abyssinian war, and then demanded the

Two Millions. MR. LOWE significantly observed that MR. DISRAELI had omitted all topics of controversy, at what cost to accuracy it might be unnecessary to say. ROBERTUS then went right away from the Abyssinian question, and attacked the Ministers for violating the Constitution by making war without the leave of the House of Commons. LORD STANLEY denied that they had done anything of the sort. MR. HORSMAN was much dissatisfied, as he usually is. Other persons said their says, MR. OSBORNE called the war a Palmerstonian legacy, and MR. LAYARD, who was in office when the quarrel arose, defended the then Foreign Office, and abused DR. BEKE, who on the following night was gallantly and successfully defended by MR. NEWDEGATE in utter defiance of all rules. MR. LAYARD mentioned that the Office is a good deal "bored" by speculators and busybodies, which we are sorry to hear. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE defended the present Foreign Office. COLONEL SYKES denounced the Consular meddling. MR. GLADSTONE spoke in his best manner, gently rebuked absentees for not coming to town, "rosy from rural pursuits," to attend to business, and gave Government credit for the temper in which they had met a grave and thorny difficulty. MR. DISRAELI, in reply, believed that the Ministry had, in this matter, given satisfaction to the country. The money was voted. Then on the

Thursday. We went into Ways and Means. MR. DISRAELI could not attend, having the lumbago, and MR. WARD HUNT had to show how the money was to be got. Mr. Punch has already told this. MR. GLADSTONE entirely approved of not running into debt, and thought the financial arrangement quite unobjectionable. After that what could be said? Put away your Pennies, Middle Class, and you may as well make 'em tuppences while you are about it.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE next went into the Indian part of the business, and, according to the *Morning Star*,

"In one of the silliest, most egotistical, and most babyish speeches ever made in Parliament, wandered, as he supposed, over the whole subject without ever considering either the interests of the people of India or the views of those interests which they are likely to take."

Mr. Punch thinks iron thoughts, but expresses them in velvet words; and therefore, instead of imitating the severe language of the *Star*, he will merely say, that to his mind the charging the Indians with any part of the cost of maintaining the prestige of their masters is an astounding bit of owdacious cheek. Mind, if we governed India for the good of India, and fulfilled our responsibilities as her rulers, the case would be different, but until we govern her as justly and as generously as we govern Ireland, Imperial and Indian interests are two, and the latter ought not to pay for the advancement of the former. But the House, or at least the fragment that can be got from the foxes and pheasants, could not see this, nor could MR. GLADSTONE, whose sense of justice is usually so keen. He advocated the plan in a way that was neither silly, egotistical, nor babyish, but brought up stronger arguments than had come from the Ministerial bench. He thought that we did a great deal for India, and that the proposed scheme would cost her very little. So thought MR. LAING. MR. OSBORNE made some fun about the object of the expedition being the keeping of the Bombay Army in wind. LORD CRANBORNE thought that if Oriental prestige were sought, this was a wicked war, and he saw no prudence in withdrawing so many soldiers from India. A division was taken, and the Government had 198 to 23, not a bad illustration of the doctrine touching the wisdom of numbers. And that, Mrs. Grundy, is all with which we shall trouble you, this week, on the subject of Abyssinia. It is not quite so delightful as the exquisite ideas which COLERIDGE—inspired in sleep—has for ever connected with the name of the Abyssinian maid, singing on Mount Abora.

A few miscellaneous notes complete the Parliamentary history of the week. The Commons actually sat on Saturday.

Thanks to MR. SCUDAMORE, of the Post-Office, who is a perfect ABBÉ SIÈRÈS for inventing systems (with the slight difference that none of the Abbé's would work, and all of the Under-Secretary's do), the Indian mail service, still to be managed by the P. & O., is to be re-arranged, and after February we send off a mail every Friday. This gives India four extra posts, and gives us the comfort of a fixed day.

So, parted lovers, who would send
Your weekly *billets-doux d'amour*
From Thames to Ganges, thank your friend,
The organising SCUDAMORE.

It was said that the POPE had caused the rooms of our Ambassador in Rome (well, what else is he?) MR. ONO RUSSELL, to be ransacked. Mr. Punch did not believe it, for His Holiness is a gentleman. A search was made, but it was because the house was supposed to have been mined, and MR. ONO felt no call to be ONO-acer.

Our friend the Costermonger has been kindly treated in Parliament, and we think that a Deputation of Costermongers ought to go to MR. HARDY (giving him notice, that he may get some cotton for his ears) and bellow their most affectionate gratitude. *Vide* Cartoon, also.

We did not think that any of the conveyances of our friend DAVID HUTCHESON, of Glasgow, could be improved. We are certain that the

Iona can't, and wish we were eating salmon-cutlets in her saloon. But a vote for improving the winter service of some mails was granted. If anybody thinks that this is a Puff, he is right, and if he thinks the Puff is undeserved, he is wrong. Let him, next summer, leave Greenock (everybody is glad to do that), and go up the Caledonian Canal, and then apologise to us, or let it alone—we don't care which.

MR. H. B. SHERIDAN has introduced a Bill compelling railway people to establish communication between passenger and guard. As we now have it on several railways, and on the Chemin-de-Fer (railway) in France, and it answers, there is no excuse for its absence anywhere.

People may go on punishing the wrong party, in the case of spoken and reported libel until after February. Newspapers, please take notice.

Perth barracks have cut off their gas, on account of the extortionate charge, so the soldiers stray out of the darkness, and talk to the fair maids of Perth, and drink their healths too perseveringly. SIR JOHN PAXINGTON has thought to counteract the evil by ordering "a liberal supply of fuel." Does he expect the gallant fellows to kneel round the fire and play at the Scottish girls' game of making nuts jump off the bars?

FOGS AND FREEDOM.



ANY Londoners affect a preference for Paris; but, although the latter city is delightful for a day or two, we fancy freeborn Britons would scarce live at their ease there. Fogs and freedom are more pleasant than clear air and oppression; and in spite of its bad atmosphere, one may breathe more freely in London than in Paris. In London you are sometimes half choked by the fog, but this is not so bad as being choked by the police; and at Paris you at present are not allowed to breathe, at least if

you attempt to breathe a word against the Government.

For instance, the other day a person was arrested on the Boulevards for venturing to cry out "*Vive la République!*" In defence he said his cry was "*Vive la République Suisse!*" but the gendarmes swore that last word had not caught their ears, and so they apprehended him for uttering a treasonable cry, and the Government will doubtless recognise their zeal.

Perhaps we next may hear that a man has been arrested for asking for "*La Liberté*" in rather a loud tone, and disbelieved in his assertion that it was the journal of that name which he demanded. For the benefit of Frenchmen, a list of cries esteemed seditious should every week be published by Imperial authority, in order that Parisians may know what exclamations are forbidden them by law. It is needful that this list should be continually reviewed, for the policy of France is ever on the change, and a cry which may be legal one day may be treasonable the next. "*Vive l'Italie!*" for instance, was a while ago quite popular, and was used by staunch Imperialists when the Austrians were vanquished, in 1859. But now that France has chosen to take the place of Austria, the shout of "*Vive l'Italie!*" in any street of Paris would assuredly at once be stopped by the police.

Paris is delightful to those who love pure air, but fogs and freedom, after all, are more to English tastes. Thanks to our thick atmosphere, we in London find it difficult to speak much in the street, but at any rate the difficulty is not caused by the police. They who growl at London fogs must at all events acknowledge that the people who now breathe them are free to use their breath in bawling "*We've ler liberty!*" and run no risk whatever of being brought to Bow Street for bellowing "*Bravo, BEALES!*" Were London now like Paris, it really might be hazardous to go into a shop and say, "*I want change for a Sovereign.*" To the ears of a gendarme, if he happened to speak English, this really might sound vastly like a treasonable expression, and intimate a clear desire to overthrow the throne, and, just by way of change, establish a republic.

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.—Tobacco direct from the Docks.

HARD WORDS FOR AN OLD WOMAN.

MRS. DURDEN *loquitor*.

DRAST that nasty Popery, says I. I never had no opinion of it, and now more so than ever (*reads out of a newspaper*):—

"ROMANS.—Our national aspirations being dispelled by faithless cosmopolites at the orders of the priesthood, let us take up arms and protest with our blood against the Government which is the negation of civilisation and progress."

Address to the Romans from the What-d'y'e-call-'em Committee agin the Pope and the priesthood. Ah, I don't wonder at people risin in rebellion when they're trod and trampled on by cosmopolites! Cosmopolites, yes, I dare say. Just what you'd expect—cosmopolites, the wretches! I should like to catch a cosmopolite coming anywhere near me, he should very soon have my broomstick about his ears—I can tell him that. Cosmopolites—ugh, the word is quite enough! I can't ahear to think about sitch base creatures. Cosmopolites! yah! Cosmopolites!

And here agin (*resumes reading*):—

"He is no Roman who shall use articles manufactured by the nation which has buried the immortal glory of '89 under the shameful defence of the Government of the Syllabus."

Syllabus, Syllabus—that must be a misprint. What's a Syllabus? No sitch word in the book. It must be Syllabub. Yes, to be sure. Where was it I read the other day how that the POPE flung a Syllabub at the French Emperor's head? Just the nasty dirty trick he'd be like to play, and I dare say have been foretold by DR. CUMMING. Well may they say the Government of the Syllabub! and what I believe we're now a-goin to see, and will shortly come to pass, is the downfall of the Syllabub Government, and the Millennium. For which I hope and trust to be truly prepared—and thank Evins!

Lines on Last Month.

I do not remember
So fine a November
As this one in all my whole life;
It stands not to reason
With Fenian treason,
And English disturbance and strife.

Address to the Geographical Society.

OF course you have been delighted to hear that the great African explorer, said to have been murdered by some of our precious fellow creatures intermediate between ourselves and the Gorilla, is said, with probability, to be all right. His countrymen, who generally believed him stone dead, will rejoice in the good news they have heard of LIVINGSTONE.

COMMUNIQUÉ.

From the Herald's College.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT, in consideration of MISS LILY MAXWELL's having recorded for him the first lady's vote ever registered, is to be allowed to wear his coat with a difference—a *fleur de lys*, rampant, of the first.

Quoth Bernal.

I KNOW too well the way the money's going,
That's spent 'gainst THEODORUS; and 'tis this—
Our millions into Abyssinia throwing,
We throw the money into an Abyss.

ANOTHER DEFINITION OF MARRIAGE.

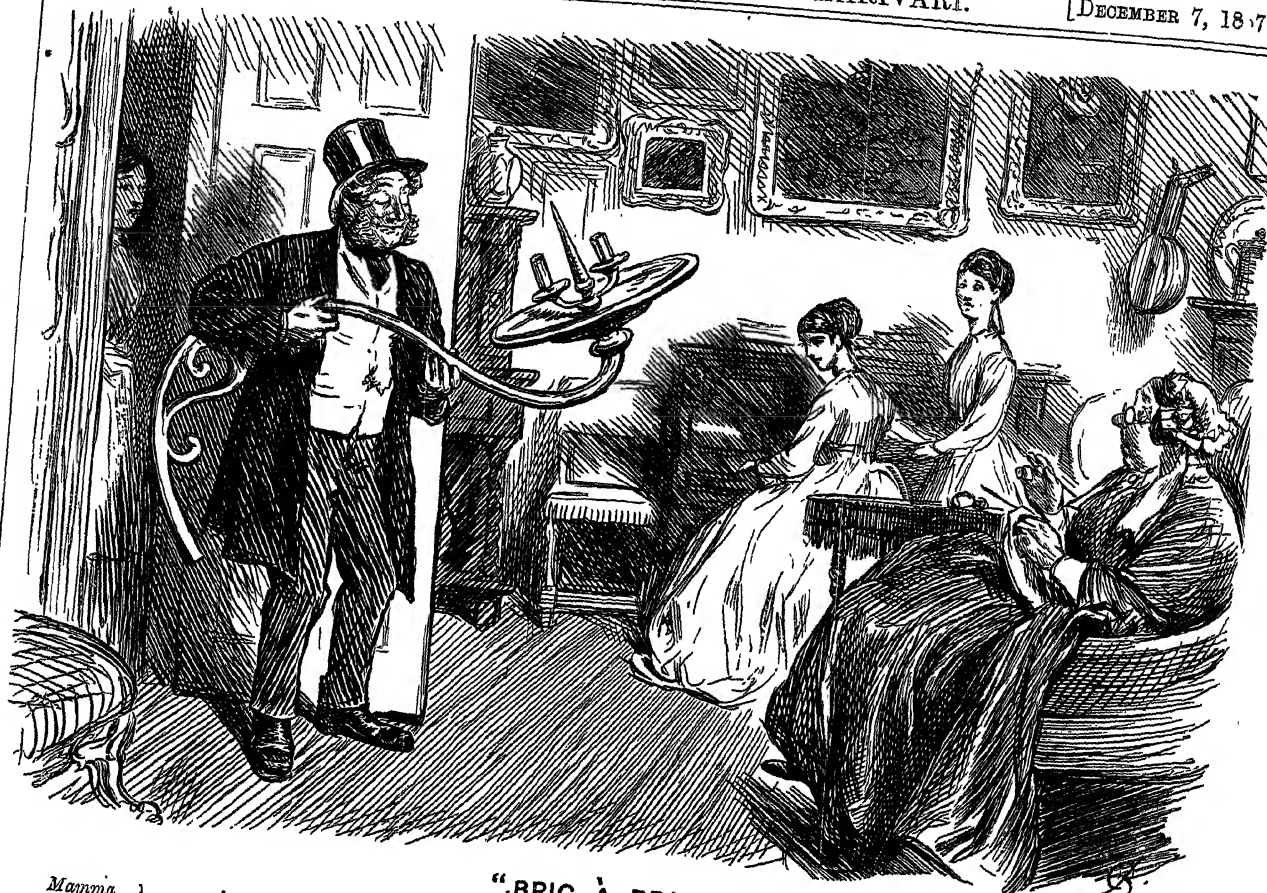
OLD CRUDGINTON, on being told that the LOVELADYS began to quarrel before the honeymoon was over, remarked that their behaviour only strengthened him in his opinion, that matrimony was like an English summer—"Three fine days and a thunderstorm."

Different Systems of Political Education.

IN GLADSTONE's and in DIZZY's school,
How different the conditions;
GLADSTONE—by flogging, rules his boys,
DIZZY—by impositions.

CONUNDRUM.

WHY IS CHARLES DICKENS like one of *Little Bopeep's* sheep?
Because he's left his "tale" behind him.



"BRIC À BRAC."

Mamma } together } "GOODNESS, GRACIOUS, { SAM!"
 Daughters }
 Papa (who has a passion for Antiques). "MY DEARS, I THOUGHT IT WOULD DO SO NICELY FOR THE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, EH?"

THE ADMIRALTY AS USUAL.

PERMIT me, *Mr. Punch*, to suggest the propriety of considering whether steps should not be taken for the presentation of testimonials to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Wherefore? Read the following statement:—

"To the Editor of the Morning Post.

"Sir,—Recently the public has been informed that between twenty and thirty smart lads have joined the Royal Navy during the last few days from the *Chichester*, 50, training-ship in the Thames for destitute boys, and have been received on board the *Formidable*. This information, at the time, was perfectly correct, but I regret now to inform you that every one of these fine lads has been rejected by the Admiralty, as they could not produce their certificates of birth."

Thus commences a letter signed "W. M. B." who further writes himself, "One of the Committee of the *Chichester*." He goes on to say that the Admiralty requires a number of boys for the Navy, and prefers those accustomed to boats; that the Committee of the *Chichester* accordingly sent twenty-two of their destitute boys as candidates, of whom twenty were passed by CAPTAIN PRATTENT, the doctor, and reported as most desirable for Her Majesty's Service. Further, W. M. B. testifies that the report was approved of and forwarded to the Admiralty by the Commander-in-Chief, SIR BALDWIN W. WALKER, K.C.B.; yet the boys were all rejected and struck off the books of the Admiralty for the one sole but insuperable reason that certificates of their birth were not forthcoming. Honour, *Mr. Punch*, to My Lords.

It is all very well to say, Sir, that good materials for sailors ready to hand, are not as plenty as blackberries, that to man Her Majesty's Navy, or if you had rather I should say so, boy Her Majesty's Navy, and in so doing find employment as British tars for boys, who, for want of it, might be tempted to relapse into street Arabs, is to accomplish two desirable objects by one operation; as they say in the vernacular, kill two birds (well worth the killing) with one stone. It may seem all very sensible to add, that there could have been no

real doubt about the boys' age, that the doctor must have been quite able to estimate it by an inspection as infallible, and not so objectionable, as looking a gift-horse in the mouth.

Yes, *Mr. Punch*, but there was the regulation, which My Lords were bound by, that a certificate of birth shall be the requisite condition for admittance into the Royal Navy. There they were tied hand and foot in the indissoluble bonds of red tape. Was it for My Lords to burst their bonds asunder like SAMSON in the hands of the Philistines? They will answer that the ligatures which made them fast were such as SAMSON himself could not, or ought not to have been able to break. Should their Lordships have wriggled out of those ligatures, like the Brothers DAVENPORT? Their reply will be that they are no conjurors.

Most true. Therefore, and because they hold red tape in reverence, of them, rid themselves from its restrictions, the testimonial which seems due to them should be one suitably adorned with it. Let My Lords have each a conical white cap trimmed with bows and roses of red tape, and tipped with a tassel or topknot of the same material, presented to them in public with fitting ceremony. Unfortunately they could not be compelled to wear the caps thus decorated while transacting business, as it is to be wished they could, whenever the business they transact is that of rejecting good candidates for the naval service of HER MAJESTY for the reason that moved them to reject the boys from the *Chichester*.

Those caps, moreover, would particularly well become all those Red Tapeists of the Admiralty that have seats in Parliament, only then it would be desirable that they should not sit, but stand in them, upon the Treasury benches, with the eye of admiration directed to them by

INDEX.

Bating of Charitable Institutions.

ONE class of our Charitable Institutions is already the subject of very heavy rating—and that is our Union-infirmaries.



A CIVIL DEPUTATION TO THE HOME OFFICE.

GRATEFUL COSTER. "ME AND MY MATES IS WERRY THANKFUL TO YOU, MR. 'ARDY, AND IF THERE'S ANYTHINK IN THE WAY O' FRESH GREENS, OR SPARRERGRARSS, WHEN IN SEASON, WHICH MR. WALPOLE HE WERE PARTIAL TO ONIONS, OR IF YOU AND YOUR GOOD LADY 'UD LIKE A DAY HOUT, ALL AS I CAN SAY IS, YOU'RE WELCOME TO THE LOAN OF THE MOKE."

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU VII.—MY LATE FRIEND.

Of course my Late Friend doesn't arrive at his appointed time, and at half-past eleven, having woke myself up five times within an hour over MASSINGER and FORD (I don't know which it was sent me to sleep, I'm inclined to think it was MASSINGER), I come to the conclusion that the best place for the old dramatists is the book-shelf, and the best place for myself is bed. I wonder if anyone has touched my whiskey-and-water or the sherry bottle, while I've been dozing. MASSINGER and FORD are dry, but I don't think they could have helped me through a bottle of wine and half a bottle of whiskey.

I can't help saying to myself that it's very annoying of old THUNNIWELL, my Late Friend's name, to keep a fellow (me) up like this. The lights are all out, and the door is barred and bolted. Up the kitchen stairs and through the open door come snores and groans from the restless JOHNSON from GUNTER's who must have got something heavy on his mind (to put it delicately), while from an inner chamber on the ground floor issue strange murmurings, from which I gather that the page-boy HENRY talks in his sleep.

The Policeman outside shakes the door heartily, as though he were parting with it for the night, and passes on. It is a solemn hour, and finding myself repeating the two names, MASSINGER and FORD—MASSINGER and FORD—over and over again, until they are insensibly running into Sassingers afford, Sausages afford, and then somehow into what I'll have for breakfast to-morrow, I say severely, "Come, this won't do," and ascend to my bedroom. It is past twelve: I shake my head rebukingly at my watch. It's odd how I got through half a bottle of whiskey and one of wine. It's odd how—I fancy I hear the street-door bell. A pause—I listen—no, nothing. Now, there's somebody rattling the door. It can't be stranger noises than usual from GUNTER's man in his sleep, or HENRY, the page, his first appearance as a somnabulist. If it is, I'll take care it's "for this occasion only," as the play-bills say.

The bell violently. Not fire?—GUNTER's man on fire. If so, what's to be done? Presence of mind immediately suggests wrap a blanket round him, and send him round the corner to the shop where they'll ice him. More rattling: I'll go down and see. Hang it, the man and the boy are paid for this sort of thing. It's their place to go and see. I ring my bell. This evidently encourages the person outside, as he rings his bell with an emphatic meaning about the pull which will take no denial. Nobody stirring below. They must hear this horrid jangling. They do, I afterwards ascertain, only as GUNTER's man thinks it's HENRY's place to open the door, and as HENRY is of opinion that opening the door is in the special department of his superior officer, both remain in bed and wonder what the matter is. As I put it to them afterwards, "Suppose it had been fire?" with which poser, as they had no answer, and I nothing further to say on the subject (though I thought I had when I started it) I concluded the lesson of the night's disturbance.

Another peal from the servants' bell and the visitors' together brings me out in a dressing-gown.

"JOHNSON!" I cry: no answer. Ahem! when JOHNSON wouldn't come to MAHOMET, MAHOMET went to JOHNSON. I give it him again in a firm tone from the second landing. Fantasia on the bells. "JOHNSON!" in a tone of annoyance. A shuffling in the passage, and a drowsy "All right!" without the respectful "Sir," shows me that JOHNSON is half alive to the situation.

"Who's there?" growls JOHNSON, without opening the door.

"Mr. THUNNIWELL."

I might have expected the answer. My Late Friend. After a rattling of chains, some difficulties with the latch, and stirring gymnastics with the top bolt, the door is opened.

"Aha!" says my Late Friend, knowingly, with the air of a man who is sharp up to his time. "I said I'd come." He had, I can't deny it. "I told you," he continues, forestalling any objections on my part, "I couldn't be certain as to the time." He had: he is right again. I feel I am the injured party, and yet, somehow, I'm in the wrong.

"I thought you wouldn't be gone to bed, after making an appointment with me," says he, taking off his coat and hat, evidently preparing himself for a sitting.

I admit that I was not in bed, and for the sake of hospitality, add that I've no idea of going there yet awhile. Whereupon JOHNSON (who does not appear to advantage in a suddenly improvised demi-toilette at one o'clock in the morning) relights the lamp.

Will THUNNIWELL take anything? I hope he won't.

"No thank you," he replies; "Nothing." I tell JOHNSON he may go to bed again. "Unless," says THUNNIWELL, seeing the bottles on the table, "you've got anything out?" We have got something out, and JOHNSON gets something more out, and then disappears. "I can't stop long," says THUNNIWELL lighting a cigar; "but we'll just have a chat about this holiday tour of yours, and then I'm off. A quarter

past one." He looks at his watch, and pockets it with a determined air. "I shall go at a quarter to two." My Late Friend will take you in, however well you know him, with his business-like manner.

He is impulsive, and he is dilatory.

He is a man of present action, and always procrastinating. His motto, he says himself, is, "Never defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day," and if he doesn't do it, whatever it is on the spot, to-day, you can't depend upon his ever thinking of it again for several months to come. He is perpetually going to "give up these late hours and take to getting up early." He says so now, and thinks that a tour, where he was obliged to be starting at daybreak by boat (this is his impulsive way of putting our ideal trip), or travelling all night by train, or not going to bed for days together, and so forth, would break into his regular habits. He adopts this view with intense satisfaction to himself. He foresees his own reformation.

"I like this idea of starting suddenly," he says, enthusiastically. "I hate your long preparations. What a bore it must be to be engaged to a girl for several years."

This is a tender point with me, I remind him, as I have been engaged for a considerable time to Miss SOPHIA TERESA CHERTON. [Portrait in my book—one of the best, RAY, the photographer, said, he'd ever done. I ordered a hundred copies.—] But owing to circumstances—

"I know," interrupts THUNNIWELL; "but, of course," he explains, "I didn't mean *that* sort of thing."

"Of course not," I return, "I quite understand."

We both feel that, as we *do* quite understand, we'd better not pursue the subject.

"When can we start?" asks THUNNIWELL. "To-morrow?" We might have done so, I say, if he had looked in earlier. We might have gone by the first train in the morning. "Well," he cries, "why not now? Who wants to go to bed? I don't. Sleep in the train; best place to sleep is a train. You pack up; I'll go home and pack up. You call for me, and we're off."

I negative this proposal.

"Ah, then," he exclaims, despondingly, "we shan't go at all." This is THUNNIWELL all over. "You know my motto," says he; "don't put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"If we go off in such a hurry—" I begin.

"There's no hurry," he interrupts.

"We're sure to leave a lot of things behind us." This is always my fear.

"Pooh! we can get 'em there, anywhere. Suppose you leave your brushes behind; well, you can buy brushes on your road. Lots of 'em everywhere."

He thinks he has settled my difficulties, but he is mistaken. We argue the point for five minutes more, and then I say, flatly, that "I can *not* go by the first train in the morning."

He answers, resignedly, "Well then, say the day after." That is agreed. He looks at his watch, "Five minutes to two!" He reminds me that he said he'd go at a quarter to two. I say "Yes, it's past that," wishing to draw his attention more forcibly to the point.

"Yes," he says; "I'll just light this cigar to take me home, and then I'm off."

The cigar doesn't take him home, but takes him with me through *Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide* up to Basle and Berne, where he lights another cigar, without any remark this time, in fact almost mechanically. In a general way he leaves the route to me. We only differ on one question; that is, the position that Paris shall hold in our tour. I say, Paris last. He says no, Paris first. He goes on with the argument for the sake of keeping me up, I think. At last, however, he rises, lights another cigar ("Three o'clock," he says; "pon my word it's too bad to be so late,") which is "to take him home," the previous ones having failed in the attempt.

He means going this time. Where is his coat? I assist him into it, and, thank Goodness, have got him as far as the passage.

Where is his hat? Here. He puts it on. "Now," as *Hecate* sings, "he's furnished—now he's furnished for his flight." I quoted this to him; I wish to goodness I hadn't, as, in repeating it himself, he lets his cigar out. To relight it, he goes back slowly to my room. Being there, by a graceful impulse he removes his hat, and by another graceful impulse unbuttons his great coat. He wants a match. I find him one. He is very much amused by my quotation from *Macbeth*. I am complimented, and admit it isn't bad, and can hardly ask him to go after this. "There is a drop of whiskey left," he says, playfully; indeed, there's more than half of the first bottle. "He will," he says "furnish himself further for his flight." A well-turned allusion to my quotation. To help himself he has to sit down. Having helped himself, it is necessary he should lean back in the chair. He looks thoughtfully at the fire (unluckily, there is a fire; I have one all the year round: a perfect Zoroastrian in this respect) and then asks suddenly,

"How about going to Egypt?"

Egypt! This cigar doesn't take my Late Friend home.



EASILY SOLD.

Mr. Furrow. "SUSY AND I BE GOING UP TO CATTLE SHOW, AND MR. CHAFFER TELLS US WE MUST GET A REMOVAL LICENCE FROM DOCTOR."

"LADY'S CHAIN."

"Petticoats are to be longer than last year, and are to be held up by chains of ebony, fastened to the waist by steel locks. Large and heavy brass rings are to be suspended by chains from the waist behind."—*La Folie*.

Why ebony fetters, steel locks,
And brass rings hung from chains round the waist,
For the belles who dog Fashion, as flocks
On the track of the bell-wether haste?

Is't that Fashion's fair slaves, not content
With paging their hard tyrant's heels,
To lackey her triumph are sent,
Thus chained to *La Mode's* chariot's-wheels?

'Twixt "*hung-man*" and "*hang-man*" confusion
Results, when the practice obtains,
To have charms that should do execution,
Made to suffer it, thus "*hung in chains*."

"Chain-mail" in old time kept the field;
Must "*chain-female*" now find its abettors,
Till to "*Chaine des Dames*" all figures yield,
And all *pas-seuls* are hornpipes in fetters?

Or is it that Fashion, run frantic,
Thus expiates failure of brains,
As, when lunacy dared to be antic,
In old times, 'twas clapped into chains?

But as now our instruction is bettered,
And we treat the insane with compassion,
When no other lunatic's fettered,
Why in chains bind the poor fools of Fashion?

Now *jupes*, we see, closely must sit,
En fourreau from the waist to the feet,
And what can strait petticoats fit
So well as strait waistcoats, *en suite*?

Then let Fashion her edict send forth,
Through the allies of Vanity Fair,
That her lieges, East, West, South, and North,
Chains may drop, if strait waistcoats they 'll wear!

SEAL-SKIN waistcoats are undoubtedly warm, but for the cold weather we prefer the (h)otter-skin.

A SATISFACTORY WORKHOUSE.

THE following is part of a description of Walsall Workhouse, quoted by the *Lancet* :—

"Notwithstanding that sickness had taken the place of idleness, the workhouse test was still maintained, and the dietary and rules enforced. The poor old women may not smuggle in a teapot to make themselves a quiet cup of tea; they must be contented with the workhouse slops, which if anyone desire to try, let him pour fourteen imperial pints of boiling water on an ounce of tea at 1s. 8d. per lb., add 50 of moist sugar and a little skim milk, and taste it if he can."

Restriction to bad and cheap tea, of the sort commonly called "water bewitched," is about the lightest of the miseries to which, according to the account above cited, the sick poor in Walsall Workhouse, have remained subjected for many years, the workhouse having been all along reported by the Poor Law Inspectors as "satisfactory." One would like to have had those gentlemen limited for a month or so, in respect of beverage, to a mixture consisting of one ounce of tea at 1s. 8d. per lb., a little skim milk, and 5 "oz." of moist sugar to a pint of water. Here you have a receipt, and may call it a receipt for "Satisfactory Tea." It would be very satisfactory if the gentlemen who approved of restricting the poor to it could be compelled to drink it, and were restricted to it themselves.

The sanitary arrangements which have co-existed at Walsall Workhouse with the satisfactory tea, are unfit for description in a non-medical journal. They are simply such as may be supposed to have been dictated by the Master Spirit of Pandemonium, and established in the most unpleasant part of that building.

The authorities at present ruling the Workhouse of Walsall are said to be doing something to mitigate the horrors of that place of punishment for distress. Honour to the gentlemen who have walked into it, and the other at Farnham, and others elsewhere, with their *Lancet*. Never did *Lancet* let out anything worse than the *Lancet's* disclosures. But they are working a workhouse reform on the part of the workhouse authorities by bringing its abominations between the wind and the British Public's nobility. Well done *Lancet*; well done also *British Medical Journal*!

Our former contemporary, however, tells a brace of stories showing that workhouse mismanagement does not always imply mere inhumanity:—

"It was suggested in one workhouse board-room that a bath ought unquestionably to be supplied, when a guardian got up and stated 'he wurs agin it.' He never had one in his house in his life, and he didn't see why a pauper should enjoy what he didn't want. On another occasion the absence of a proper light at the entrance door was dwelt upon, and a gas-lamp was proposed. This was seconded by another worthy, who, approving of the gas-lamp, said 'and I'd have it lighted with ile.'"

Now the first of these gentlemen may be a regular Saint. He never bathed, and he regarded his neighbour as himself. To be sure, if he was a saint he was also a pig; but swinishness has not seldom been combined with sanctity. The other guardian, who didn't know better than that a gas-lamp could be lighted with "ile," was himself so destitute of all enlightenment that he may be excused as a simply irresponsible clown.

Profession v. Practice.

THE appropriation of the late DR. WHEWELL's bequest for the endowment of a Professorship and Scholarship of International Law at Cambridge has just been reported upon by a University Syndicate.

As to the appointment of the *Professor*, one would suppose there can be no difficulty. There are plenty of princes and potentates who *profess* international law, however few there may be who practise it. As for *scholars*, we should recommend the Examiners to elect, off the reel, every Government of Europe.

An Old Nursery Jingle New Rung.

KING THEODORUS kept his hill-wall;
KING THEODORUS wouldn't sing small;
NAPIER his horses, his mules and his men,
Will catch THEODORUS—who can say when?

THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES.—Speech.

SCRAPS FROM A HIGHLAND SKETCH-BOOK.



HERE SHE COMES!



THERE SHE GOES!



THE SAD FATE OF OUR ONLY HAM.—THE PURSUIT.

AMONGST THE MASSES.

We, this week, resume and conclude our extracts from the Reports of the Special Commissioners, all of them barristers of at least seven years' standing, or officers in the Engineers and Artillery, appointed—to quote the exact language of the Commission issued under the Great Seal of Punchland, and countersigned by the Clerk of the Hanaper,—“to inquire into the preparation the different classes of the people, who at the proximate General Election will for the first time be entitled to record their votes for Representatives in Parliament, are making, by educational or other exertions, to qualify themselves for the proper exercise of their impending privilege, and to ascertain what value they attach to the acquisition of the Electoral Franchise.”

The Reports from which this second selection of excerpts is made were forwarded by the Commissioners who visited the country districts (the provinces is perhaps the more favoured expression), and sent in the rather heavy bills for travelling expenses now being audited by the Taxing Masters in Chancery.

JOSEPH CHECKLEY, Agricultural Labourer.—Has a wife, five children, (only one on 'em able to “arn” anything by “tenting” birds and other minor rural occupations) and fifteen shillings a week. Never could get a cottage at Leckington-le-Clay, where his work is, so has to live in the outskirts of the town of Bingfield, and walk four miles out and in every day in all weathers. Is told he's to have a vote for Parliament at next 'lection. What good will it do him? that's the question, as he said to **DICK TETTER** the other night when they were coming home from work. Will it raise his wages, and give him a chance of tasting a bit of butchers' meat oftener than at Christmas? Will it keep off the rheumatics, and make workhouse rather pleasanter for poor old broken-down labourers when they can't break stones on the Lindum road any longer? Folks tell him having a vote will “enlarge” his mind. Will it enlarge the chambers in his cottage in Cawcroft Row, where the sleeping accommodation is not all that could be desired? When he goes to poll will he be taken in a carriage in his Sunday clothes, and have as much beer as he can drink all 'lection time? They've 'bolished bands of music, and flags, and red and blue ribbons, and tar barrels, and chairing, and he supposes the next thing they'll 'bolish will be cans of ale, and five pound notes, and bloody noses, and breaking the windows at the “White Lion.” At Christmas gets a pair of worsted stockings and half a ton of coal from Goodman's Charity.

REUBEN PETTICHAPE, very small Shopkeeper—very great politician. The day on which he shall for the first time tender his vote (a plumper for **BETTERTON** the Independent Member) as an enfranchised Englishman will be the greatest epoch in his existence. Has looked forward to this epoch even from his perambulator. Since he was ten has never once missed the show of hands before the Town Hall in the Market Place, or going round with the “Blues” canvassing. Eldest boy named **CROMWELL COBBETT**, youngest **FRANKLIN WASHINGTON**. On the whole is in favour of a Republican form of Government, or a Decemvirate, but allows that Constitutional Monarchy has its advantages. Objects strongly to Deans, Dukes, Colonels, and Gold Sticks in Waiting. His opinions on these and other objectionable perquisites of an arrogant aristocracy well known at “The Flash in the Pan,” where he is in the habit of adjourning most evenings, occasionally to the dissatisfaction of **MRS. PETTICHAPE**, who does not find sitting up till one in the morning with the fire out an agreeable pastime. Has no need to educate himself for the Suffrage, as he is thoroughly well up in all the vexed questions of the day—and night at the F. in the P.—including Church Rates, (a most obnoxious impost, although they haven't any at Dranfield), vote by Ballot (imperatively called for in his Borough, unless the influence of the **MARQUIS OF MARLETHORPE** is to be all-supreme), Ritualism, sinecures, and the National Debt. Wouldn't object to the Rates being paid out of the Consolidated Fund or the Privy Purse.

FIELD FALLOWES, Small Farmer.—Cannot write, and doesn't often read. Knows Corn Laws have been 'bolished. Knows there's such a place as 'Merica, because his two sons are there. Has heard of **DUKE OF WELLINGTON** and **PRINCE ALBERT**, and thinks he's heard talk of **LORD PALMERSTON**, but doesn't know who Minister is now. Has never been to London; has never been farther in his life than to Jolbury to market, except once when he went on jury to Sessions at Minsterville. Supposes he shall have to vote as Steward tells him. Squire **ROCKINGTON** is a Tory, so he's a Tory. Hopes he shall have a good dinner at the “Packhorse” when he goes to poll at Jolbury. Wants to know what all this fuss and bother is about panpers?

BENJAMIN HENRY WOOFSTER, Factory Operative.—Reads **MILL'S** Works, *Blackstone's Commentaries*, **HALLAM'S Constitutional History**, **ADAM SMITH**, and books on the Currency and Labour questions. Belongs to a Debating Society. At their last meeting proposed, after a speech of forty minutes, the following resolution:—“That, in the opinion of this meeting, no religious community or establishment ought to claim or possess any superiority in point of rank, revenue, or authority by Act of Parliament.” Carried by 77 to 3. Knows something of mathematics, astronomy, statistics, steam-power, and birds' eggs.

Thinks he had rather the best of it in an argument he held with the gentleman who came to question him, on the subject of Trades' Unions. Abhors such proceedings as those at Sheffield.

[N.B. This last information, except the closing words about Sheffield, came to us in a private communication from **MR. WOOFSTER**: there is no trace of it in the report of the S.C. who went to Hosingham.]

CHARLOTTE ANNE SCARLETHORPE, Widow.—Has a farm of five hundred and twenty acres, and manages it far better, the neighbours say, than poor **JOHN** did, who died four years this “Martlemas.” Has been churchwarden, overseer, surveyor of highways—everything, in fact, but parish constable and guardian, both of which offices she fancies she could fill as well as, if not better than, old **STOCKS** and **CORNY FLINTHAM**; but is not allowed to vote for Members of Parliament, which appears to her a great injustice. Believes she knows as much about politics as **BILLY HUGGINS**, who is a forty-shilling freeholder, and signs his name with a cross; and hopes she should vote as circumspcctly as **DAN JOLLANDS**, whose rent is only just fifty pounds—(she pays **LORD BOXMOOR** nearly a thousand), and who has been sold up twice, to her knowledge, since he came to Dykeham.

HANNAH CLAXON, Governess, Single Woman.—Lives in furnished apartments. **MR. MILL'S** photograph suspended over her looking-glass; **PROFESSOR FAWCETT'S** autograph, framed and glazed above the mantel-piece. Has written articles in *The Family Phalanx* on “The Rights of Women,” “The Wrongs of Women,” and “Adult Female Suffrage—the Necessity of the Day.” Many petitions to Parliament have been originated by her, praying for the admission of women to the franchise, and once she addressed a public meeting at the Givemham Corn Exchange on this all-absorbing topic. Envis “**LILY MAXWELL**,” who voted the other day at the Manchester election, and is now busy getting up a testimonial to her. Is 49, and has long since given up all ideas of matrimony—indeed, would not now accept the best man that ever stepped, and so lose all chance of having her name on the register for Oldwark, and voting for the Liberal member, a joy which she hopes and believes will yet be hers. Diversifies the ordinary routine of school-room instruction (being a daily governess in the amiable family of a wealthy brewer) by giving her dear young pupils themes to write on such heads as “The Equality of the Intellect in the Sexes,” “Woman's Claim to the Franchise,” “The Hustings and the Polling-Booth—Woman's right place,” and “Has Woman her proper Pinnacle?” Leads the elder girls (14 and 12) to interest themselves in the rise and progress of taxation; and, in their daily walks on the Bawtherton Road, touches on the influence of Feudalism on the laws and usages of England, as affecting the position of Women. Has never worn crinoline, frisettes, or a chignon. Never will.

THE ABYSSINIAN BORE.

THAT KING THEODORUS

Is likely to bore us;

Our endeavour his captives to free,

Will impose on our backs

An increased Income-Tax

Of a penny—and more it may be.

But dash the expense

Howsoever immense,

We can do nothing cheaper than fight,

And our neighbours let know

That to war we can go

When we choose, and believe it is right.

Did mere Glory's call

A sum, e'er so small,

Upon soldiering, powder, and shot,

Bid us squander away,

Our response would be “Nay,

Not one halfpenny; certainly not.”

A Defaulting Glazier.

MR. GLAISHER is publishing letters about the Star-showers of the 14th ult., which have been seen in Canada, and should have been seen here, but weren't. We call on **MR. GLAISHER** to repair “the windows of the dark,” so that people may be able to see through them on such occasions. What is the use of keeping a **GLAISHER** at the Greenwich Observatory if he won't attend to his business?

IN A WHISPER.

“No man is a hero to his valet,” is an assertion of frequent occurrence. Has poor maligned man ever had the courage to hint that no woman is a heroine to her maid?

THE BEST THING OUT.—An aching tooth.



CUTTING !

Host. "WHAT BIN DID YOU PUT THAT MARSALA IN, MUGGLES?"
New Butler. "IN THE—AH—DUST-BIN, SIR!!"

FASHIONABLE AVICIDE.

LADIES, Fashionable Ladies, please to look at this important intelligence from Paris:—

"Velvets, furs, and feathers will be the mode during the coming winter. Robes, bonnets, hats, mantles, and muffs are to be of one or other of them, or of two of them combined. For velvets the fashionable shades of colour will be violet, Bismarck, capucine—a rich golden orange tint—'*flamme de Punch*,' and a deep puce."

Ladies, by the way, what is Bismarck colour? Assuredly not green, if it be like the man. And what is "*flamme de Punch*" colour? Generally *read*, eh? Minds feminine of course are stored with knowledge of this sort, and can distinguish to a shade the difference between Solferino and Magenta, just as at election time a man can tell the difference between Yellows and True Blues. It is troublesome to men, however, to keep their minds informed of all the novel names of fashionable colours, and terrible mistakes are committed through their ignorance. Many a suitor must have sunk in the opinion of the lady he is courting, merely by forgetting what new colour she preferred. How would ANGELINA pout at him, if EDWIN, being ordered to buy some Bismarck ribbon for her, were to forget the name completely, and bring some common colour, such as servants only wear!

But, Ladies, this is what you ought especially to look at:—

"The feathers are ostrich, peacock, pheasant, bird of paradise, humming-bird, grebe, swansdown, and marabout. Feather bonnets and hats are already largely worn; feather muffs are common enough; fur bonnets with strings to match are creeping into favour. * * * Silk and other robes are trimmed with bands of peacock's and pheasant's feathers, or a rich passementerie, which exactly reproduces them, and with galons of swansdown."

"Galons of swansdown!" There should be another "I" surely. Imagine any lady wearing galons of swansdown! How many galons must she wear to be completely in the fashion? And when covered with so vast a quantity of swansdown, would she look more like a little duck, or a great goose?

Fine feathers may make fine birds, but can they ever make fine ladies? And is it not a pity that fine birds should be destroyed for the mere sake of their fine feathers? Now that swansdown is in fashion, swans will everywhere be slaughtered. There will be a hunt for humming-birds and a massacre of marabouts: grebes will greedily be grabbed, and birds of paradise pursued: peacocks be pitched into, and pheasants be battued, that their feathers may be made up into mantles, muffs and bonnets. Clearly, any one who sings *Oh, Would I were a Bird!* would run into great danger while feathers are so fashion-

THE P. AND O. ALL RIGHT.

(Supposed to be Sung in the Southampton Chamber of Commerce.)

THE P. and O.,
Not long ago,
Was rather in a plague and pother.
The Government
Betrayed intent,
To give the Mail unto another.

All that is past,
And hard and fast
O now behold them reunited,
And, by the State
Assured of eight
Per cent., the Shareholders delighted!

'Tis all agreed,
The act and deed
Are duly signed, and sealed, and stamped on,
Now bless their Boats
Whose line promotes
The trade and commerce of Southampton.

Horse Latin.

(From Cockney College.)

To Equestrians. When your horses sit down,
and you all fall off, it is merely *Hacks-sedent-all*.
(Necessary explanation—*H'accidental*.)

Urbi et Orbi.

E. The Hunchback's Charge.—If this has reference to the cost of *Mr. Punch's Almanack*, it may be as well to state that the price of that blooming annual is the same as ever—only Threepence!

able. At least one specially would shrink from being metamorphosed into any of the birds whose names above are catalogued. Far better just at present be a sparrow than a swan: and, notwithstanding his long legs and supernatural digestion, an ostrich scarcely can expect, while the feather fashion lasts, to live so long as a cock robin.

Peacocks and pheasants may perhaps find some little mercy shown them, because their feathers happen to be imitated easily. We are told "a rich passementerie exactly reproduces them." Surely other feathers also might be copied without difficulty. What a good thing it would be, Ladies, if, instead of real feathers, you would venture to wear sham ones! Think how many pretty birds you would save by this slight sacrifice! Let it only be announced in your notes of invitation, "P.S. Please to come in imitation feathers." You might fairly plume yourselves on doing a kind act, and all your feathered friends would thank you most sincerely.

An Extenuating Circumstance.

To hang is human: to relieve divine,
But what absurdity could be absurder,
To hang for any crime whilst you design,
Than that High Treason should extenuate Murder?

Operatic Quotation.

(From *Masaniello*.)

On a gay Widow giving up her Weeds for Colours.—"Behold, behold how brightly, brightly breaks the mourning!"

NEW ROYALTY.

Black-eyed Susan must be a very fast young lady, as she goes on running after three hundred and sixty Knights.

LILY MAXWELL.—JACOB BRIGHT'S voteress and JOHN MILL'S votaress.

REVIVAL OF A SAXON TITLE FOR THE HOME-SECRETARY (suggested by MAX MÜLLER, with a cold in his head.)—HARDY-can-do't.

THE COSTERMONGER'S FLOWER (to be cultivated).—A Hardy Plant.

A REPRESENTATIVE BOGY.



a long time, it continually came up again. May there not possibly be something prophetic in some of these old mythical narratives? The irrepressible seal, that would keep coming up as often as it was hammered down, appears to have been a typical image of the Compound Householder.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 2nd.—The EARL RUSSELL redeemed his promise to explain to the Lords and the Nation his own views on Education. He enunciated a series of propositions, to the effect that every child has a right to be educated, that religious differences ought not to hinder this, that charitable endowments should be overhauled with a view to making them useful for educational purposes, that the Universities should be thrown open, and a Commission appointed to administer their revenues, and that there ought to be a Minister of Education with a Seat in the Cabinet. He made a long speech, dwelling much upon the ignorance of those to whom we have transferred so large a share of power.

The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, President of the Council, was put up to answer LORD RUSSELL. It is not generally considered that the present Duke would have gained the battle of Blenheim and the estate. But he is a worthy kind of person; and though LORD DERBY or MR. DISRAELI told him to treat LORD RUSSELL's venturing on Education as a personal attack on the Cabinet, which had promised something in the same line, this was less in the Duke's way than a gentle sort of humdrum defence, the sort of thing well-meaning folk like to purr over at tea-time. We were not so very much behind-hand with Education, the scruples of religious persons must be respected, and they did much good—he must uphold the denominational system—many institutions, especially the Universities, were improving themselves, inquiries were being made on other subjects referred to, and really—on the whole—suppose we resorted to the previous question.

Which being done, the resolutions "fell to the ground." They may be followed by some other things, if we don't attend to this subject.

The Commons sat for a short time, and talked miscellaneously. The only thing worth note was a natural and sensible question by MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, who asked MR. HARDY whether he was aware that the cabmen were going to strike next day when the clock had struck four, and whether there were any means of preventing this inconvenience. MR. HARDY, of course, knew nothing about it. So, next day, the cabmen did strike, and no public vehicle was to be had for visit, dinner, ball, theatre, railway station, or anything else. The cabmen met in their thousands at Exeter Hall, and proclaimed their grievances, of which the Lamp, under the new Act, was but the emblem, over-taxation being the real oppression. LORD ELCHO went to the meeting, addressed it, was frantically cheered, and next day took a deputation to the HOME SECRETARY, and got things made smooth. On Wednesday evening the cabs were all out again. LORD ELCHO ought to be free of every cab for the rest of his life, only, having a carriage, he might not value the boon. *Mr. Punch* will add, that though the cab-folk will obtain a relief which was due to them, there must be reform on their side. A great mass of vile cabs and low drivers must be got rid of, and the others must not speak of ladies who simply pay

the fares ordained by law in the way a speaker at the meeting spoke, and call them *Mrs. Skinfints*. Why is a cabman to ask more than his fare? Would he pay half-a-crown for an article ticketed two shillings? Let us have no nonsense about this, and if cab-owners are not satisfied with their incomes, let them take to some other trade, and not improve their condition by bullying and cheating. As regards the strike, they behaved properly, with a few exceptions, and *Mr. Punch* trusts that the licences granted to the ruffians who perpetrated outrages will at once be cancelled. So for the present ends the cab-quarrel.

Tuesday. LORD DUFFERIN made a very proper speech on some idiotic processions which have been got up in Ireland in honour of the Fenians who murdered poor BRETT, the policeman, and were hanged for that "political crime." LORD DERBY took the opportunity of stating, needlessly, that no vindictive spirit had prompted the punishment in question, and that previous lenity had caused a belief that any outrage might be committed with impunity. The law officers did not consider that these "regrettable" processions violated the law.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH asked the Government whether they were going to give a gentleman a title for having made a vacancy at Andover for the Attorney-General. Of course LORD STANLEY replied that such a gift for such a reason would be highly improper.

One of the clevernesses of the last Reform Act was the disfranchising certain boroughs for their wickedness, but not providing that if vacancies should occur before the Act comes into operation new elections should not take place. MR. OTWAY pointed out the blunder, and a Bill has been galloped through Parliament for preventing such an absurdity as new elections by condemned electors.

MR. MAGUIRE then made a very righteous complaint against the Middlesex Magistrates, who do nearly all they can to prevent Catholic priests from attending Catholic prisoners in Tothill Fields House of Correction. The only thing to be said is that if one sort of religion has failed in keeping persons from doing things that bring them to gaol, it may not be unscientific to try another. But Parliament meant that Catholic culprits should see their priests, and the justices are allowed by MR. HARDY to be pigheadedly setting themselves against the spirit of the law.

MR. NEWDEGATE moved for a return that should throw light upon the reasons why sentences on criminals are remitted. There is no doubt that our present system is objectionable. For some criminals great influence is used, while others suffer without much intercession being made. Moreover there is a set of persons who manufacture petitions in all cases of capital sentence. MR. HARDY gave some curious details in reply, and mentioned that the memorials presented to him are often most libellous, and that the regular thing is to impute perjury, point-blank, to the principal witnesses. He objected to give the return, or to interfere in any way with the Prerogative of Mercy.

Wednesday. The time that Wisdom wasted in its Remarks to-day was very small: My Lords they sat for twenty minutes, My Lords, the Commons, not at all.

Thursday. On the penultimate night of the Abyssinian Session both Houses worked themselves up to debating pitch, and went at the subject like men. This is very English, *Mrs. Grundy*, is it not?—this putting off debate until it can be of no use.

LORD DERBY moved the confirmation of the Indian arrangement as to pay.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH did not think that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON would have approved of this expedition. He feared that the Army would get into difficulties. And in the present state of affairs in Europe, we were unwise to do aught to interfere with our freedom of action at home.

LORD RUSSELL spoke out strongly in favour of the expedition, which some persons consider would have been needless if his Lordship had been good enough, when Foreign Secretary, to answer the letter from the Abyssinian King.

LORD DENBIGH, who is, he says, a Catholic and nothing more (we could tell him better, only it might be thought rude) abused the war, and with Denbighian politeness (he said at a meeting that there was a lie in the QUEEN'S Speech) charged LORD RUSSELL to his face with incapable meddling, and remarked that his Lordship ought to have been sent to Abyssinia to explain his own dispatches. The fact is, that LORD DENBIGH and a lot of other Catholics are just now so elated because LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Chassepots have kept his Holiness in Rome, that they hardly know whether they stand on their heads or their heels. They had a Meeting in St. James's Hall about it, and danced a frantic war-dance of joy. All quite fair—but LORD DENBIGH, amid his wildest joy at the slaughter of the Garibaldi, should remember the courtesies of society. *Noblesse oblige.*

LORD LYVEDEN took a good point. We have got a list, at last, of the prisoners in Abyssinia. There are Eight, including CAMERON and RASSAM, whom we avowedly go out to fight for, but there are many others whose case is specially recommended to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. What does this mean? Are we to save these only if we can do so easily?

LORD DERBY intimated that though by international law we had only to deal with the QUEEN's subjects, it would be "lamentable" to leave missionaries and their children in captivity, and SIR ROBERT NAPIER knew what to do. This wink, wunk by LORD DERBY, seems sufficient.

The Abyssinian business was settled, and then LORD RUSSELL asked about the Conference.

LORD DERBY said that his noble relative (his son) had said to France that he should be happy to confer; but, without a basis and an understanding that decisions were to be accepted, it would be useless.

In the Commons we had a free fight on Abyssinia, everybody ventilating some notion of his own, and pitching into everybody else for being so foolish as not to see the truth as it was. The Lost Letter was talked of, and MR. LAYARD thought it of very little consequence. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE thought it of a good deal, and smartly said that the postage of that letter would cost us £5,000,000.

COLONEL SYKES hit the nail which *Mr. Punch* inserted into the question last week, and made some very awkward remarks about Egyptian raids and Abyssinian ladies. The whole affair had been a system of bungling from beginning to end. Yes, and something worse than bungling. *Mr. Punch* could be at once diffuse and sledgehammerish upon this subject; but as the war has begun and must go on, the wiser way is to cry hooray, and applaud MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER when he cries to MR. JOHN BULL to tuck in his two-penny (that is, to pay his twopenny increased tax), and vaults gallantly over the head of the good-natured old fellow. But *Mr. Punch* reserves his right to make a row hereafter.

MR. LAYARD did not want to be uncivil to DR. BEKE, and withdrew anything said in anger, and substituted the allegation that the doctor made statements without any foundation.

SIR S. NORTHGOTE said that MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, Governor of Bombay, was for a smaller, and SIR ROBERT NAPIER for a larger force. There were many other speakers, but their words need not be immortalised. Once again *Mr. Punch* remarks, "Lethe is a brave river."

Friday. There was a short sitting, and again the Abyssinian flavour was imparted to the debate. It was conceded by LORD STANLEY that some correspondence of a most objectionable character should be published to gratify MESSRS. LAYARD and NEWDEGATE.

To-night Her Majesty's Theatre was burned down, and Parliament sustained a severe blow. The distance from the House to the Opera House was delightfully easy. *Vale, Vale, NOVOSIBLSKI.*

Saturday. The Abyssinian Session was over. We shall be glad to say the same thing of the Abyssinian war. *Au revoir, Lords and Gentlemen, on the 13th of February, 1868.*

"NO LAMPS!"

Or the Cabman's Lesson.

In my oil-skin cape, great coat,
My bull's-eye and my bâton,
A l about my throat,
And my helmet for a hat on,
I, *Mr. Punch*, attached
As Policeman to St. Stephens,
Walked on my beat and watched,
Against trespasses or thieves'.

The night was damp and chill,
The sitting nearly done was,
Now and then, a guffaw shrill
Told that OSBORNE at his fun was.
When I saw, where 'neath the Abbey
St. Margaret's tombstones crossed are,
Came stealing on a Cabby,
And along with him a Coster.

Cabby in great-coat muffled
A handbill bore close folded;
And the Coster as he shuffled,
At his side a paste-pot hold did.
Through the great hall they went creeping,
On to the Commons' lobby—
The door-keepers were sleeping,
And on duty snored the bobby!

Were they traitors thus intruding
On DENISON's dominions?
Guy-Fawkeses blow-up brooding,
Or Greek-fire-breathing Fenians?
Was there powder in the paste-pot,
And treason in the poster,
Which that Cabby from his waistcoat
Unfolding, showed that Coster.

With his thumb he un-dog's-eared it
(His thumb to that end licking)
Then with his paste he smeared it,
And spread it fair for sticking.
Yes, that Cabby and that Coster,
While the door-keepers did snore on,
Prepared to paste that Poster
The House of Commons door on!

From 'neath my oil-skin garment
Where my bright bull's-eye smoulders,
I whipt it on those varment,
And flashed it o'er their shoulders.
And as the bull's-eye's brightness
Dazzled that brace of scamps,
In black, relieved by whiteness
Of the sheet, I read, "NO LAMPS!"

I seized upon that Cabby,
I seized upon that Coster,
By their coat-collars shabby,
And said, "What means that poster?
How dare you thus to stick it,
Braving a SPEAKER's summons,
In the middle of the wicket
Of the very House of Commons?"

"And sarve 'em right," said Coster:
"And sarve 'em right," said Cabby:
"Of treason this here poster
Is guiltless as a baby.
You've seen such every street in,
Where a cab's been druv to-day, Sir;
From our Exeter 'all meetin',
We brought this one away, Sir.

"And to this door we've took it,
Me and my friend the Coster;
That M.P.'s when they hook it
May peroose that there poster:
And think if cabs and osses,
Without lamps, miss their mark, Sir,
That statoots all a toss is,
If they're made in the dark, Sir.

"They say we want lamps lighted
To keep us out of smashes,
And show to fares benighted
Where a cab for their cash is.
Well—I make no opposition—
But if M.P.'s ain't blind babbies,
Let them think of their collision
With the Costers and the Cabbies.

"How they've stopt *them* bread from earning
By their street traffic clauses;
And set us trod worms turning
With the 'ard lines they draws us.
Then own each man alive, Sir,
Needs lights upon occasion,
Both us the cabs that drive, Sir,
And them that drive the Nation."

A CARD TO CONSPIRATORS.

MR. JOHN BULL presents his compliments to his American Irish enemies, and desires to know whether they see any green in his eye? The reason which occasions MR. BULL to ask them this question is their vehement declaration that nothing he can do for the conciliation of Ireland will be of any avail, that Irishmen all hate and abhor him utterly, and that no good that he may render them, how great soever, will ever prevail upon them to acquiesce in being his fellow-subjects.

Suppose MR. BULL were to believe all this, what would he do? Immediately rescind Roman Catholic Emancipation, re-enact the penal laws, and re-establish Protestant ascendancy. He would forthwith proceed to undo all the good that he has done—and MR. BULL takes note of the admission that he has done good of late in Ireland. His endeavour would be to rule Ireland with a rod of iron. In short, MR. BULL would adopt a course which would drive the Irish people at large, and not merely a disaffected minority, into rebellion, and not only that, but would justify their rebellion in the eyes of the whole world.

MR. JOHN BULL has no doubt that, if he took this course, he would do just what his Fenian adversaries want him to. Instead of that, he intends to persevere in doing the very best for Ireland that he possibly can. He is not the fool that his American Irish ill-wishers take him for.



LEFT-OFF CHIGNONS FOR SALE. (A STUDY IN A BACK SLUM.)

THE RIGHT BISHOP IN THE RIGHT PLACE ;

OR, SELWYN AMONG THE BLACKS.

A SALVO for SELWYN, the pious and plucky,
The manly and muscular, tender and true,
Let "Lichfield and Coventry" own itself lucky,
If loss of her shepherd New Zealand must rue.
On the bench of Colonial Bishops or boat he
The labouring oar has still pulled like a man,
In his "stroke" for all mitres on sees now afloat he
Is a model to match, or surpass, if they can.

He has toiled, he has tussled, with nature and savage,
When which was the wilder 'twas hard to decide,
Spite of Maori's musket, and hurricane's ravage,
The tight *Southern Cross** has still braved time and tide.
Where lawn-sleeves and silk apron had turned with a shiver,
From the current that roared 'twixt his business and him,
If no boat could be come at, he breast the river,
And woe to his chaplain who craned at a swim!

What to him were the Cannibal tastes that still lingered
In the outlying nooks of his Maori fold,
Where his flock oft have mused, as their Bibles they fingered,
"How good would our warm-hearted Bishop be, cold!"
What to him were short commons, wet jacket, hard-lying,
The savages' blood-feud, the elements' strife,
Whose guard was the Cross, at his peak proudly flying,
Whose fare was the bread and the water of life?

Long, long the warm Maori hearts that so loved him
May watch and may wait for his coming again,
He has sown the good seed there, his Master has moved him
To his work among savages this side the main.
In "the Black Country," darker than ever New Zealand,
"Mid worse ills than heathenism's worst can combine,

* The missionary vessel in which the Bishop used to cruise along the coasts and among the islands of his diocese. His prowess as an oarsman is still famous at his old University.

He must strive with the savages reared in our free land,
To toil, drink, and die, round the forge and the mine!

Say if We'nsbury roughs, Tipton cads, Bilston bullies,
Waikato can match, Taranaki excel?
Find in New Zealand's clearings, or wild ferny gullies,
Tales like those Dudley pit-heaps and nail-works could tell—
A Labour more brutal, a Leisure more bestial,
Minds raised by less knowledge of God or of man,
More in manners that's savage and less that's celestial,
Can New Zealand show than the Black Country can?

A fair field, my Lord Bishop—fair field and no favour—
For your battle with savagery, suff'ring, and sin.
To Mammon, their God, see where rises the savour
Of the holocausts offered his blessing to win.
Your well-practised courage, your hold o'er the heathen,
From, not to New Zealand for work ought to roam;
If it be dark, what must the Black Country be then,
What's the savage o'er sea, to the savage at home?

A Cool Idea.

WRITING from Abyssinia, with the thermometer at 102° in the shade, a correspondent states:—

"I quitted the hot sands of Annesley Bay, and went to Tubbo, on the Hadash River."

Tubbo, that's the place—omitting the last syllable—where *Mr. Punch* goes every morning before he eats his breakfast, and certainly the thermometer has been a good deal lower than 102° there lately. In such great heat as that, how refreshing must it be for a man to go to Tub O! By the way, we wonder if our slang phrase, "Go to Bath!" has an equivalent in Abyssinia, in words which, when interpreted, mean simply, "Go to Tubbo!"

GRATITUDE'S ODE.

Song for the Voting Person.—"The Maid of the Mill."



“TUCK IN YER TWOPENNY!”

DIZZY. “NOW, THEN, JOHN, I’M COMING OVER YER AGAIN! TUCK IN YER TWOPENNY!”

"EDUCATE! EDUCATE!"



THERE are carnivorous creatures, according to CUVIER; there are creatures graminivorous, according to OWEN; but besides, there is a pecunivorous creature, according to PUNCHÆUS, called Man, and one outrageous species of the genus—the glut-ton, as it were, of its kind—called Special Commissioner. The barristers-at-law and officers at war (who have lately been "amongst the masses," having once tasted—guineas a day and travelling allowances (the exact honorarium is left blank, for fear of too great

a crowd of applicants, and a riot in front of the office), thirsted for more gold, and appointed a deputation, introduced by a Prince of the Blood and Members of both Houses, "to wait on" *Mr. Punch*, the Secretary for the World Department, and urge on him the propriety of finding other employment for their "idle hands to do." He had found it already, but thought it more Statesmanlike and Downing-streetish to appear to be convinced by their arguments. He commissioned them to undertake an inquiry amongst those classes who are not dependent on weekly wages for support, and whose incomes range from £100 to £100,000 a-year, to investigate the truth of certain allegations that have lately been made touching their mental destitution, and to ascertain whether they are without the common necessities of education. *Mr. Punch* added no other directions, but gave each of the S. C. a copy of *MR. LOWE'S* Edinburgh address, as the best manual they could have, his benediction, and—some money on account; and then dismissed them to their different posts, and Railway Stations, with a request that their reports might be sent in before the juvenile members of his family began their elder-wine at Christmas-tide.

From an immense mass of matter (favoured by MESSRS. PICKFORD), enough to fill a great many of those books which may be blue, but are never read, *Mr. Punch* has selected the following startling revelations, which, or he is greatly mistaken, will determine the Ministers of the Crown to introduce a scheme for a general and compulsory education rate in February next:—

CECIL AUGUSTUS HAMBLETON. Age 40.—Employment under Government. Had a Grammar School and University education. At the former, the principal works studied in a living (English) language, were ADAM'S *Roman Antiquities*, BUTLER'S *Ancient Geography*, LEMPERIERE, and JOYCE'S *Scientific Dialogues*. From these delightful authors he retains, even in middle life, a knowledge of the materials used in the construction of curule chairs, and the nature of the lictors' fasces; an acquaintance with the geographical position of Epirus and the Symplegades; a few facts in the somewhat careless life of Jupiter Amoruso; and a glimmering of the uses of the blowpipe—all of which learning is of the greatest use to him in the daily routine of office work. Has forgotten all his Greek, as he found, to his dismay, when ISABEL MARKHAM asked him to translate a motto from that language prefixed to the Royal Academy Catalogue; and the last time he tried an Ode in *Horace* (the "*Donec gratus eram tibi*") felt that his rendering would not have been satisfactory in "the Schools." Once knew the succession of the Roman Kings; never knew the succession of Royal Houses in English History. His attention having been lately drawn to the fact, knows that Abyssinia is in Africa, but declines to go into particulars as to the position on the map of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb—not being, he hopes, a latitudinarian—the Gulf of Carpentaria (probably colonised by those of the Pilgrim Fathers who were dissatisfied joiners), and our three Indian Presidencies. Has to keep his mind very steady not to confuse the Alps with the Apennines, or the Pyrenees with the Carpathians, never having been abroad, never having smoked a cigar in his life, except on one occasion, when he had to go to bed prematurely, and being altogether unversed in athletic exercises. Fortunately for him, there were no examinations when he entered the Dotation Department.

[*MR. LITTLETON GLANVILLE*, the S. C. for the Metropolis, has been

warned that the closing part of *MR. HAMBLETON'S* statement contains matter wholly irrelevant.]

CROPWELL BUTLER BISHOP. Age 19.—Educated at an expensive private school. Got a nomination for the Perambulator Carriages Registration Office. Crammed for the examination, nothing that he had learnt at old CANEHAM'S being of the slightest use to him. Failed to satisfy the Civil Service Examiners. Their views and his differed materially as to the proper spelling of "vittles," "recieved," "embarement," and "affectionate," the relationship of HENRY THE EIGHTH to QUEEN ELIZABETH, who he discovered, when too late, was *not* that King's grandmother, and the authorship of the poem of the *Traveller*, which he erroneously ascribed to MUNGO PARK. Believes that his handwriting was also objected to, and knows he omitted all punctuation, but cannot stop to give more details as he is off to Buenos Ayres, not being able to get any employment in England.

EVELYN ALLINGHAM ETHEREDGE. Age 27.—In a Cavalry Regiment. Was at King Henry's, where he learnt to play at cricket and run through a heap of money. Could construe *Ovid*—with a crib, and make verses, but they were—nonsense. Cannot say in what reign the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH lived, and forgets who fought the battle of Edge Hill, but knows a place of that name near Liverpool—some awfully jolly girls there: met them at a croquet party, and danced with them afterwards till all was blue. Is not certain whether the sun moves round the earth, or the earth round the sun. Unable to distinguish between Jacobites and Jacobins, but is fully aware that the latter are fancy pigeons. Was one of the first to part his hair down the middle, and wear a half crown hat. Cannot cast up his tradesmen's bills, and "Will have much pleasure in accepting *MRS. DAIRYMPLE HAVERSHAM'S* invitation for the 23rd."

MABEL MERRIDITH ASHTON. Age 20.—At Miss ROLLINSON'S, The Laurels, Superior Norwood, for several years. Terms 100 guineas, with all sorts of extras and extravagances. Learnt the piano and harp, but never practises now on either instrument, not having the slightest taste for music. Has forgotten her German, and, when she went to the Paris Exhibition, found some difficulty in making herself understood in the shops. Never read SCOTT'S novels, SHAKESPEARE'S plays (except bits out of *Romeo and Juliet*), or MACAULAY'S History, and seldom looks at a newspaper. Has just finished *Forgotten Crimes*, and is anxiously waiting for the first volume of *The Bigamist Banker*. Is not sure who is Prime Minister, and is indifferent as to the derivation of Rotten Row. Does not find that the Girondists, or the Thirty Years' War, or the Man in the Iron Mask are common topics of conversation at dinner, and is not pressed by her partners for her views on the probable exhaustion of our coal-fields, and the nature of the implements found in the Drift. The drift of their remarks usually somewhat silly. Made the following replies as to the source of one or two familiar quotations:—

"On the light fantastic toe:—

A novel she once read, called *Almacks*.

"And waste its sweetness on the desert air:—

PIESSE AND LUBIN.

"Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?—

Probably some medical book, not proper for her to read.

"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:—

DIBDIN'S *Naval Songs*.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise:—

Cordially agrees with that excellent sentiment of *MRS. HANNAH MORE'S*.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HIM?

WE did not want to read any further on in the newspaper, after the following heading had caught our eye:—

LOAN OF HIS HIGHNESS ISMAIL PACHA, VICEROY OF EGYPT.

SO HIS HIGHNESS ISMAIL PACHA is to be lent. Who 'll borrow him? What 'll you do with him when you've got him? You can't take him out like a friend's umbrella, or put him against the sugar-basin and read him like a book from a lending Library. Of course he'd have to be "taken great care of," and returned by a certain date.

Perhaps he's short of ready money, and will come out for so much an hour? But even then, what to do? Tell Egyptian stories without stopping: make Nineveh Bulls, or what?

Would you hire him for an hour to play with the children? Does he mean to be lent to a certain number of subscribers, and no one to keep him more than two days? Or shall we see His Highness advertising himself as "open to one turn more" at several of our Metropolitan Music Halls?

He would be a great card for *MADAME TUSSAULT'S* in full costume, with moveable eyes; but the loan of him would scarcely suit that establishment.

We anxiously await further particulars.



THE DELIGHTS OF FASHION. (A CAUTION TO LADIES WHO HUNT IN CHIGNONS.)

"O TOM, HELP ME! I'LL NEVER WEAR IT AGAIN!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU VII.—MY LATE FRIEND.

At four in the morning my Late Friend is ready to go. That is, we get (for the third or fourth time, for something has invariably brought him back again) to the passage. I have lighted my candle, as a hint that Bed is my immediate destination. The candle burns smokily on the sideboard. My Late Friend leans against the wall, regarding it with an air of intense interest. I find myself gradually occupied in the same intellectual process.

"Well!" says my Late Friend, slowly, as if, after being thoroughly satisfied with the candle, he *must* now go. He doesn't, however. He only shifts his position slightly, apparently for the purpose of obtaining another survey of the candle from a different point of view. Strange to say, that, while perfectly alive to the absurdity of our situation, I can't help staring at the candle, too. It mesmerises us—both of us. It is the rattlesnake charming a couple of late birds. The passage is cold. I become more and more aware of it every minute, yet I don't feel inclined to break the solemn silence by drawing my Late Friend's attention to the fact. It seems to me that he is waiting to say something important—something he has kept till the last moment.

THUNNIWELL has often acknowledged to me that he hates saying, "Good-bye!" 'This is very odd, as he generally manages to say it several times before he really disappears.

"Well," he says, for the second time, after an interval of twenty minutes, employed by us only in staring vacantly at the candle—"Well, I suppose I must be going."

Three hours ago he was *certain* he must be going; now, after repeated failures, he can only "suppose" it.

Pulling myself together, so to speak, I reply, "Yes, it's time." I simulate extra drowsiness (I am sufficiently sleepy, and have been for the last hour and a half), to encourage him in his determination of leaving.

"Difficult to tear oneself away," says he, lounging against the wall with his eye fixed on the candle again.

I undo the bolts. The street is a chilly, ghostly blue and white. THUNNIWELL comes to the door.

A supernatural freshness seizes both of us for the next quarter of an hour.

"How light it is!" says THUNNIWELL.

I stand on the steps with a view to seeing the light better.

"Wish we were starting for Zurich." He is quite brisk. Zurich, by the way, was settled upon at 2.30 this morning.

"I wish we were," I return. I don't mind admitting this much, being aware of its utter impossibility.

"Well, why not?" he asks, becoming brisker.

I weakly object that "it would never do."

"Not do!" he exclaims (so awake he is!). "It would be the very thing. Train at 7.30. How long do you take to pack?"

Not more than an hour and a half, I imagine.

"Well, say you begin now; it's 4.30. At six you've done. Take a cab; come to my lodgings, fetch me and my traps. I'll give you coffee and toast, and off we go by the 7.30. Breakfast at Folkestone, lunch at Boulogne, dine at Paris."

"And sleep?" I suggest.

"In the train," he answers, contemptuously, as if I ought to have known that by this time.

He is so brisk, he is so lively; I think to myself if my Late Friend is not "taken while he is in the humour" (*you row row, and, Paddy, will you now?*) is the chorus, but nothing to do with the subject on this occasion) he will not be taken at all; or certainly will put it off so late that my vacation will have to be considerably curtailed, and I *may* have to go (if ever I *do* go) without a companion.

All this flashes through my mind (not exactly "flashes," or I should be electrically awakened, but "gleams" or "dawns" upon my mind, which is rousing itself and getting up) as I stand on the door-step.

"Well, the fact is," I say, "I wanted to—that is I ought to—but it doesn't matter." I was going to say that I ought to have called to say "Good-bye" to SOPHIA THERESA (to whom I have been engaged for five years—picture very little way on); but SOPHIA THERESA will understand it, and I'll write.

"What doesn't matter?" asks THUNNIWELL.

I don't explain that it is SOPHIA THERESA who doesn't matter, but reply if he'll promise to be ready for me at six o'clock, or say a quarter past (to give him "law"), I'll pack up at once, and we will start.

If anyone last night at ten o'clock had told me that at 4.30 I should be packing up to go to Zurich by the 7.30 I should have told him that he didn't know the person to whom he was talking.

My Late Friend says, "Six fifteen sharp. Coffee for two." "And pistols," I add, by way of funnily adding an old quotation. I feel immediately afterwards that it is the sort of thing my Funny Friend would have said, and rather wish, either that I'd not said it, or hope that THUNNIWELL hadn't heard it. He is just going.

"And what?" he asks, coming back.

"Pistols," I say, getting up a stupid laugh to lead him on. He won't see it, yet was so quick and sprightly just now.

I feel that the joke, if it is a joke, has signally failed. A sad thing to fail with a joke at 4 o'clock in the morning, on a doorstep. And what a poor idea it will give him of me as a cheerful and amusing travelling companion. I oughtn't to have said it. Leave those things to GREG. He laughs when he says anything that he considers funny; and somehow I laugh too, almost always.

I recollect GREG making me split my sides at a story about a mouse-trap, at which he himself roared again.

I subsequently told the story to a party of friends, prefacing it with "I heard such a good thing yesterday," after which the Story of the Mouse-trap. I roared (like GREG) and nearly sent myself into hysterical convulsions (I was very ill for three days afterwards, with a pain over the chest, something to do with the ganglia, the doctor said, and hysteria), but not a soul smiled, except one person who thought he'd heard it before and knew the point. So I am certain, from much experience in attempting funny stories in company (it is not my vocation) that half their success depends upon when and how the narrator laughs.

I try (so to put it) to force 'pistols' in this manner down old THUNNIWELL's throat. But no, my fun has suddenly made him as dull as ditch-water. He looked almost unhappy. How can I efface the impression? By dropping the subject? saying I must go and pack, and shutting the door?—no, he wants to know what I mean by saying "pistols."

"My dear fellow," I explain, "it's a quotation, don't you know?" I only laugh a little now, dropping, in fact, the jocose gradually, and drifting into the serious tone that naturally suits me.

"A quotation? What's a quotation?" He is actually getting pig-headed at four in the morning!

"Coffee and pistols," I answer.

"What from?" Asks THUNNIWELL, meaning what did I quote it from.

"I don't know," I own. But I say "it doesn't matter."

"Not a bit," he says; "only I don't see the fun of it." He is a little cross about it. I wish such fellows as GREG were not allowed to go about. It was GREG, I recollect perfectly, whom I first heard say "Coffee and pistols for two," and I thought it so funny.

But it isn't, really; not a bit of it. I shall tell him so when I see him.

THUNNIWELL goes. On my word, I believe he is dismal at the prospect of going about the world with a man who sees fun in saying, "Pistols and coffee for two." He's right. I can't deny it. So should I. I have lowered myself. Most unfortunate, just as we were—in fact, as we *are*—going to start together.

I am dreadfully sleepy now he's gone and the door's shut. I must arouse my merry men, and make 'em help me in my packing. My merry men! Bother that word! it suggests a lot of GREGs, an army of Funny Friends, helping me to pack! Ah, where *would* my things be! Sponges in shirts, hair-oil among my socks! But, thank goodness, GUNTER'S JOHNSON when awake ("Hi, get up, JOHNSON! JOHNSON!!") is steady and handy. "HEN-REE!" (to the page). "JOHNSON!—HEN-REE!" At half-past four in the morning, a loud vocal fantasia on two names tries you considerably, and makes you faint and hungry.

They are up. Cursing me in their hearts of hearts, I'll be bound. JOHNSON exhibits a tendency to continued sleep during his packing, and HENRY falls three times into the portmanteau. I am glad of this, as, coming once against the lock, it wakes him thoroughly.

I sit on my bed after putting all my things out, and think of anything I may have omitted. This process I suppose sends me to sleep sitting. JOHNSON wakes me, maliciously I'll be bound. I must freshen myself with a wash. Can't: everything packed up. Wet towel and hair-brush, then. Can't arrive at the hair-brush; portmanteau fastened. HENRY has gone for a cab. I am uncomfortable. All sorts of unpleasant images present themselves to my mind in connection with persons who get up early. MR. JONAS of Newgate figures among them. After twenty minutes' wait (during which, with a view to refreshing myself, I have slept in an arm-chair, and awake more tired, sore-eyed, parched, and more generally uncomfortable than before)

the cab arrives. The driver has been up all night, and HENRY, on the box, is little better than a somnambulist.

Luggage put up. JOHNSON and Coachman struggle. All right. Rugs, umbrella, hat-boxes, everything I *hope*. Off to THUNNIWELL'S.

Reflections on the Road.—A great deal of trouble; but, after all, it is *holiday*, and we shall have a very jolly time of it. Good-bye, old London! Good-bye, old white-faced policeman! I'm off to Zurich; you're not. Good-bye, man with coffee-stall! to-night I dine in Paris. Adieu, dingy old theatre! Ha! ha! to-night I shall be at the *Variétés*! Good-bye, late reveller going home! I'm off to Paris! Ha! ha! These shops will open to-day, but not for me! I shall be "far, far upon the sea." If rough, rather be in the shop.

Here we are at my Late Friend's rooms.

Good idea, coffee and a muffin! Wake us up. Cigarette, too. Will be a sort of commencement of Continentalities.

Ring! Ring! Late Friend busy packing, probably. Knock and ring. No one answers. Knock and ring again. Servant perhaps assisting THUNNIWELL, and doesn't hear us. Do it again.

Confound it, we're losing all our time. Knock again, cabman. Hard. Ring, too. Nearly seven o'clock. Not time for coffee. What a pity. Knock again! Ring harder.

At last. A drowsy servant; a girl, oh so drowsy! I jump out, actively, almost jumping at her, so as to enliven her.

"Mr. THUNNIWELL ready?" I ask, cheerfully. She stares at me drowsily. My mind misgives me.

"Mr. THUNNIWELL is ready, eh? He hasn't gone yet, has he?" Well do I know he hasn't; but I try to delude myself with a last chance. I dread what's coming.

"Mr. THUNNIWELL," says the maid; "I am't seen him since he went out to dinner last night."

"Hasn't he ordered coffee and—"

I stop at "coffee." At her look of utter astonishment, "muffins" sticks in my throat.

I run up to his bedroom. "Now, then, are you—" "Ready" I would have said, but—

No signs of packing; not the slightest. Not even a bag.

There he is, sleeping as peacefully as an infant in bed!

On my word, in bed!!

And where am I? Out of bed—sleepless—feverish—angry—wild.

"Here, THUNNIWELL," I say, "this is *too* bad, upon my soul! It is too bad!"

"All right, old fellow!" he murmurs from the bed, and turns round. So peacefully! So calm!

My rage flies to small things.

"Why, you've not even got the coffee."

"All right," he repeats again, murmuring. "Tell her. Stop (*hum*) breakfast (*hum*) up soon. No use going to Zurich. Make it Egypt. All right!"

And again he sleeps. Peacefully. Satisfied that he has done his duty. Shall I go to Zurich? No; to bed.

But my Late Friend doesn't catch me again.

UP GOES THE SWINDLE.

AIR—"Pop goes the Weasel!"

ABYSSINIA's bill who'll pay?

Part of the nation.

All the charge on some they lay:

That's confiscation.

Income-Tax will never cease,

Down though it dwindle.

Soon as war succeeds to peace,

Up goes the Swindle!

Spirits and tobacco, free,

Bear not a fraction.

Sugar is exempt, and tea.

Partial exaction.

'Mongst the plundered middling class

Vain ire may kindle;

Load the unresisting ass:

Up goes the Swindle!

Over the Sea.

Our good friends, the French, have so much increased their army, and are supplying it so rapidly with weapons of precision, that, instead of being called, as heretofore, "our lively neighbours," a fitter name for them in future would be "our deadly neighbours."

WAITING FOR A DECISION.

The Cabman's Strike.—*Pendente LITE.*



A DEGENERATE SON.

The Governor (indignantly). "GEORGE, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU KNEW BETTER. IT'S DISGRACEFUL! IS IT FOR THIS I'VE PAID HUNDREDS OF POUNDS TO GIVE YOU AN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION, THAT YOU SHOULD——"

Son and Heir (with cigar). "WHY—WHAT HAVE I DONE, GOVERNOR?"

The Governor. "DONE? DARED TO SMOKE, SIR, WHILE YOU ARE DRINKING MY '34 PORT!!!"

A PHASE OF THE CAB QUESTION.

SIR, I NEVER in my life took a cab except to save time, to save clothes, or to convey luggage or ladies. Cab-hire I hold to be among those expenses which no man in his senses incurs if he can possibly avoid them, unless he is in the enjoyment of that unspeakable blessing, a certain and sufficient income, without which there is no happiness in this world, or peace of mind, except for the mind that is incapable of forethought.

It is, then, with the greatest alarm that I have seen mooted a proposal that cab-proprietors should start a new class of cabs, better appointed than those now commonly in use, not to supersede them, but to constitute a first-class style of cab, running at first-class fares. Of course I don't object to simply improved cabs; but I do protest against improved cabs at increased fares.

I shall be told by shallow scoffers that if there are first-class and second-class cabs, I shall never need to take the first-class unless I like. But I must whenever I have to travel with a female companion; that is, whenever I am obliged to move more than a few hundred yards with one in any weather, and when I have to stir an inch out of doors in the smallest rain. On every such occasion I shall be obliged to go to the expense of a first-class cab under pain of being not only considered, but also reported mean; which may be disadvantageous.

Sir, there is no expense more unsatisfactory than any expenditure, beyond what is absolutely necessary, on vehicles. When a carriage has taken you to your destination, and you have paid more for your ride than you would have done of your own accord, you feel that the accommodation you have had is all over, and the excess of its cost remains a dead loss and load on your mind. So at least it would lie, if, besides mind, you were not also endowed with money; wealth proportioned to your intelligence. First-class cabs at first-class fares may be all very well for you, or any other great capitalist or landowner; for any one rejoicing in the competence of an ex-Chancellor or the

secure and otiose opulence of a blessed Dean. But not for JOSEPH—not for JOE, nor for the unwillingly but necessarily parsimonious because poor PILGRIM, whom people who have more money than brains, and many of them very little money, are sometimes pleased to call

A SCREW.

On, "The Grand Duchess" at Covent Garden.

SEEN it in Paris?
Yes: so has HARRIS.
What it was there
You are aware.
But 'twixt us two,
Here it won't do.

EXTRACT from a new edition of *Shakspeare*, nearly ready, edited by MRS. LILY MAXWELL, Manchester:—

"O, speak again, BRIGHT!
Angel that thou art!
As glorious," &c., &c.

Vide Romeo and Juliet.

* * * These garbled editions of the great poet are really insufferable. "Persons" cannot be expected to comprehend him, and should be suppressed if they attempt to edit him.—*Ed.*

Punch's Pocket-Book.

THE Prize Conundrum in *Punch's Pocket-Book* seems really to have been worth "nothing," as several persons have guessed it. The first was a lady, to whom the promised prize has been forwarded.

LAMPS OR NO LAMPS?—A great question for the Cab-in-it.

CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE THE MAN.



"LEAVE OFF, YOU LITTLE BRUTES, CAN'T YOU? POLICE!"



"NOW, SHY, YOU COWARDS, IF YOU DARE!"

BRENNUS-BONAPARTE.

"Hark! The Gaul is at her gates."

Do States, like stars, fixed orbits fill?
And is the Muse of History's song,
With all its variations, still
One weary round—a round of wrong?
Must Jove's fane, and St. Peter's dome,
Witness the self-same fears and fates?
See the same captives chained in Rome,
The same invader at her gates?

Again look on, as BRENNUS flings
His scornful sword into the scale,
And while the uneven balance swings,
Bids steel's dead weight o'er faith prevail?
Upon Mentana's bloody mead,
As erst by Alia's * margin clear,
Must we again "*væ victis*"† read,
By Chassepot writ, as once by spear?

Or is all but the baser part
Of Rome's great drama set aside?
Shall we have BRENNUS-BONAPARTE,
CAMILLUS, FABIVS be denied?
Hear the loud cackle of the flock
The Capitol that claim to save,
But see no MANLIUS strike the stroke
That to the chin the invader gave?

Where are those stately sires that sat
Serene, before the sacred stairs,
To guard the Capitol, in state
Of bordered robes, and curule chairs?
While whiter than their ivory wands,
Or the bleached togas' stainless flow,
O'er their broad breasts and folded hands,
Swept their great beards like swathes of snow.

* The stream near which the Gauls first defeated the Romans.

† The bitter words put by LIVY into the mouth of BRENNUS, when the Romans complained of his flinging his sword into the scale.

While surge of red-haired Gauls, at gaze
On all around, fierce-eyed and free,
Broke on that band, and felt amaze
To reverence grow, and bent the knee,
Till Gaulish scorn revived its laugh,
And the irreverent hand was reared,
And old PAPIRIUS raised his staff,
And smote the Gaul that stroked his beard.

Here is the Gaul again: as bold
Of brow, as insolent of mien;
Lacking in reverence, as of old,
On Alia's bank or Clusium's green:
On Rome's white age and warning frown,
Again he lifts profaning hands,
But no PAPIRIUS strikes him down,
Welcomed, not buffeted, he stands.

Still, still the same, that Gaulish clan:
But these, can these Rome's worthies be?
This triple-crowned white-haired old man,
With woman's face, and weakly knee?
These cardinals, a blood-red show,
The Priests of peace, in dyes of war,
That kiss, not strike the invader low,
And to the Gaul their gates unbar?

Ah me, it is not as I thought—
That History *all* her tale repeats;
She but re-writes the chapters fraught
With frauds and crimes, with wrongs and cheats;
Renews Rome in her baser fate,
Her dull decline, her feeble fall:
Brings back the BRENNUS to her gate,
But not the MANLIUS to her wall.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—If you would educate your children, as well as make their hair grow, purchase *Punch's Almanack*, and place it on their pillows when they retire to rest.—N.B. If one Almanack won't prove the fact, you had better buy another.

FLIRTS! FLIRTS! FLIRTS! Where do you expect to go? Buy *Punch's Almanack*, and see.

"IGNORAMUS" AT THE TITL E SHOW.

*Capital condition Sir
sorry we shall have to
bleed him more this year*



HILST observing that the public vehicles were illustrated with cuts of a fine fat ox, (so far I believe I am right) to be seen, with a great many more of his contemporaries, in a commodious building in the N. district, I resolved to brave the slushy horrors of a London December (are the roads in Abyssinia much worse than the streets in the parishes of St. James, and St. George, and other Metropolitan Saints, at the present time?) and visit the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Happening to meet my most intimate friend but one—my most intimate friend is in the neighbourhood of Massowah—BAMBOROUGH SHAW, I told him where I was going, and also of my intention to impart my

views of the Cattle Show to the public by means of type and printing ink. SHAW, who was born in Lambs' Conduit Street, and educated at that eminent school near Smithfield—Magna Charta-house, and at Oxford—and therefore really does know something of fat stock, being one of those useless men who hesitate to write upon a subject unless they are thoroughly up in it, asked leave to put a few questions to me touching my qualifications for the work I was about to undertake, not being aware that I had ever made domestic cattle my particular study.

Did I know Devons from Herefords? No, but it was high time I did, that I might be able to assist the estimable lady who has consented to share my name and ignorance, when my income is double what it is now, in the proper selection of the aitch-bone, the chine, and the chump end. Could I tell him what "Scotch Polls" were? Of course I could—Highland Maries. Had I ever even heard of a "runt"? No, with a grunt, I never had. Was I familiar with cross breeds? Thankful to say I was not, but should be happy to introduce him to several amiable families. How did I propose to judge between long horns and short horns? By taking a foot-rule and measuring them. What were my views about the dewlap? That it was highly poetical. Had I any acquaintance with the herd-book? I had heard of it, and of "Master Butterfly," and "Duchess." How did I intend to handle the long-wooled sheep? Beg them to give me a look as a memorial of my visit. Was I conversant with the various breeds of pigs? Please the pigs, I meant to be at Christmas in the agreeable form of fry, and sausage, and pork pies (with plums in them). Was I—but the day was "searching" cold, so I cut short his searching questions by informing him that I considered myself fully competent to report upon all the animals, bovine, ovine, and porcine, having once spent three whole weeks in a farm-house at Warnby-in-the-Willows. I did not think it necessary to add, that I went there in very tender years, to accelerate my recovery from the whooping-cough, which I had in competition with my youngest sister, GWENDOLINE JOAN.

So we parted near Gray's Inn Lane, he to his Club, I to mine—the Smithfield, (it might be called the Beef-Steak Club,) temporarily accommodated at Islington. There seemed to be rather more of the public road up than usual, and we had to make detours, but the Hall was reached at last. I went in by the ordinary entrance unobtrusively. Of course if I had made known the special purpose of my visit, I should have been escorted round the Show by the President and Stewards, had a copy of the Catalogue presented to me bound in calf, and been entertained at luncheon afterwards; but I thought it better to pay my money and preserve my independence. I entered the vast arena—I had reminiscences. What were they? Of days gone by, of the good old times, when Islington was "merry" Islington, and the nightingales sang in the Pentonville Road, when Gibson Square was green fields, and the Angel a village hostelry, where the sheets smelt of lavender, and the honeysuckle peeped in at your bedroom window, and SIR HUGH and LADY MYDDLETON went by for their morning walk on the grassy slopes of the New River, and visitors from London took the waters at Sadler's Wells? No, my recollections were of a more modern date, not going back beyond three months, to a scene of fairy fountains, and elfin bowers, and witching transparencies, to the voice of LIEBHART, and the horn of LÉVY, and the thunder of the *British Army Quadrille*. All gone now but the horns, and they are not the same!

The weather outside was bad, but inside the first thing I saw was a good wether, for accidentally I began my inspection with the sheep, the second order in this great tame beast show. But here I was forestalled (perhaps I ought to have reserved that word for the cattle), for somebody else had penned the sheep already, and there was nothing left for me to write about the placid panting creatures that lay there warm and woolly; unconscious, let us hope, of the tickets over their heads, announcing that they were sold to MESSRS. CLEAVER & CHOPPER, "Purveyors," which set me wondering what a sheep's eye view of the Show would be, if the prize Leicestershires could express their thoughts in intelligible accents. I wondered whether the knowledge that they had taken the first premium, and the silver medal, and the silver cup, and were "highly commended," and the enjoyment of superior turnips to those the of *πολλοί* of their

kind were munching, and the comfort of roomier railway accommodation on their travels from the Cotswold Hills and the Lincolnshire Fens, and the contemplation of red and blue rosettes,—which, by the way, I think should adorn the victors themselves, and not the posts near them,—and the admiration openly expressed of their size and symmetry, made each of them a happier sheep, and reconciled them to a sharp knife and a short life. To dissipate these melancholy thoughts—not that I neglected to note the address of MESSRS. CLEAVER & CHOPPER—I passed on to the cattle, the peers in this Zoocratic realm. I approached those exhibited by HER MAJESTY, and breathed a wish that she might lovingly give all she had won in prizes to PRINCESS BEATRICE for pocket-money. I should have thought it a description of High Treason to touch these majestic creatures, but the Metropolitan butchers were not so self contained.

The attendants in charge of the Steers—steersmen, I believe they are called—would, I am persuaded, have answered very readily any questions I might have put—I should have done so very humbly, for I forebore to give myself airs of knowledge, as though I had farmed and grazed from my boyhood's days, and did not go about pinching and punching and feeling, and making guesses at weight, in which I should infallibly have been a hundredweight or so wrong, and taking liberties with the horns and tails of the superb beasts, and measuring them round the waist with a tape-yard—but my inability to answer that preliminary question of BAMBOROUGH SHAW's about a "runt," made me avoid any further disclosure of ignorance. Before the great hero of the Show, MR. M'COMBIE'S Scotch ox, I stood stock still, wishing to make myself master of his fine points; but he had a policeman and a crowd all to himself, and as, to quote the language of a lady near me who had been imperfectly educated, a crowd makes one so 'ot, I thought, *Mr. Punch*, you would be satisfied with seeing his effigies in the *Illustrated London News*, and dispense with details of coat and breast, and forequarters and flanks, from my pen. Some of the cross-bred cattle did certainly look very cross, and at times there was a glance from the eyes and a free use of the horns of the Scotch—I have particularly in my recollection one animal (*décoré*) with a nose that was *retroussé*, not to say snub—which might be meant for playfulness, but was sufficiently doubtful to keep me at a distance from the rails.

And again, there was that fatal placard, the death warrant of so many fat conquerors,—“Purchased by SUTT & HOFFER,”—to remind Devon and Hereford, Scotch and Welsh, that although the examiners (the judges, I should say, the Barons of Beef, I might say) had awarded them honours, and they were first-class creatures: and medallists, and were having their portraits taken in oil, and would figure in illustrated papers, and had soft hands to stroke and caress them, they were doomed to be displayed “in all the luxury of” beef on marble counters, and at “purveyors’” doors not later than the 23rd of this cruel December. One case appeared particularly hard; an unsuspecting heifer had a gay placard tied to her horns with white satin bows announcing the name and address of her own butcher. I could not but reflect that in the dead of the night, when the excitement of the day is over, and the cattle are left alone with their herdsman in that silent hall, these cannot be pleasant thoughts for the descendants of “Black Prince” and “Royal Butterfly,” even though they have the pride of knowing that as barons they will appear at the highest table in the land.

The pigs were noisy and popular, so much so that though not usually considered animals of haughty demeanour, they were difficult to approach. The glimpses I could get between broad shoulders of the leading stars showed me that many of them were lying higgledy-piggledy, too far gone in fat for the expression of any emotion, and awaiting death as a happy release. I also felt

convinced that in some instances—one black and sleek family in particular—the tails had been carefully curled for the occasion.

The Eland also was too much sought after to allow me a comfortable inspection. There was a difference of opinion as to what he was. I believe a cross between a camel and a buffalo was the favourite theory; and an equal uncertainty existed as to his native clime, some loudly protesting—but then they were Scotch—that he must be a *Heelander*. There were no calves; and lambs, I understood, were not in season.

You will expect minute descriptions of the machinery. You will be disappointed, for if I was Ignoramus amongst the cattle, I was Ignoramus in the throng of implements, being one to whom the construction of the ordinary squirt is an unrevealed secret, and the relationship between lock and key a hopeless puzzle. But there was everything that a gentleman engaged in agricultural pursuits (modern English for farmer) could desire to get credit for, from a steam-engine to a sausage-machine, from pianos to pickles, from Kohl Rabi, which must be a Hebrew root, to tenpenny Sauterne—not an operation of agriculture but what was provided for and rendered easier, except, perhaps, corn-cutting. There was a "Village Phaeton," a mythological novelty; there was a cheap and expeditious chaff-cutter—I longed to ask whether it could cut jokes also; there was a dove-tailing machine, something in the conjuring line, no doubt; there was the "Ecoscevephorum," which might be a wild beast or an American drink; there were "Whalebone and Gutta Percha Jockeys," for anatomists and anthropologists to study; there were "Straw Elevators," which naturally connected themselves, in my mind, with the exhilarating implements used in Sherry Cobler; indeed, everything that has been produced by the ingenuity of CLAYTON and SHUTELEWORTH, and FOWLER, and GARRETT, and HORNSBY, and HOWARD, and NICHOLSON, and RANSOM, and dear old MARY WEDLAKE, and a hundred more was on view.

Have I anything to say about the visitors? The farmers disappointed me, they seemed to have shrunk and dwindled and lost girth, but it was late when the duties of an arduous public appointment allowed me to arrive, and the bulk of them had, perhaps, gone. The days of my childhood came back to my recollection when I looked once more on the old familiar smock-frock, but, alas! not of the rich blue we used to see at N—, May Fair; and—but hark! hush! can it be? It is—the Waits, the *Belgravia Waits*—my pen drops from my hand, I can write no more, except to add, that as I passed out from the Show I felt that, after all the pains I had taken with the cattle, I was still without the knowledge which would enable me to advise the meritorious lady I have before referred to in her selection of the atch-bone, the chine, and the chump end—in a word, that I was as much as ever an

IGNORAMUS.

DIARY OF A DAIRYMAN.

BEEN reading a ignorant Article in a public journal saying that our 4 penny Milk ain't worth more than 3 farthings a qt. no allowance made for talent loss of time and labour in improving upon natur. Then people nowadays are so finicking—they look in the milk-jug for perfect purity! why, what is perfect purity? It's a wisdom, where will you find it? In the House of Parleyment? Why their skim is worse than ours by a long chalk. We don't vitiate a constituency by giving them horrid lucre, we only employ natur's universal solvent water, and what else ought a liberal and discerning Public to expect but water in this whale of tears?—half of all the Infants in this Country perish before their 5 year old say the Statistics, and we're to be held responsible because Town milk don't nourish as it ought to! Preposterous! as if a Dairyman was a Nero whereas (when his profits is not affected) his feelings tallies with the sentiments of a Howard, and he overflows with the milk of human kindness.—Look at the Rivers, how cruelly they're abused—Rivers from which we draw our necessary supplies—how can a pertikler Public have its milk a sweet sky-blue when the lovely streams which meanders through the flowery meads, is contaminated by Dyers and Scourers?—We always had to bear a deal of opprobrium, and goodness knows we often groan beneath the yoke. Happily no law can touch us, for Water ain't like a artificial pison, and falls of necessity within the Pale.

A Trifle from Ramsgate.

WHY is MR. WELBY PUGIN likely to give up the profession of an Architect?

Because he's lately made a *Barry stir*.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

WHY was the Shepherd PARIS well chosen as a Judge?
Because he used to sit on a bench and listen to the Baa.

A REALLY NOBLE LORD.

THE Cabmen say that during their late difficulties LORD ELCHO behaved—but this is no new thing for him to do—very 'ansom.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

I've been to the theatres, I've seen Drury Lane,
And I do not mind saying I'd see it again.

From my seat in a *loge*,
I would hear PHELPS's *Doge*,
And see him beheaded without any pain.

I've been to the Queen's,
And supped, after, at GREEN's,
Which I needn't say means,
The Great EVANS's Hall.

I've seen MR. BELMORE
(What acting could tell more!)
In a farce which they *Up for the Cattle Show* call,
Writ by a young gemmun
Whose surname is LEMON—
'Tis original, not from the Vaudevilles of Gaul.

I've seen one more farce
That made minutes pass
As pleasantly as one could wish them to go,
'Tis *Highly Improbable*,
Though from my nob able
To give the plot,
Yet, I will not;
'Tis at the Royalty, if you would know.

There MISS BROMLEY,
Looks so comely:
And MISS ADDISON,
Oh, so glad is 'un,
To see her bright face,
Worth ten times my place
In the stalls whence I see six or eight other girls
In picturesques costumes, and chignons and curls.

Where next?
I'm perplexed,
I must not become triste;
On this week,
When I speak,
Falls the mark of the beast;
Not speaking profanely,
In other words plainly,
'Tis the time,
When the prime
Sheep and oxen are shown
At Smiffel. Away to the fat and the bone!

I see the fat beef,
I think what relief
These beasts would afford to a Farnham Work'us;
And then my thoughts shift,
Then presently drift,
Down to Holborn among the train'd beasts in the Circus.

Bare-backed steeds,
Galloping round;
Muscular deeds
In air, on ground.
Acrobats,
Without any hats,
Come from that stage with its "pair of flats."

Over they vault,
A somersault,
Always safe and never a fault.
Marvellous folks,
Clowns with jokes,
And obstinate mokes;
A couple of poodles,
Far less of noodles,
Than many I see in the window of BOODLE's.

And children all around were there,
Curly-haired, straight-haired, dark and fair,
Clapping their little hands with glee.
And thinking it all such an excellent spree,
They shouted with laughter left and right,
There never was a pleasanter sight.
The House was full, and at once I saw,
That these beasts of burden—these Horses "*draw*."

NO LAMPS give half the light of this year's *Punch's Almanack*! On the day when it was published all London was illuminated by its dazzling wit!



A NOVEL FACT.

Old-fashioned Party (with old-fashioned prejudices). "Ah! VERY CLEVER, I DARE SAY. BUT I SEE IT'S WRITTEN BY A LADY, AND I WANT A BOOK THAT MY DAUGHTERS MAY READ. GIVE ME SOMETHING ELSE!"

THE ANTI-FENIAN IRISHMAN.

(Song by PADDY O'RATIONAL.)

HERE'S a health to all traitors
In the camp of high thrayson,
That bethrays dhirty craters
For stern Justice to saize on!
I dhetest all the lot
Of Sedition's foul movers;
But, when Fenians plot,
May they ne'er want approvers!

Och, bad luck to the crew
Of base alien intruders!
To seduce me and you
Let him thry—vain deluders!
We're the boys that will fight
For these Islands' connection,
Put rebellion to flight,
And rebuke disaffection.

What, ould Ireland, agrab,
From ould England we sever?
Singing Erin-go-bragh
One and all reply "Never!"
'Twere a blunder and crime.
Of our wrongs most is righted;
They will all be in time:
We'll continue united.

It is thanks that we owe
To the good English nation
For the schools where ye know
You could get education;

For the bountiful sthrames
Of benevolent missions,
And all manner of schemes
To improve our conditions.

In the dthread ranks of war,
Where artillery rattles,
There's our souldiers afar,
Fightin' Great Britain's battles;
And their lives for a prize
In the service they wagers:
They may some of them rise
To be Captains and Majors.

Botheration befall
The contemptible notion
Of a separate, small
Speck of dhirt on the ocean
'Tis an empire we'll keep
To BRITANNIA with tether:
Wolves, get out of the sheep!
Or be hanged altogether.

Natural History Gossip.

MRS. MALAPROP says she wants to see the Sanguine—she is supposed to mean the Penguin.

The Aznteaters continue to cause uneasiness in female circles. A great number of nephews and nieces report that their alarmed relatives have left London, but not their present address. Many a nephew and niece this Christmas will have no aunt to dote on them.

NO THOROUGHFARE—in Fleet Street at four a.m. last Friday! That being the hour appointed for the publishing of *Punch's Almanack*. Fleet Street was impassable, owing to the crowd of early buyers there assembled.



BRENNUS-BONAPARTE, OR THE GAUL AGAIN IN ROME.

A FAT PAUPER SHOW.



PUNCH is glad to state that, as a sequel to the Cattle Show, arrangements are in progress for holding a Fat Pauper Show. The project has been set on foot by certain Poor Law Guardians, who are anxious to show that there are workhouses in England, where poor people are well housed, well treated, and well fed, and, in short, regarded less as paupers than as pigs. The probings of the *Lancet* have evidently cut these thin-skinned Guardians to the quick, and they desire to furnish proofs that the brutalities at Farnham are exceptions to the rule of Christian kindness

and care, for which most English poor-houses have now a world-wide fame.

The Show will be held at the Agricultural Hall, as being the largest building which just now is available. Big as it is, the Hall is scarce sufficiently capacious, so many corpulent paupers are expected to compete. Indeed, an application was first tendered for the hiring of the Crystal Palace, as affording larger area for the pinguitude to be displayed. But on second thoughts it was considered that the labour of ascending the many flights of stairs by which the Palace is approached, would considerably diminish the weight of the fat paupers, and perchance disable some of them from entering the Show.

From the interest which the Farnham disclosures have excited, the Show is pretty sure to be attractive to the public, and the charge made for admission will probably suffice to pay all the expense. The Guardians, however, wish to show the world that Guardians have not always stony hearts, and at times are even generous in their treatment of the poor. With this view they have handsomely subscribed the sum of twopence each, to be liberally distributed in prizes to the paupers, the large sum of one shilling being the first prize. This the pauper who weighs most will be allowed to pocket, and expend upon whatever luxuries he likes. A second prize of sixpence, and a third of twopence-halfpenny, will likewise be awarded, according as the scale of plumpness may decide. Extra prizes also will be given for good breeding, good temper, and good looks, or for any special merit which the judges may detect.

The Guardians, moreover, have subscribed the further sum of five guineas apiece, for the purpose of providing some gold and silver medals to be given to themselves. At the Cattle Show a gold medal is awarded to the breeder of the best prize beast, and it is thought that some such precedent should be followed at the Pauper Show, and a gold medal be given to each one of the members of whatever Board of Guardians may show the plumpest pauper, and thus win the first prize. This "Gold Medal to the Feeder" will be doubtless as much sought as the "Gold Medal to the Breeder" is at the Smithfield Show.

In order that the public may gain some really useful information from the Show, it is intended that the catalogue shall be thoroughly complete, and shall contain the fullest details as to diet, age, and treatment of every pauper shown. A couple of brief extracts will suffice to show the style:—

"SOUTHSHIRE BREED.

"No. 165. Pauper GILES SCROGGINS, exhibited by the Guardians of Skinfint Union. Age 87 years. Widower. Father of eight children. Fed on skillygoles, stale bread, potatoes, hard boiled beef (has no teeth), Dutch cheese, harder still, and when ill, weak beer and broth. Weights 8 st., 13 lb., when on the doctor's list, and 8 st. 7 lb. or thereabouts when not.

"No. 167. Pauper SARAH STUBBS, exhibited by the Guardians of Stonyheart Union. Aged 70 years. Married; husband separated from her, residing in male ward. Mother of ten children. Fed on thin pea soup, rice, gruel, shin of beef, (on Sundays), swipes (when on the sick list), greens, and specked potatoes. Weights 7 st. 6 lb. in her heavy workhouse clogs."

In place of the implements, roots, and seeds which are exhibited at the Cattle Show, there will be shown some workhouse furniture and fittings, including lavatory utensils such as those in use at Farnham, and, by way of curiosity, some specimens of workhouse towels which have been in use a week. There will be also shown a sample of the

stubbly, unclean mattress which sick paupers have to sleep upon, and some specimens of the wheelbarrows, used as invalid bath-chairs. Samples of thin gruel, broth, and other workhouse rations, will likewise be displayed; and, as a special curiosity, there will be shown, under a glass-case, a pint of workhouse wine! There will also be a model of the famous Farnham "rabbit-hutch," which a *Guardian* there declared to be "quite good enough for tramps." In short, no pains will be spared to render the Fat Pauper Show a most attractive exhibition: and, in the hope that it may tend to the improvement of our paupers, as greatly as the Cattle Show has done to the improvement of our beasts, *Mr. Punch* will be delighted to record its marked success.

A SATISFACTORY FRAME OF MIND.

THE following remark occurs in a newspaper about a criminal left for execution:—

"It is satisfactory to state, on unquestionable authority, that the conduct of the unhappy man has undergone a total change since his condemnation on Friday. Apparently he now begins to realise the awful condition in which he is placed, and his callous demeanour is changed into one of deep dejection."

In what respect is a change on the part of a condemned prisoner from a callous demeanour into one of deep dejection satisfactory? To the sense of retributive justice, or to the feeling which cares for the protection of Society? Is it a satisfactory proof that the malefactor is suffering what he deserves to suffer, or a fact satisfactory because when published it makes the more of him as a caution to his kind? For that purpose it ought to be made generally known, so that the dangerous classes may be instructed that, in view of a doom which they had better not incur themselves, the callousness of a convict has been changed into deep dejection. Then that change will, with some reason, be considered satisfactory; otherwise people of benevolent dispositions would perhaps be better satisfied with the information that a man about to undergo capital punishment was in good spirits. Perhaps, however, we are to understand that, under sentence of death, dejection is a state of feeling which the clerical mind in particular regards with satisfaction.

A BLESSING FOR BANKERS' CLERKS.

"I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows." That's what my friend *Oberon* said, *Mr. Punch*. That was the remark he made about thyme, once upon a time—do you see? Do you owe me one? Well, but I've more to say, Sir, about banks and time, not thyme this time—do you observe again? Sir, there is a species of time whereof I may say that it is but little grown in most banks that I know of, especially London banks; there is, Sir, a plentiful lack of leisure time, not only in the bank to those who are at work therein, but likewise out of the bank, at their own homes, or lodgings which serve them in the stead of homes.

"Four Thousand Bankers' Clerks" appeared the other day in the *Times'* City Article at the foot of a letter asking for a few more holidays than the scarcely any they ever get, and also praying that banks may be opened a little less early after dawn. Truly, Sir, I am such a tender creature, that methinks I could weep at this prayer be refused.

I have had a dream, *Mr. Punch*, not past the wit of man to say what dream it was this time. I dreamt that the body of London Bankers did meet together and pass resolutions, granting to their clerks certain holidays in the course of the year, and ordering that banks from henceforth shall be opened at ten instead of nine in the morning. Marry, Sir, I trust fulfilment awaits this last dream of

NICHOLAS BOTTOM.

Not Generally Known.

THE KING OF ABYSSINIA is an Irishman and a Fenian; his assumed name is THEODORUS, his real THE O'DORUS. The quantity being wrongly taken (so to speak "a reduction being made on taking any quantity") we shall soon find his name made to stink in English nostrils as *The Odorous*.

NAME! NAME!

WHAT people possess only one letter of the alphabet? The Singalese (*Single e's*).

LAW FOR LADIES.

WHY ought every Lady nowadays to learn the Legal doctrine concerning "Wrong to the Person?"

Ans. They ought to learn it because its *Tort*. (Ask any barrister!)

WHY BURN GAS!—when you can purchase *Punch's Almanack*. The sparkle of its pages will light the darkest room. N.B. Moreover, it is certainly the only perfect substitute for marmalade at breakfast.



AS BIRDS' FEATHERS AND TRAIN DRESSES ARE ALL THE GO, MISS SWELLINGTON ADOPTS ONE OF NATURE'S OWN DESIGNS.

THE POETRY OF MURDER.

ON Banners carried at the head of a column in a Fenian Funeral Procession at New York were printed these lines:—

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is when he dies for man."

The foregoing poetry is very fine, but the subjoined doggerel would have been more appropriate:—

If ever on the scaffold high
Men die for slaying man,
They should, who slew, no matter
why,
Policeman guarding van.

After the Fire.

"WHY are Policemen stationed at all the doors of Her Majesty's?" asked Somebody.

And Somebody replied, "To prevent the fire *breaking out* again, I suppose."

"The Power of Sound."

WE know several fellows who declare that they feel themselves to be better men since they heard MENDELSSOHN'S *Reformation Symphony* at the Crystal Palace.

SELWYN'S APPOINTMENT TO THE BLACK COUNTRY.—A Mission to the Niger.

COOKERY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE French Minister of Public Instruction, M. DURUY, has made arrangements for instituting in every principal town in France cheap lectures, to be delivered by competent professors of an evening two or three times a week, on history, geography, astronomy, natural science, and chemistry, to young ladies of the middle classes. Of this scheme for enlarging the education of women, the *Post* observes:—

"The plan has of course encountered a most determined resistance from the Church and the Ultramontane party; and MONSIEUR DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, is understood to have expressed his disapproval in no measured terms."

There is a proverb according to which Heaven may send us good meat, but cooks may be sent from another quarter. This appears to be the opinion of the irrepressible M. DUPANLOUP. THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS can surely not think that history, geography, natural science, and chemistry are other than good intellectual meat for young ladies. But he doesn't consider those articles of mental diet digestible *au naturel*. He thinks that they would not be wholesome so served up, as they would be by lay professors; and that, to be rendered fit food for the mind, they ought to be subjected to ecclesiastical cookery. What a wonderful likeness there is, with a difference, between BISHOP DUPANLOUP and ARCHDEACON DENISON! How pleasant it would be to see them brought together! They would, doubtless, first rush into each other's arms, and, having embraced, then set foot to foot, and pitch into each other. Their combat would afford rare sport if they had to fight it out, as they might, with laths, weighted, each of them, by a connecting thong, with a blown bladder.

The Weather and the Parks.

A MEDICAL MAN and a Barrister met in "the Parks" during "the weather." Says the Barrister, "I can't keep myself warm o' nights, and yet I'm always well wrapped up when I go to bed."

"Just my case," returned the Doctor. "I suffer from being *rapped up* several times during the night."

"A LADY'S OUTFIT."—About August.

NO CHARGE FOR STAMPING—with delight, when you roar at *Punch's Almanack*. Price only Threepence, or Fourpence, being stamped.

THE VOICE OF THE BLACKGUARD

(Addressing Mr. Punch).

'Tis the voice of the Blackguard; I hear him complain,
"You are always one-sided; for Order's stern reign.
A little mob-law, and a little mob-riot
You can never put up with in patience and quiet."

"You take Government's part if we ever rebel,
Dead against us, because we're ruled what you call well.
And you make no allowance for that discontent
Which some natures, however they're governed, must vent."

"You can pity the wealthy man, only half choked
For the sake of his watch, which a poor one provoked;
Never feel for the humble garrotter, who stripped
The rich of his riches with violence—whipped."

"Yah, coward, so anxious for guarding base life
From a brother's revolver, or bludgeon, or knife!
Cruel jester, in picture, in prose, and in rhyme,
Holding up to derision the martyrs of crime!"

New Parisian Pieces.

Robinson Crusoe, as a Comic Opera, by M. OFFENBACH.
Gulliver's Travels also at another theatre.

The Drury Lane Pantomimes of the last twenty years will probably furnish the French Librettists with subjects for some time to come. In many of their Spectacles in Paris, they have used our Transformation Scenes, sent direct "this side uppermost," which have been greatly admired by Travelling Cockneys who returning say, "Ah, you don't see this sort of thing in England." This may be the right sort of thing to say, but it isn't the fact.

A Sign of the Times.

It is stated that there has been of late years a very considerable increase in the number of fires throughout the country, and that five-sixths of such fires occur upon insured property. If this is the case, there is reason to infer that prudence, in perhaps five cases out of six, is a solitary virtue.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAUX VIII AND IX.—SOPHIA THERESA, THE LONG-ENGAGED.
TABLEAU X.—MY CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND.

BEING delayed in Town [*vide* picture, just past, of my Late Friend] it will be as well to call upon the CHERTTONS. To MISS TERESA CHERTTON I have been for a long time engaged.

I should not allude to this delicate subject but that her picture is still in my book; and now, in the words of the song,—but no; let events explain themselves, and, by the way, I don't recollect the precise words of the song.

"*Terésa Mia!*" as I used to call her passionately many years ago, [which my Funny Friend would translate, and did, as "*mere* TERESA;"] for which liberty I could have knocked him down, only I couldn't,] when as a sunbeam she first crossed my path.

"Lovely! Brighter than morning! softer than moonbeams! sweeter than the honeysuckle! my heart is thine, my heart is thine!"

By the way. The above, commencing at TERESA, is extracted from a diary which five or six years ago I used to keep. I wrote this passage at night, in July, by an open window, and cried over it. Even now I think there is some poetry in it.

I also find in the same MS. :—

"The soft winds murmur through the trees"—

I recollect as well as possible that it was after this line I said to myself, "I must either shut the window or put on my dressing-gown." I put on my dressing-gown, and gazed out upon the lawn. The MS. continues :—

"Nature is hushed: the world's asleep"—

I think the latter idea was suggested by my Great Aunt, who *then* had her room next to mine, and snored. MS. as before :—

"I sigh her name, I tell the breeze,
I clutch my hands, I start and weep."

Distinctly do I remember sneezing at this moment, and thinking to myself, aloud, "If I don't shut the confounded window I shall have a jolly cold to-morrow."

And what is more I *did* have a cold, a severe one—not at all a "jolly" one (a stupid word much used by my Funny Friend); and I couldn't move out, so I didn't go to a certain pic-nic. My absence created a temporary coolness between TERESA and myself, and the reaction forced me to a sudden declaration at our next meeting.

I have two pictures of TERESA CHERTTON. One, by a country photographer, taken six years ago, now much faded. I have lately visited the site of that photographic artist's studio, *he* has faded away entirely. Mine also was taken at the same time by the same person. It is fast disappearing from the card; but, dear me, as I look at it *now* I can understand how it was SOPHIA THERESA returned my passion.

I showed it to GRIGG, and asked him who it was, because I should have been pleased if he couldn't believe it was a picture of *me*. He replied, "Don't know; it looks like an acrobat in private life."

I said, "No; that's a picture of me, six years ago."

"Is it, indeed?" he exclaimed. "What an utter, helpless idiot you must have looked."

There's only one way to treat GRIGG—that is, to laugh? So, when he said this, I laughed.

People say of my Funny Friend, "Oh, you mustn't mind what GRIGG says!" and so he is encouraged. But if some one *did* mind, and would kick him for being rude, I am sure it would do him good. I'd give sixpence to any one who'd kick GRIGG. If this was Venice, I'd hire a Bravo (not an expensive one) to kick GRIGG. This by the way.

Seated with my Confidential Friend (Tableau X). I tell him everything. My Confidential Friend tells *me* everything, and we exchange confidential information. I do not know that I am a bit the better for hearing *his* secret history, or he for being made acquainted with mine; but it's pleasant, and, in a general way, soothing. The only fault I find with my Confidential Friend is, that he does not sufficiently sympathise with *my* experiences, but is always illustrating any peculiar occurrence in my past life by some equally peculiar and similar event in his own. If it wasn't for this, I should heartily sympathise with him; but *his* experience, so to speak, vulgarises mine.

I show him pictures IX. and X. SOPHIA THERESA. "Ah," I say, mysteriously, "I'll tell you about her one of these days." He makes no observation, so I add, "Quite a romance!" to interest him.

"Ah," says he, "I could tell you of two or three romances in *my* life."

"I dare say," I return. I make this reply, because, in the first place, I don't want to hear them until I've told mine; and, secondly, it seems as if he rather snubbed *my* romance, as if I wasn't at all the fellow to be mixed up with anything romantic. "I won't mention the name," I say to him, beginning my story so as to get the start of him, "and, of course, this is strictly between ourselves."

"Oh, of course," he replies.

"Besides," I continue, "I think you know some of the people mixed up with it." Not that he does, but it is artistically thrown out to excite his curiosity. I commence—"I was in Somersetshire six years ago—"

"Somersetshire!" he exclaims. "What part?"

"Not far from Salisbury," I answer. "Well,—one day as I was driving past a neat little house, I saw the figure of a lady stooping to pluck a rose."

"Ah!" says he, smiling thoughtfully, and nodding, "Go on. I'll tell you something presently. Go on."

This interruption upsets me at the beginning, under the impression that the "something presently" contains all the leading features of my story, and also having a presentiment that if it does *not* in fact it *will* in narrative, I excuse mine as nothing particular (which is weak after heralding it as a romance), and I further profess to cut a long story short.

"Well," says he, immediately I've finished, "now I'll tell you a curious thing. But you mustn't breathe a word of it. If you did, upon my word, I should be very much annoyed. I shouldn't mention it even to you, only I know I can trust *you*."

I am flattered. He *can* trust me. And I know another fellow whom I can trust, too. I generally tell him my Confidential Friend's stories, and he invariably says he's heard 'em all before; from which I gather how very confidential is my Confidential Friend. However, I don't call telling *him* a breach of confidence, because I *know* he wouldn't breathe anything I tell him to a living soul.

My Confidential Friend then tells me his romance of real life, which, strange enough, sounds very like mine, only considerably developed and highly coloured.

I have known my Confidential Friend come four miles post haste, at an early hour in the morning, for the sake of intrusting me with a confidence. Not that I could assist him in any way, not that either of us gained aught by his communication; he had merely told me in order that I oughtn't to tell. And after this I've found that several other people were keeping the secret upon the same conditions. So we all kept it among ourselves, and we talk over my Confidential Friend's secrets whenever we meet: and on the whole I don't suppose there is in all England anybody whose private business is more public, or whose secrets are more universally known than are those of my Confidential Friend.

I have since discovered that, if I want anything published abroad, the shortest and safest course is to tell it to my Confidential Friend as a profound secret.

But to return to TERESA. And as I have time (for my Late Friend has dropped me a line suggesting, after all, that we start for Zurich the day after to-morrow) we will look at her first picture taken, as I've said before, some six years ago.

On the whole I am not sorry that THUNNIWELL hasn't been punctual, as it has given me an opportunity of attempting some valuable alterations in my travelling apparatus invented by my Portable Friend [next portrait].

I dine with him this evening.

In the meantime, SOPHIA THERESA.

KING MOB.

KING Mob was a rough low fellow;
He did in a League combine,
And defiance and menace bellow,
Reeking nought of the hempen line.
A straw, a straw, a straw for the hempen line!

There came to him others than POTTER
And BEALES who but sought to shine;
Many a pickpurse and brute garotter,
Undismayed by the hempen line.
A straw, &c.

Mad Fenians red hot who were burning
To avenge Ireland's fancied woes,
From America's shores returning,
Cried "Death to our Saxon foes!"
A straw, &c.

A noose for the rough low fellow
BRITANNIA was forced to twine,
On his knees then she made him bellow,
Oh, the law and the hempen line!
The law, the law, the law, and the hempen line!

BEST COALS.—The fire of wit this Christmas burns in *Punch's* Almanac as brightly as of yore. The jokes are all well sifted, and good for family use.

TWO SYNONYMOUS TRADES.—A Hairdresser; a Locksmith.



PATERFAMILIAS, ANTICIPATING A SEVERE WINTER,
UTILISES THE DISCARDED CRINOLINES OF HIS DAUGHTERS!

SMILES AND THIERS.

M. THIERS made a remarkable speech in the French Legislative Body on behalf of the temporal Papacy, and against Italy. The eulogist of the Monster Highwayman spoke as follows:—

"Let us look at the position of France before the world. From Mexico (*various movements*)—from Mexico we withdrew our troops to preserve peace with the United States; last year we allowed to be consummated in Germany an immense revolution against us; and to-day we should abandon the Pontifical States to Italy! What! France, so powerful, so proud, abandon thus positions which her honour commands her to retain? (*No, no!*)"

So then, France, according to M. THIERS, disobeyed the command of honour, when she left MAXIMILIAN to be shot because she dared not fight the strong United States. She disobeyed the command of honour when she declined war with strong Prussia. She obeyed the command of honour when she occupied the Pontifical States in defiance of weak Italy, and when her Chassepot rifles did wonders on Garibaldian volunteers. She has retrieved the honour that she lost in cowering to the strong by menacing and subduing the weak. M. THIERS entertains peculiar notions of honour. They are hardly so high as *Falstaff's*, though.

M. THIERS declares that the proper policy of France would have been to prevent the formation of an united Germany and united Italy. He holds that France should have hindered the creation on her frontiers of a nationality of twenty-five millions. Why not an united Italy and an united Germany as well as an united France? What has France to fear from either or both? Simply disobedience to French dictation. Therefore, concludes the moral M. THIERS, France would have done well to deprive her neighbours of their natural liberty to unite as Frenchmen have united. The same morality as that of M. THIERS would make an individual deprive his neighbour of his goods against his will. It is fortunate for M. THIERS that he has lived in easy circumstances.

Moreover, in the estimation of M. THIERS, Rome belongs to the Pope and the Roman Catholics at large throughout the world. He thus makes out that every Roman Catholic is not only spiritually but civilly a Roman subject. No one can be a subject of two sovereigns,

or a subject of a sovereign and also a citizen of a republic at the same time. All Roman Catholics, therefore, everywhere but in the Roman States, are aliens. Perhaps M. THIERS does not see this consequence. His logic is as peculiar as his notions of honour, and his ideas of right and wrong.

If, as M. THIERS says, Rome belongs to the Roman Catholics, they should all go there, live under the POPE's government, which they love so much, and put his unwilling subjects in a small minority. There would not be room for them? That objection might surely be disposed of by a miracle, which would convert mankind. But M. THIERS apparently does not believe in miracles. He believes in NAPOLEON THE FIRST, and he thinks that his own view of the Papacy would now be taken by VOLTAIRE. The POPE and the Papists are happy in their patron, THIERS.

The Registration Conference.

THE memorable cry of "Register, Register, Register!" has been borrowed by the French Government. It will be addressed to all the Powers who may think it worth while to attend the Conference, to be held, after all, notwithstanding LOUIS NAPOLEON's foregone conclusion. That conclusion is what they will be invited to "Register, Register, Register!"

ECCESTASTICAL.

THE Anti-Ritualists object to the existence of the officer in Her Majesty's Household known as Groom of the *Stole*. Also naturally to the *Censer* (of Plays).

NOT FOR JOSEPH—only, but for ALBERT, CHARLES, AUGUSTUS, ARTHUR, LOUIS, ALEXANDER, HERBERT, HENRY, HORACE, GEORGE, MATTHEW, EBENEZER, PAUL, JACK, JIM, FRED, NED, TIM, BOB, BILL, BEN, SAM and TOM, as well as for VICTORIA, ALBERTA, ALEXANDRA, MARY, CAROLINE, AMELIA, EDNA, MARGARET, JEMIMA, HANNAH, EMILY, AUGUSTA, ANN, MAUD, BLANCHE, BESS, BET, KATE, SAE, PEG, LIZ, LOO, POLL and MOLL. Persons christened with these Christian names, or with any others, should purchase *Punch's Almanack*, as being the "best substitute for Silver," or for copper; or, if they prefer to buy a sovereign's worth, for gold.



BRITISH YOUTH.

Considerate Nephew. "Now, AUNT, IF YOU FEEL AT ALL NERVOUS, YOU KNOW, I'LL CHANGE HORSES WITH YOU DIRECTLY."

A PRECEDENT BY A POLICE MAGISTRATE.

On the bench of the Thames Police Court, the other day, a very extraordinary judgment was pronounced by MR. BENSON. The charge which it related to rested on the evidence of a child ten years old. This is enough to say about that matter. The judgment speaks for itself:—

"MR. BENSON said he had fully considered this case, which was one of great importance to the public and the prisoner. The girl had given her evidence in a very clear and straightforward manner, and with an appearance of great truth. At the same time he could not help noticing that she was entirely uncorroborated, and that another girl who was with her had not come forward."

The case had been twice remanded to enable that other girl to be produced. His Worship proceeded, referring, of course, to the evidence of the sole witness:—

"Against her evidence he must balance the testimony of a reverend gentleman, the incumbent of a large parish, who had known the prisoner five years, and spoke of him as a well-conducted, respectable, and moral man. He thought in a case of this description character was extremely valuable, and such a character as the prisoner had received left the evidence of the little girl in doubt. He hoped he was not doing wrong in the step he was about to adopt. He thought the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of the doubt he had in his mind, and he should discharge him."

Now really this is an extraordinary judgment, a very extraordinary judgment, a very extraordinary judgment, indeed. That is to say it is a judgment very remarkably different from the judgment ordinarily delivered by a Police Magistrate in the class of case which it concerned. The ordinary judgment of such a Magistrate in such a case is based on a rule which, superseding a certain prior rule, declares that in the mouth of one witness only shall every word be established. MR. BENSON was evidently quite aware that he was venturing on a course which some people might censure as unprecedented. "He hoped he was not doing wrong in the step he was about to adopt." The really worthy Magistrate may make up his mind on that point. He was not doing wrong in refusing to convict on evidence which, whether true or false, was insufficient. He was doing right. In so doing he certainly did what was, as aforesaid, a very extraordinary thing, but will be, let us hope, in good time an ordinary thing, as it

will whenever Magistrates in general get accustomed invariably to weigh evidence by the standard of reason and justice. MR. BENSON has shown them how to use the scales.

SOME REALLY COMIC SINGING.

LONDON has long wanted a comic English opera-house; and, thanks to MR. GERMAN REED, the want is now supplied. St. George's Opera-House, in Regent Street, was opened on the 18th, and we hope it will be long before it will be shut. Having lately lost one opera-house, we are glad to get another, though we still have a strong hope that the one lost will be rebuilt. Every Englishman who likes an hour or two of cheerful music is pretty certain, when in Paris, to pay a visit to the pleasant Opéra Comique. When in London, he may now go to the Comic English Opera, and hear OFFENBACH and SULLIVAN to his heart's content. We wish all so-called "comic" singers would go and learn a lesson from these composers' comic songs. It is really quite a novelty to hear some comic singing done by English singers, without feeling a strong wish that one had been born deaf. "Tol de rol," and "Rumti-iddity," and such old English comic chorusses, have long since had their day. Go to the St. George's Opera if you would know what comic English chorusses should be. In the interests of good music, we thank MR. GERMAN REED for giving men a chance of hearing something better, in the way of comic singing, than "*Champagne Charley*," or "*Costermonger Joe*." We hope his charming little opera-house will tempt people from going to the vulgar, stupid music-halls, when they want to hear some singing which may make them laugh. Speaking for musicians, with all our art we wish success to MR. REED, and hope that every evening at his doors he will find a growing rush.

Patriotism and Treason.

We are sometimes asked whether the Fenians and Garibaldians are not exactly alike? Not exactly. There is this little difference between them. The Garibaldians want to constitute an United Italy; the Fenians are trying to dismember the United Kingdom.



THE CHRISTMAS CHIGNON.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU X.—MY CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

TO SOPHIA TERESA or THERESA CHERTTON I have been, as I have had occasion to remark before when we first came to her portrait, engaged for the last five or six years. I say five or six, because now it doesn't much matter.

SOPHIA is the youngest of four and the eldest of five. I don't mind the first part of this, but I object to (I was going to say I hate) the latter.

The Eldest. I have portraits of all of them, you may be sure; but as I have no wish to assist or interfere with MRS. CHERTTON's matrimonial plans, I shall not dwell upon them.

The Eldest of the family is quite married; I mean, she has been a mother for several years. I like her: she doesn't come across me, in fact I only see her occasionally, and have never caught more than glimpses, so to speak, of her, as she became MRS. WINSLEY when I was first formally engaged to SOPHIA TERESA.

The Second has retired from the world; that is, she takes vows by the fortnight or the month, to some High Church Superioress, and goes out for what she calls Church-work in a Quakerish-looking dress. From what I hear, she "has words" with the Superioress once every four weeks, and has several severe things to say about the conduct of certain among the Sisters of the Cloister.

I am bound to say that I believe she does a great deal of good, and if she wouldn't attack me at all meal-times on Church matters, and lead me into arguments, where she has it all her own way, being a very positive young lady (for I can't contradict her without being rude), I should like her very much. The photograph is of ANNE, in her sisterhood's dress—in fact, as SISTER ANNE. MRS. CHERTTON, a sensible woman on some points, thinks that she could do all her charitable work without her grey dress; and old MR. CHERTTON (who is in the City from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.—very prim at 9, and very shady at 5) calls it a parcel of Puseyite nonsense, and asks her if she hasn't got duties to her sisterhood at home. But ANNE only turns up her eyes (fine eyes, too) and I think looks upon her parent as a sort of irreclaimable

ADDRESS TO AN ELEMENTARY SUBSTANCE,

On the threatened Public-houses Closing Extension Act.

SIMPLE body, that art found
Chiefly on volcanic ground,
Primrose in thy native hue,
When ignited burning blue,
Of the three ingredients one
In the fuel of the gun.

Mingled, in division fine,
With interior fat of swine,
Thou canst cure the Northern ail,
Eased, but for the worse, by nail.
Couldst thou heal its every kind,
Thou wouldst comfort many a mind.

Lo, that pest, JOHN ABEL SMITH,
With vexatious BAINES, and with
Meddling BAZLEY, once again
Leagued, on holidays to pen
People out of tavern doors!
O the three confounded bores!

Sulphur, would that use of thee,
Tried upon, could rid, those three
Prigs of their affection sore;
That their fingers might no more
Itch for power to interfere
Between the people and their beer!

Romeo Past and Present.

A VERY old gentleman the other day, during Miss VESTVAL's performances, remarked, at the Megatherium: "When I was a boy, there was a ROMEO COATES, and now, Sir, now I understand there is a Petticoats Romeo."

A BLUE-BELLE OF SCOTLAND.—Authoress of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

Daddy Longlegs, who won't say his prayers, and who therefore knows nothing about the matter.

Being engaged to SOPHIA for six years, has made me, apparently, the family property.

Old CHERTTON wants something done. FREDDY (meaning me) will do it. MRS. CHERTTON requires anything at any distance off, entailing cabs and telegraphic messages: FREDDY will do it; and pay for it, too.

They want to make up their number at dinner—I am called in. They want to decrease their number to something even—I am called out, and requested to drop in, afterwards, in the evening.

Does SISTER ANNE want to let off her temper in an argument, then am I to be argued with.

Does NELLY want some one to find "*The Deserted*," I must offer to look for it; or to turn over the pages of music (a dreadfully responsible post), I am sent to her side.

Number Three is the musical one of the family: she is perpetually practising the piano and getting into difficulties with her pieces of music, which she mislays or loses as soon as they are bought. I am always hunting for "*Tell me, my Heart*," which I find in the fauteuil with a false cushion to lift and keep music under. "*Soft and Low*" is another favourite reported missing whenever wanted. "*The Deserted*" has perhaps given me more trouble than all her other songs put together.

By the way. I wish some one would put them together and keep them in order.

Not Too Common.

SHY ELEANOR has such a horror of being thought forward, that she is taking the greatest pains to alter the character of her writing, having been told that hers is "a bold hand."

THE SHOP AND THE STAGE.

AN Apothecary describes the version of the *Doge of Venice* performed at Drury Lane as *Mistura Byron: Comp*:

NOT EXACTLY A RIDDLE.—What is the sensation that an educated person derives from a sensational novel? A sensation of nausea.

MY "JUNIUS" DREAM.

CHRISTMAS dinners were expecting me, Christmas dances were on the cards. Was I provided with a novelty in conversation, warranted to amuse any lady I might take down (do the ladies never take us down?), or take round, in Upper Kitchener Street, or Walsingham Gardens? I smoked and mused. What would wear best? Folk-lore? How in the West of England it was looked upon as an infallible cure for heartburn, if you could get and suspend round your neck by the hairs plucked from a grey mare's tail on a windy night, a piece of the first love-letter received (clandestinely through a hole in the garden wall) by the second unmarried daughter of the nearest widower, reduced to a white ash by a fire fed with sandal-wood between twelve and one at night, moistened with lard from an adder's tail, and enclosed in an embroidered bag made out of the wedding-petticoat of the great-grandmother of the Borough-reeve of Bulwinkle. How also, in East Anglia, it was thought very unlucky for a newly-married couple, when they came home from the honeymoon, to enter their house without first placing a new shilling on the back of a pure black cat, with a long green ribbon round its neck, held on each side by the senior sidesman and the junior ale-conner, and turning the coin three times, the bride with her thumb and ring-finger, the bridegroom with his right hand in a taffeta glove, sewn with orange-tawney, and saying both at the same moment, with their faces turned towards the South-east:—

Puss and we
Happy be!
One—two—three—
LADY LEE.

This done, the pair must step over the threshold without treading upon it, go into the best parlour, turn the second chair on the right three times round, and then throw a feather from the wing of a chough, or a crow, if a chough is not accessible, dipped in ambergris, in summer, up the chimney, in winter, out of a window looking to the west.

On reflection I felt that if I went on in this way in society I should draw upon me the notice of the whole company, and, being constitutionally nervous, should break down in details. So I thought of old local customs as a less exciting topic. For instance, at the ancient town of Crankley Poyntz, in the Midland District, on Shrove Tuesday, all the unmarried men between the ages of 18 and 45 assemble at the ringing of the pancake bell by the junior Alderman, in the Market Place, and after raffling for oranges, form a procession headed by the Mayor and the two Coadjutors carrying the silver-gilt maces presented to the Town by CHARLES THE FIRST, to the "Forty-acre," to play at foot-ball, the Mayor and Recorder choosing sides.

When the game has continued for an hour and twenty minutes, refreshment is served on the Corporation plate, consisting of penny loaves spread with medlar jam and spiced hippocras, provided out of the benefaction of HERCULES CARPENDALE, once a poor boy of the town, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London, who, on Shrove Tuesday, A.D. 1689, as he was returning from football in the Aireham Meadows, found on the Northwell Road a purse of gold, which being never claimed, was the beginning of all his prosperity and good fortune as a Clothworker in the City of London.

This topic also did not please me: it seemed too antiquarian. So I walked about my room, till a message of remonstrance came from the gentleman underneath, considering other lively subjects, such as hippophagy, urn-burial, miscegenation, origin and antiquity of yule-buns, &c., settling at last, like the busy bee, on an old question of exciting interest, which has lately been revived by the publication of an able-minded book—the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*. I devoted the rest of the evening to getting up this subject, in which I felt convinced that JENNY BILLINGTON and KATE COOINGTON would take an unwavering interest in the pauses of the dance, at Mrs. NORWELL WOODHOUSE'S New Year's Eve party.

With strict impartiality I mastered articles both for and against SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, worked out with such ingenious advocacy that whereas at 10'30 I was an uncompromising Franciscan, at 11'45 I was as bigoted an Anti-Franciscan. Whilst re-perusing (at 12'20) some of the arguments advanced to prove that the letters were written by PETER PINDAR in the earlier part of his career, with some assistance from LORD GEORGE GORDON and "OSSIAN" MACPHERSON, and that WILKES was in the secret, and confided it on his death-bed to the beautiful GUNNINGS, I perceived a confusion in my brain, and detected myself in calling aloud for LORD HOLLANDS and hot water, and bidding MERVILE bring me a D'Oily. So to bed.

Went to sleep and to every old book-shop in London, in search of the missing copy of the *Letters* bound in vellum, with gilt edges, which at last I found, on a rainy November night, in Grafton Street (W.C.), having been watched the whole time by a man enveloped in a large duffle cloak, with a crape mask over his face. He dogged me to WOODFALL'S, and from thence to the *Cock*, where W. was supping in company with FRANCIS, dressed as an Indian Rajah with the Pitt diamond in his buttonhole, NANCY PARSONS, in a lovely blue sacque, BURKE, GEORGE GRENVILLE, and MRS. TRIMMER, in cap and mittens. We

had hard-boiled eggs (WOODFALL'S favourite dish), tripe with onions, a stick of celery, and hot elder wine. I was in the act of sipping some shrub with a clove in it, after agreeing to act as FRANCIS'S second in a duel he was to fight the following morning with WARREN HASTINGS in Coldbath Fields, and had that moment been taken aside by GEORGE GRENVILLE who told me that CARDINAL YORK told him that COBBETT told him that the author was—when CALCRAFT (but this must have been a stretch of the imagination) announced the principal Librarian of the British Museum. Having heard of my discovery through DR. DODD, while dining at Ranelagh with LORD GEORGE SACKVILLE, COLONEL BARRÉ, PEG WOFFINGTON, and MRS. ELIZABETH ("Epicuretus") CARTER, SIR JOSEPH BANKS had taken a sedan-chair, and come to offer me a large sum down in gold and an annuity in exchange for the vellum-bound volume.

It was only a question of guineas instead of pounds, but the Estimates were passed, and the DUKE OF GRAFTON had told the King at Newmarket that "Chimney-pot" was sure to win the Two Thousand, so the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and after a turn or two I was asking KATE COOINGTON what were her views as to the water-mark of the paper which FRANCIS used, when the harp, and the violin, and the cornet, began again, and—I awoke to hear the *Yule-tide Waltzes* played, at 2'45 A.M., by the descendants of the ancient family of the Waits, whose music I should listen to with more pleasure if the musicians could make it convenient to reach St. Pancras Place before I go to sleep.

FRANCIS THE LAST.

Rosenhagen House.

PRETTY TIMES FOR THE CHURCH.

A NEWSPAPER called *The Church Times*, an organ of the copyists of the Church of Rome in the Church of England, commonly called Ritualists, amuses its readers with the following announcement:—

"A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—It is reported that the conductors of *Punch* have resolved for the future to discontinue all ribald and offensive comments upon questions pertaining to Ritualism and Roman Catholicism."

Thus Ritualism is coupled with Roman Catholicism, as if they were as like one another as two golden pippins. But, on the supposition that Roman Catholicism is a golden pippin, Ritualism is not another golden pippin, but another thing in the shape only of a pippin, gilt—with base metal. The pretensions of Roman Catholicism are matter of opinion. But if Roman Catholicism is true, Ritualism is bosh. That is matter of fact—there is no doubt of that, anyhow.

Mr. Punch never makes ribald comments on any subject whatever. Offensive comments he must needs make whensoever he animadverts on any species of humbug. To some people his comments will always be offensive, so long as occasion for them is given by offenders: for instance, by ecclesiastical creatures of the nature of apes, and of jack-daws who persist in sporting peacock's feathers.

THEATRICAL GEOGRAPHY.

The Haymarket Theatre	The <i>Sothern</i> Hemisphere.
The Holborn Amphitheatre	The <i>Horse-tryin'</i> dominions.
The Adelphi	"No Thoroughfare" shortly.
The Olympic	Charles' Town.
The Lyceum	Dulwich.
Gallery of Illustration	{ German-y et Parry.
The Queen's	{ Manufacturing Districts. (Wigan, &c.)
Prince of Wales's	Wilton.

THE EXPLOSIVE FORCE OF SYMPATHY.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the DOWAGER MAR-CHIONESS OF DRIVELEDERRY, and is sorry to say that he cannot congratulate her on the destruction and ruin of poor people of the working classes by means of the Fenian Explosion in Clerkenwell. It is the earnest hope of *Mr. Punch* that a pious letter of condolence and sympathy addressed by a lady of rank to the criminals who were hanged for murder at Manchester, did not have the effect of encouraging other Fenians to commit the still more atrocious outrage which has occurred in London. *Mr. Punch* respectfully begs permission to express his wonder whether her Ladyship will feel herself at all called upon to make any charitable provision for the families that have been made destitute by the Gunpowder Treason perpetrated by the fellow-conspirators of her late pets.

CALL A SPADE A SPADE.—After the devilish outrage at Clerkenwell, Fenianism surely would be better known as Fiendianism.



"HER VOICE WAS EVER," &c., &c.

Mistress. "JONES! JONES!! DO YOU HEAR ME?"

Jones (from below—he does not yet know the voices of the house). "YES, SIR!"

[Jones leaves at the end of the month.]

THE FENIANS' MOCK FUNERAL.

MARCH in procession,
Solemnly, slowly;
Make intercession:
Litanies holy,
Mixed with mad rant,
Howling and screaming,
Solemnly chant,
Fenians blaspheming!

Meet is blood-spilling
Treason to further.
Constable-killing
Never call murder.
Rest to the slayers;
Light ever beaming:
These are your prayers,
Rascals blaspheming!

Hanged, drawn, and quartered
GUY FAWKES, give glory.
Hymn all your martyred
Saints of like story.
Laud, in your psalms,
Hands with blood streaming,
Free from all qualms,
Blockheads blaspheming!

A Truly National Grievance.

THE *Nation*, raving Irish newspaper, declares that "The Constitution is in abeyance." Is that all? Let the *Nation* be thankful that the Constitution has not been destroyed, as it instantly would be if the power were equal to the will of the Fenians, and their abettors in the Irish Press.

FIENDISH OUTRAGE ON THE FRENCH POLICE.

To defend them from the Fenians, and other brutal miscreants, it has been suggested that policemen should be armed, and there clearly seems fair grounds for such a proposition. Doubtless, some would like to see them accoutred like gendarmes, wearing a cocked hat, and a sword at their left hip, and altogether looking more like soldiers than policemen. Most Englishmen, however, might object to this costume on the ground that we are not a military nation; and, certainly, the street boys would call out, "Who's your hatter?" if policemen were to take to wearing a cocked hat. Even in France a gendarme is not safe against street slang, as we may learn by this brief extract from the *Courrier Français*:-

"La population de Pouilly-sur-Loire (Nièvre) est fort émue par diverses arrestations qui ont eu lieu ces jours-ci pour le simple fait d'avoir crié: *Huo!* Il paraît que ce cri, très inoffensif en lui-même, est devenu désagréable aux gendarmes. * * Les arrêtés, après avoir séjourné quelque temps dans le violon humide et infect du lieu, ont été conduits enchaînés à Cosne."

Imagine a small street boy brought solemnly to Bow Street on the charge of having shouted "Bobby!" in the ear of a policeman! Certainly a gendarme must be extremely sensitive, if he cannot bear the cry of "*Huo!*" in his hearing. We sadly fear in England that no amount of arming will be able to protect our police from being chaffed. Probably their swords would get between their legs when cherying a snowballer, and if they fell upon their noses who could well help laughing at them? "Tuck up yer toasting-fork!" would soon be the street cry, when a policeman was seen running in pursuit of a pick-pocket, and his sword was dangling behind him on the pavement.

Chaff is a harmless sort of safety-valve to let off surplus steam; and much as we in some things wish to imitate the French (for example, in their road-making, and street-cleaning, and cookery) we certainly have little wish to live to see the time when street slang will be viewed as a political offence, and boys will go to Newgate for having chaffed a Peeler.

PATRON SAINTS OF CHRISTMAS.—St. George and the Snapdragon.



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